

LIFE

A woman with dark hair styled in a bun with a white flower accessory is the central figure. She is wearing a light blue kimono decorated with large pink cherry blossom patterns. She holds a green parasol with a yellow and white striped frame. The background is a solid green color.

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ISSUE

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DECEMBER 31, 1951



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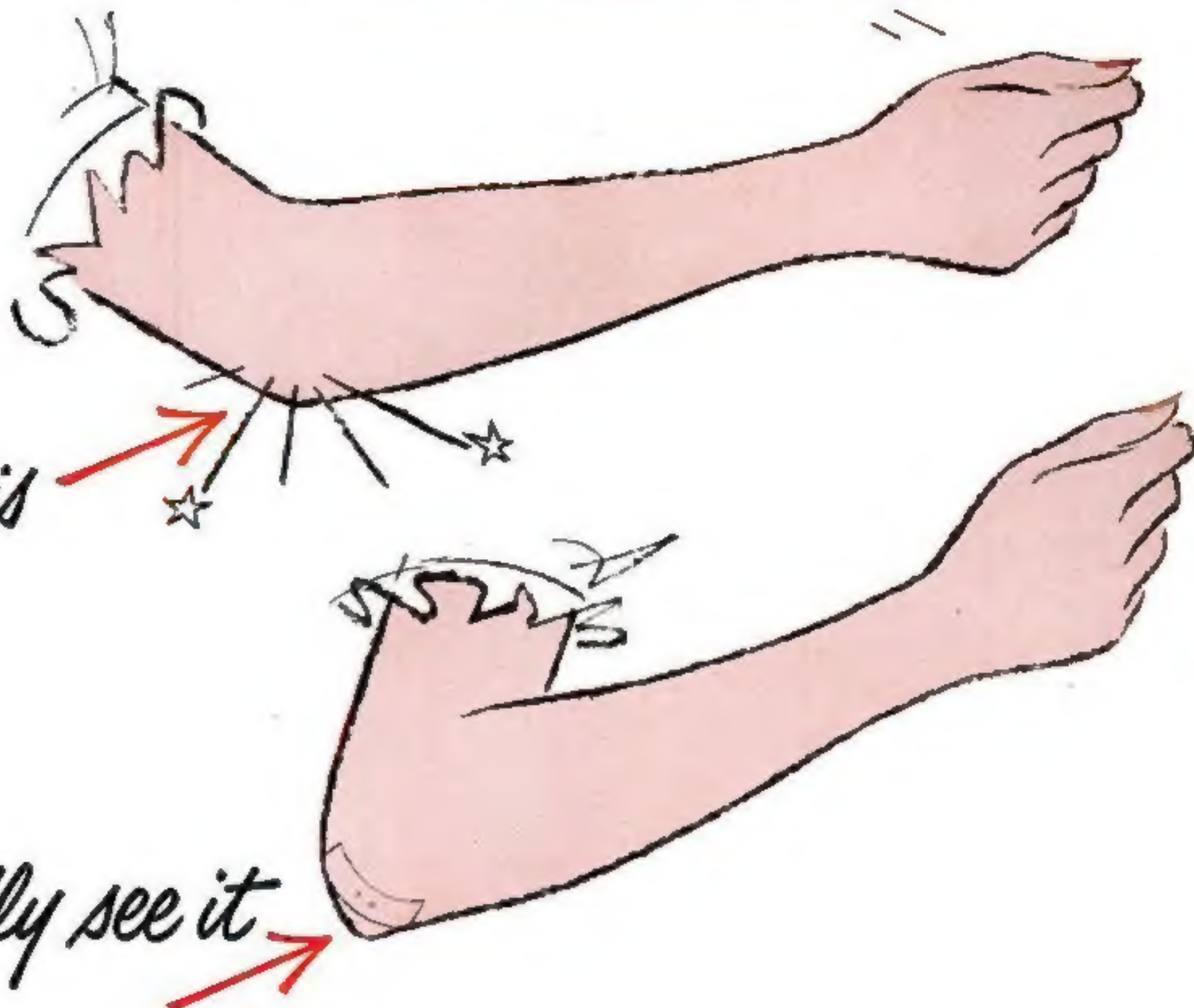
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DRAWN ESPECIALLY FOR LIFE

Three Views of Asia

NEW MAPS SET GEOGRAPHICAL SCENE FOR THIS SPECIAL ISSUE
WHICH EXPLORES THE LARGEST AND MOST POPULOUS CONTINENT

ASIA, greatest of the continents, is a huge land mass which covers more than a third of the world's land surface. Within its boundaries live nearly two thirds of earth's people and it was here that civilization began and the world's great cultures and religions had their birth. On this and the following four pages appear three new maps drawn for LIFE by Richard Edes Harrison and James Lewicki. Together they show the vast and varied reaches, the countries and the people, the great migrations and something of the problems of Asia—the subject of this special issue.

Asia's name probably comes from the ancient Assyrian word Asu, meaning "rising sun" (just as Europe's comes from Erech, meaning "setting sun"). But Europe, geographically, is no more than Asia's western appendage. Inside Asia's boundaries are the highest (Mt. Everest, 29,002 feet), the lowest (Dead Sea, 1,286 feet below sea level), one of the wettest (an Assam village, with 425 inches of rain annually) and one of the driest (Arabian Desert, virtually no rain) spots on earth. The waters of the earth go down to their greatest depth (34,440 feet at Cape Johnson Deep) just off the southeastern corner of Asia. An island of Asia, Java, is the most crowded of earth's populated areas (1,000 people per square mile), while far to the north in the Siberian forests of eastern Asia is one of the emptiest regions (about one person per square mile over a broad 2,000-mile belt). Parts of this continent are periodically inundated by the most disastrous of floods, shattered by the most catastrophic of earthquakes, starved by history's most relentless famines. Yet from its farms, forests and mines come 93% of

the world's rice, 95% of the world's rubber and 62% of the world's tin, and its oil fields hold 52% of the world's known petroleum reserves.

A Russian eye, looking south and east from some imagined height above Moscow, would have a special view of the continent, the one given in the map below. It would take in the western border of Asia—the Ural Mountains, Ural River and western shore of the Caspian Sea—and beyond that to the east the impressive domain of Soviet Asia. This expanse, most of it wilderness, includes Turkestan and Siberia, and the nations on its borders include two of Russia's allies, Mongolia and Red China. Altogether in Soviet Asia and its friendly neighbors' lands, the Russian eye would see about half of the continent. But at the horizon the view would be blocked by the most massive element of Asia's geography, the most impassable mountain barrier in the world. This is the Himalayan range and its buttresses. It is the chief geopolitical fact of Asia today; where the Russian eye is stopped Russian ambition is hindered. Along the whole tumbled, icy mid-Asian stretch of peaks there is no pass less than a mile high by which people can move north or south. Most passes, wind-scarred and bare, stand at least two miles or more above sea level, and there are very few of them. These battlements block the lines of commerce and the movement of armies, making the heart of Asia all but impregnable. Through these fortunes of geography the vital areas of Asia which lie beyond the jagged Himalayas are physically less accessible to the Soviets than to any Western maritime nation. It is to these areas, which can be called Free Asia, that this issue of LIFE will be chiefly devoted.



RUSSIAN VIEW of Asia looks southeasterly from the area east of Moscow. The Tarim Basin, most of which is sandy desert, is at the heart of Sinkiang, the

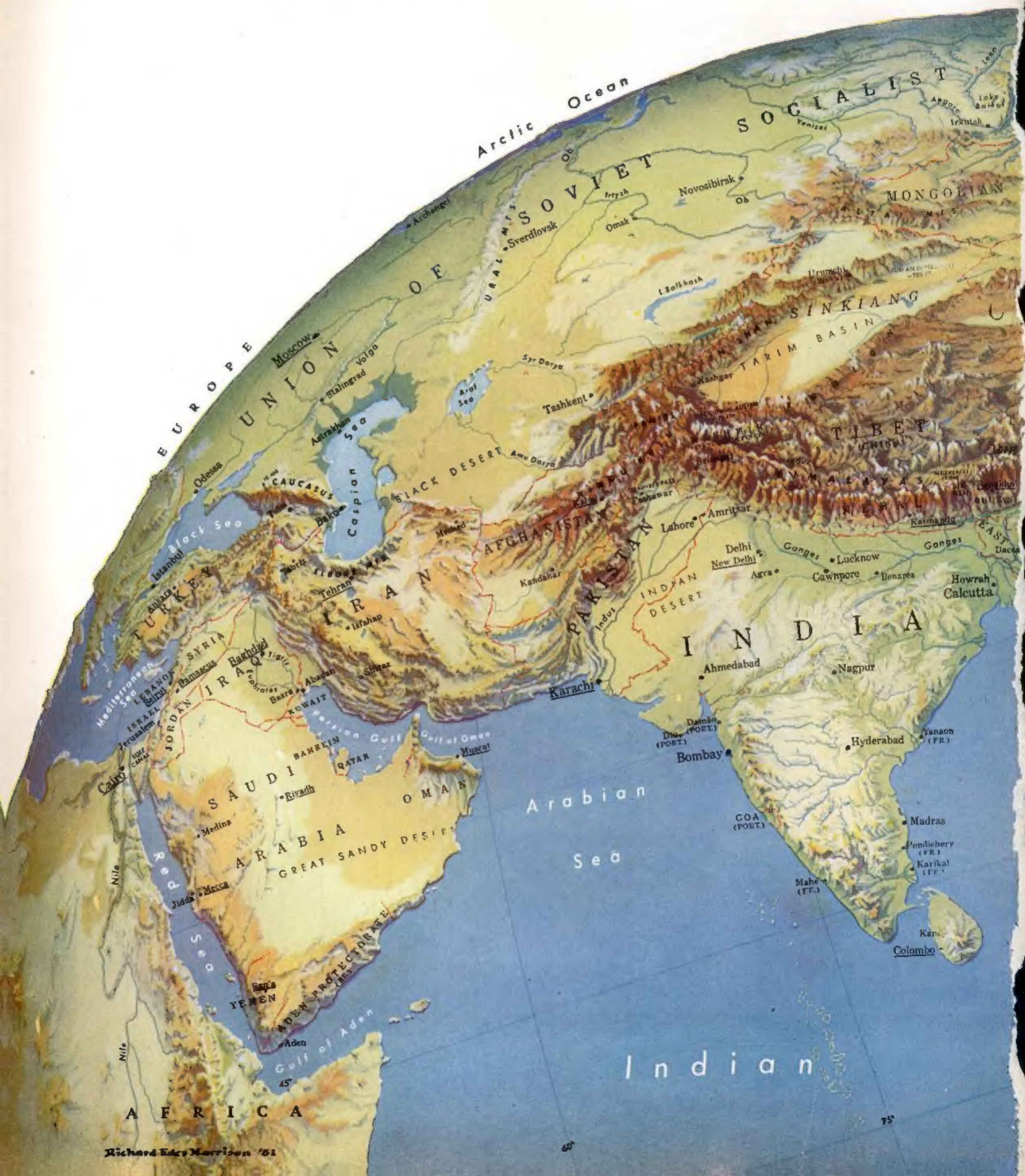
remote northwesternmost province of Red China, which is Soviet-controlled and believed to be the site of recent Russian experiments with the atom bomb.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Nature broke the land into five large worlds rimmed by many seas

This map reverses the view given on the preceding page. It shows Asia as most Westerners, and most Asians, recognize it—a continent stretching from within the Arctic circle to the islands south of the equator, an almost interminable body of land rimmed by many seas. Its rice fields climb the hillsides on moist green steps, its deserts are sometimes lost among the mountain ranges, its teak and rubber forests crawl with tigers, its festoons of islands lie off in the ocean like strings of jewels. The terrain is infinitely diverse—boggy tundras, salt marshes, rich river deltas, evergreen forests, dried-up lake beds, valleys studded with enormous monolithic rocks. Its



biggest inland sea, the Caspian, is bigger than all the Great Lakes. It is like several continents in one, lacking only unity: the Mohammedan holy city of Mecca and the Japanese industrial city of Osaka are not just 6,000 miles but many worlds apart. Geographers divide the continent into five main "realms": Southwest Asia—usually called the Middle East; the "subcontinent" containing India and Pakistan; Southeast Asia, which takes in Burma, Thailand, Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia, Malaya, Indonesia and the Philippines; the Far East including China, Korea and Japan; the northern realm of the Soviets including the puppet Mongolian

Republic and Tibet. Just as the mountains have split southern Asia away from Russia, so are they responsible for these various continental realms. They confine the largely primitive traffic to valleys and they determine the weather by which men live: rain clouds wash in from the seas on the monsoon and beat against the Himalayas like tides against a rocky shore; they break and spill the rains that fill rivers like the Ganges, whose waters irrigate the populous, heavily farmed land of northern India. Flowing from the other side of the mountains into China, the waters of the Yangtze and Yellow rivers become the main economic arteries of that agrarian land.



KEY TO MAP:

ISLAND GROUP BOUNDARIES -----

NATIONAL CAPITALS Peking

CITIES (pop.)

over 1,000,000 Shanghai

300,000 to 1,000,000 Wenchow

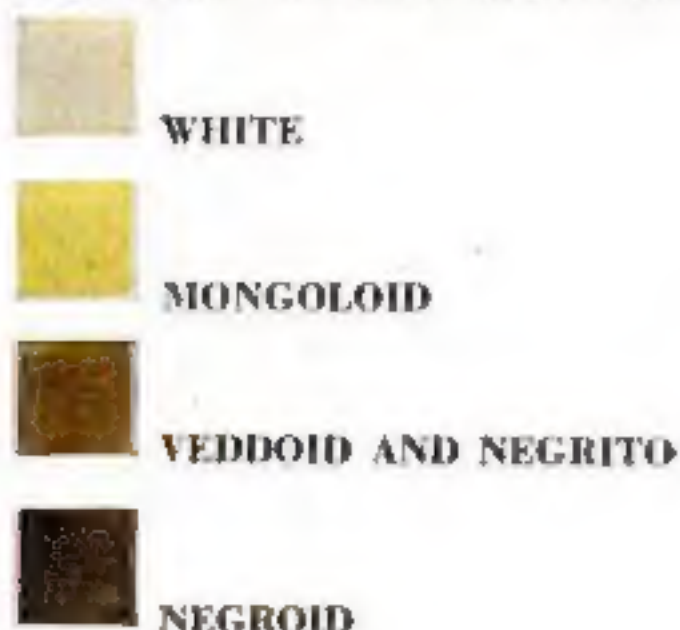
under 300,000 Amoy

Mixture and migration created high cultures and varied population

The map below is the first graphic summary of current facts and theories about Asia's ancient peoples, the founding fathers of the world's highest civilizations, and their modern descendants. Present peoples are represented by the 24 figures and by areas of color corresponding roughly to racial distribution (key at left). The probable pattern of prehistoric migrations is traced with broad arrows. The ancient centers of culture are indicated by spots of color (key at right).

During the Late Stone Age, 8,000 years ago, Asia was inhabited by Mongoloids in the north and Whites in the west. In the south were Negritos,

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small and black, and Veddoid peoples, dark and wavy-haired. Negroes lived in nearby Africa. It was among the Whites near the Caspian that agriculture, basis of all civilization, began around 5000 B.C. Then came the Bronze Age, which reached its first development in Sumeria in 3400 B.C. and four centuries later fathered the palaces and pyramids of Egypt and the brick metropolis of Mohenjo-Daro in India. By 1300 B.C., Bronze Age culture had reached the Shang Dynasty of China. The Iron Age, too, began near the Caspian among the Hittites around 1400 B.C. Iron spread far and fast into Europe and northern Asia, and was later brought

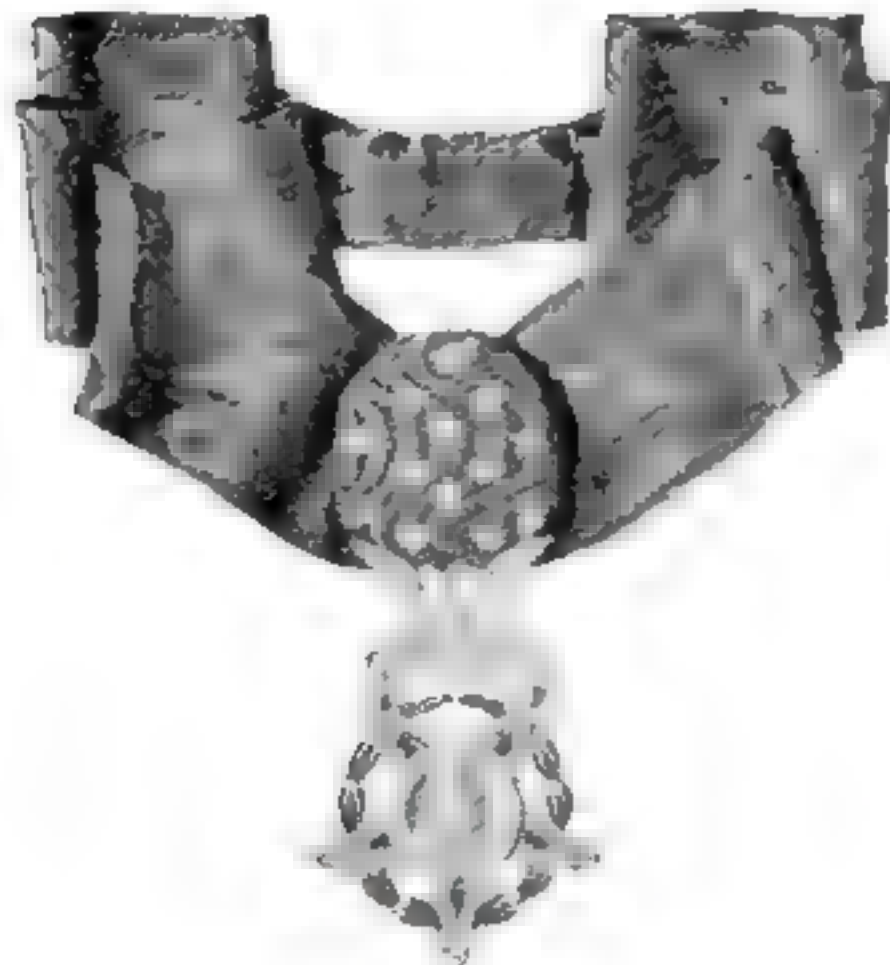
by Roman seafarers to India. From there it was carried to Madagascar and the East Indies. At the same time the cultural influence of the Shang Dynasty extended into Japan, Indo-China, the Pacific islands and India. By the time of Christ, Asia was a mixture of peoples ranging from Whites (like the Circassians) in the west to Mongoloids (like the Goldi) in the east, with Veddoids and Negritos (such as the Tamil and Andamanes) huddled in scattered groups on the southern periphery. Since then, this racial symmetry has been disturbed by two migrations: that of the Mongol hordes toward Europe and of Russian colonists to Siberia (*small arrows*).



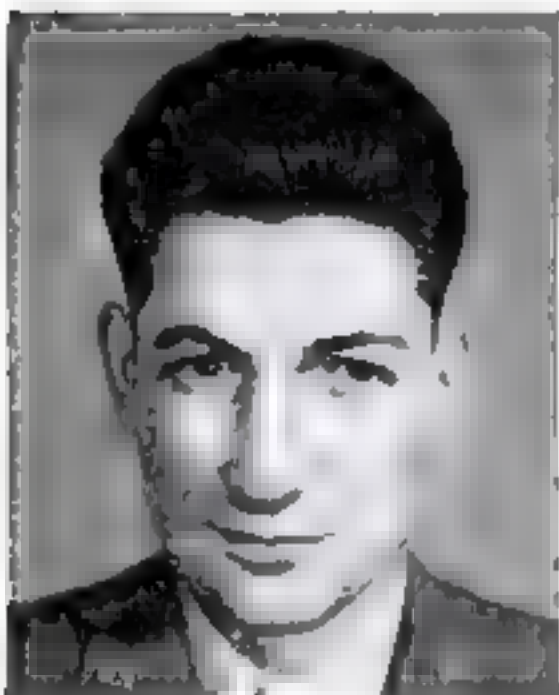
Medal of Honor



*Sergeant Travis Watkins,
Gladewater, Texas—Medal of Honor*



*Private First Class Melvin Brown,
Mahaffey, Pennsylvania—Medal of Honor*



*Lieutenant Frederick Henry,
Clinton, Oklahoma—Medal of Honor*



*Major General William F. Dean,
Berkeley, California—Medal of Honor*



*Sergeant Charles Turner,
Boston, Massachusetts—Medal of Honor*

This is the season when you think of stars. The one over Bethlehem. The ones on Christmas trees.

But this year remember another star, too—the one on the Medal of Honor. And make a place in your heart for the brave, good men who've won it. Men who, oftener than not, made the final, greatest sacrifice—so that the stars on your Christmas tree, and the stars in your country's flag, might forever shine undimmed.

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WHAT YOU WILL FIND OUT ABOUT ASIA IN THIS SPECIAL ONE-SUBJECT ISSUE



Vol. 31, No. 27

December 31, 1951

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Sprawled over one third of the world's land, bright with beauty and scarred with poverty, THREE VIEWS OF ASIA	birthplace of civilizations—the subject of this issue, Asia, is pictured in map form in	5
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Asia cannot be understood solely by what the traveler sees. Its religions and philosophies are THE MIND OF ASIA	worlds away from the West, as explained by Yale's Professor Northrop in	38
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Americans are useful and welcome in Asia particularly when they will get their hands dirty A COUNTY AGENT COMES TO INDIA	helping Asians—as Horace Holmes of Tennessee does. His story is told in	52
Four summer months—and a wet wind that comes in over the land from the Indian Ocean LIFE-GIVING MONSOON	—mean feast or famine for the farmers of Asia. These are the months of the	54
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LIFE'S COVER

Mitsuko Kumura, 19, lives in the outskirts of Tokyo. Her house is a ramshackle affair built from the rubble after her original home was twice burned out in B-29 fire raids. Mitsuko works as model and movie extra, is an ardent English student. To David Douglas Duncan, who photographed the story that begins on page 58, Mitsuko embodies many of the graceful and appealing ways of traditional Japan.

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84 THROUGH 87—HOWARD SOCHUREK
88—ERIC SHULTON EXC. DRAWING BY MATT GREENE

ABBREVIATIONS: CEN., CENTER; EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; RT., RIGHT; INT., INTERNATIONAL. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS IS EXCLUSIVELY ENTITLED TO THE REPLICATION WITHIN THE U.S. OF THE PICTURES HEREIN ORIGINATED OR OBTAINED FROM THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.



DETROIT: Levi Minter and his wife are photographed at moment they receive official notification that son Donald, an artillery sergeant, is named as a prisoner.



SOMEWHERE IN KOREA: American prisoners, all of whom may or may not have been reported in the Communists' list, are marched through North Korean

WHO CARES ABOUT ASIA?

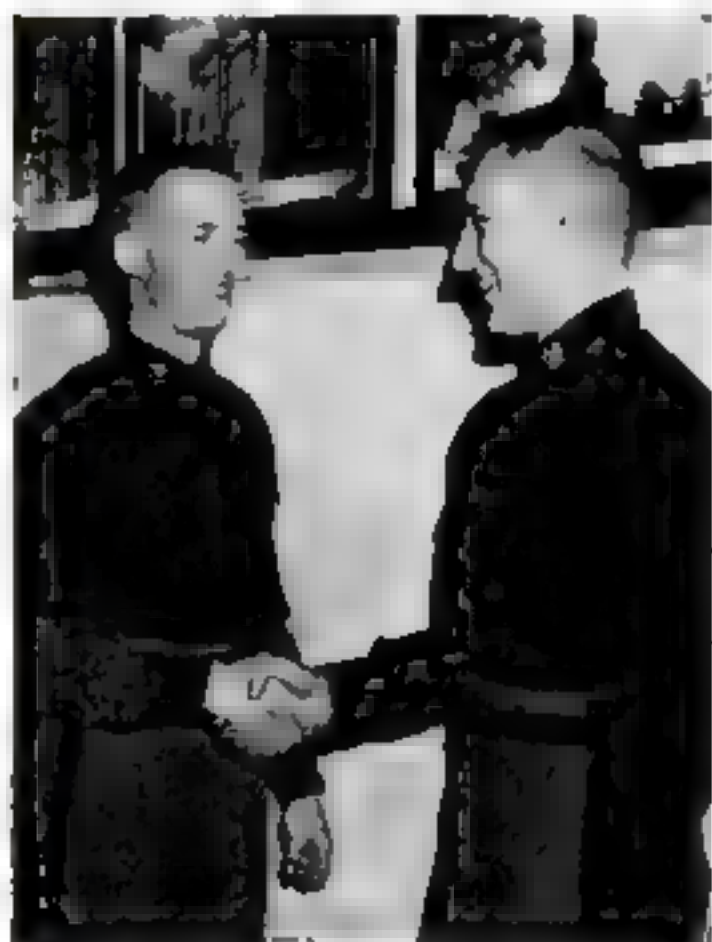
When the war began in June 1950, the corner of Asia called Korea was almost unknown to Americans. By last week Korea had become sadly familiar to every American. But even more than this, Americans generally had begun to understand that the vexing, costly problem of Korea was only one of the many gravely pressing problems of American relations in Asia.

For decades this vast, remote and complex continent seemed to lie beyond the farthest horizon of any average American interest or

comprehension. It was known only hazily as the land of rajas and the white man's burden, of Confucius and Mahatma Gandhi. Day in and day out, the only things most Americans could feel sure they had in common with Asians were the sun, which lights up both their worlds, and the moon, which controls the tides and inspires the poets of all lands impartially.

For the Americans on these pages, Korea and its continent are an immediately personal concern. The soldiers (*above, center*) are prisoners

of the Communists—some of the 3,198 names which were listed as American prisoners of war last week by Chinese and Korean negotiators at the Panmunjom truce tables. The civilians are the relatives of some of those named. They wept with joy and offered prayers of thanks as the names of sons and husbands were given to the nation in an urgent, steady, 26½-hour flow of newspaper, radio and television bulletins. There were other next-of-kin whose hope was blighted by the news; the names of some



WEST POINT: Cadet Bill Dean, son of General William Dean, is congratulated by his roommate after a newspaperman phoned his father was listed as a prisoner.



LAS CRUCES, N.Mex.: The first word that Pfc. Francisco Garcia is safe is received with grateful tears by his worried mother. Photographer brought the news.



SANTA MARIA, Calif.: The George C. Bells reread the telegram telling that son Richard, missing since July, is reportedly in Communist prison camp.



ROCKVILLE, Md.: Betty Morar watches son play with a toy sent by his father, unofficially "dead" until now.



territory under Chinese guard. The caption for picture released by Reds said: "A group of American army officer-prisoners are brought in from the front line."



FULLERTON, Calif. Mrs. Patricia Hedlund signs for telegram saying that her pilot husband Harry is on Red list. His light bomber was shot down March 21.

MEN IN KOREA AND THEIR FAMILIES DO—AND THIS ISSUE DEALS WITH STAKE AMERICANS HAVE IN A NOT-SO-REMOTE CONTINENT

8,000 missing Americans were not on the lists.

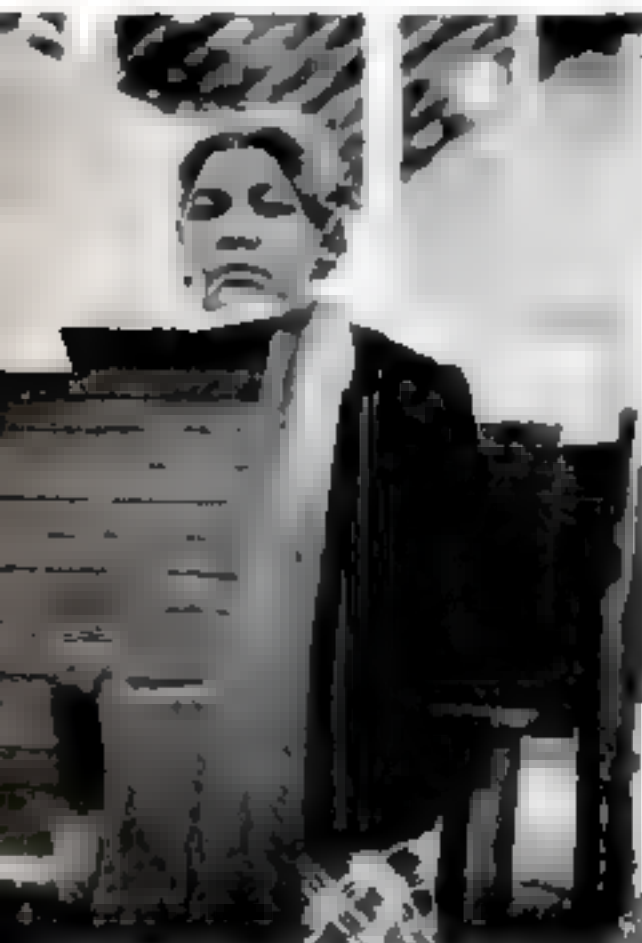
While the nation hoped that the prisoners in Korea might soon be freed, they knew that Americans would never again be able simply to bring their prisoners home and forget Asia. More than half a century has passed since the U.S. rashly reached across the Pacific to take the Philippines from Spain and thus opened the era of American political and military involvement in Asia. This era came to its greatest crisis 10 years ago at Pearl Harbor, and in the

troubles of each new hour it is often forgotten how well America met that crisis. Now the U.S. is inextricably involved in Asia—both as the chief force of the free world defending itself against the new aggressive force of Communism, and as a global good neighbor.

Asia's troubles are told in daily headlines, but the opportunities which the continent presents are not always apparent. For the West, the opportunity is no longer purely selfish exploitation. It is the chance to improve, as a

matter of intelligent self-interest, both the lot of Asians and the West's reputation on the continent. This will require moral strength and a better understanding of Asia and Asians than Americans have yet acquired.

This special issue of *LIFE* is devoted to Asia and to the increasing of America's understanding of that mighty continent. The first thing to understand about it is that the old Western habits in Asia are dead—as *LIFE*'s David Douglas Duncan reports on the next two pages.



DALLAS: His mother says prayers of thanks for news that Manuel Vasquez, missing a year, is on prisoner list.



SAN FRANCISCO: Gilbert Calvillos happily hawks the newspapers carrying the picture of his mother after she got the report son Robert is a prisoner.



WINNETKA, Ill.: After official word husband Roy is on prisoner list, Nancy Byrd, 21, studies the letters and pictures she had sent him and which came back.



LOS ANGELES: Mrs. Rudy Hovatch and Nita Mershon, sisters of missing Pfc. David Mershon, wait in a TV station for his name to be read from list. It never was.

DECLINE OF THE WESTERNER

In a vast part of Asia, Red China, the open door has now slammed shut in the face of the West. But there is still a part of the Orient that outsiders can see and report on. To see Free Asia and report on it, LIFE Photographer-Reporter David Douglas Duncan traveled from Japan to Iran, deliberately looking at the restive non-Communist lands of the continent with, as he says, "the almost casual eyes of a tourist."

ABADAN

IN Malaya they're called bandits . . . in Burma, insurgents . . . in Iran, fanatics . . . in Indo-China, rebels. In almost every land around the rim of Asia they are local men who have one thing in common—they are fighting against the last stand by white men upon their oil-rich deserts and rice covered plains. They are fighting, and winning, in some places with the direct support of the Communists, and the white man's Asian world is nothing much more than the ghost of what once was great empire.

HONG KONG, the starting point for this trip around non-Communist Asia, was misleading, for there the ghost is incognito, and its frenzied flapping can well be mistaken for vitality. The mammoth corporations which date back to the opium war days, like Jardine, Matheson & Co., are still listing their China coast affiliates and services. Although the U.N. embargo against Communist China has cut the registered tonnage this year through Hong Kong by about 100,000 tons a month, I was told that the number of ships clearing the port has actually increased. Thus it would seem with the embargo that large ships stayed away, while



REOS' BANK IN HONG KONG

smaller coastal vessels swarmed in and out of the port. In Hong Kong enormous tea party fashion shows are crowded with civil servants, military personnel and their ladies. Few seem aware that they are making their final stand on the mainland of China. The Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, in the center of the city, is overshadowed by the towering new Bank of China, now financed, owned and staffed by Communists.

Even old Hong Kong residents fail to agree on what the upheaval means. Take an official of the Hong Kong Cricket Club who, after the plight of the Nationalist refugees crowding the island had been briefly discussed, was asked what else the club grounds were good for since they cover a vast chunk of real estate in the city's heart. He mused fondly, "Many, really many other fine activities. When the Duke of

Gloucester was passing through on his way to Japan we gave him a great lawn cocktail party . . . in 1929." Rather more realistic is Noel Croucher, president of the stock exchange, whose hair turned even whiter during three and a half years in Japanese prison camps. He chuckles and explains that British traders always have been involved in a risk business in faraway lands stirred by revolution, war lordism, the wildest of weather and cutthroat competition, where 40% profits per year were commonplace—and it had been a good life. But then Croucher represents that minority of men who helped create the British Empire, men who enjoyed the dangers as much as the profits and made no false representations about either.

THE peoples of Indo-China, or Viet Nam, are infected with revolt against the French and their weak emperor. Only by the force of arms, many supplied by the U.S., an expenditure of wealth equal to the total granted France under the Marshall Plan, and a fearful expenditure of lives have the French been able to retain islands of barbed wire in what once was their most lucrative foreign property. Still trying to convince themselves that Saigon, their biggest

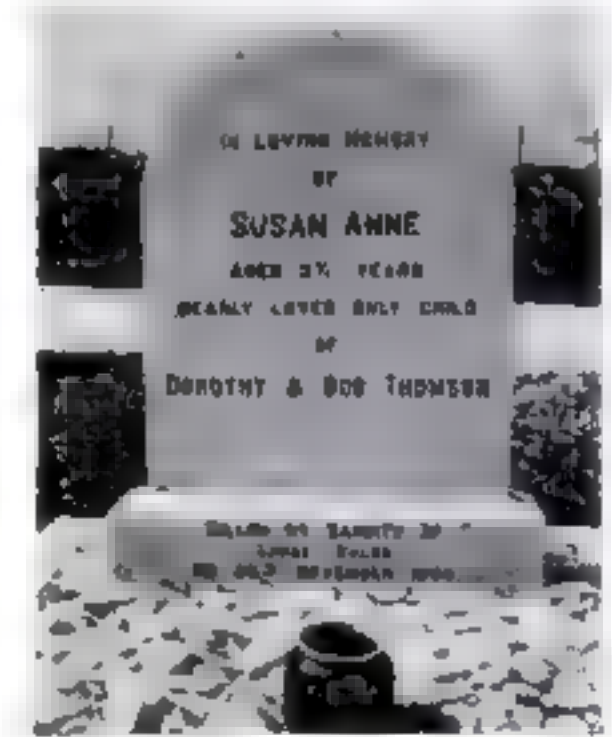


GOLF BEHIND BARBED WIRE

barbed-wire island, is the same "Paris of the Orient" that it was before the war, few of the early morning golfers or pouch-eyed boulevardiers have visited the military hospitals where each bed holds a man who would tell them the truth. The Communists have exploited the fire lit by the Japanese—that Asia should be run by Asians. Some Viet Nameese wonder if Americans still believe in the right of all men to fight for self-determination, as Americans did themselves. A Viet Nameese bluntly pointed out that it was fear for our own necks, not his, which made us back any force in the world that might be useful in keeping that worse evil, Communism, from our own backyard. "Your Marshall Plan and ECA and Point Four," he added, "are things you can put in a box or book and ship to us. Very nice. Very easy. Very expensive, too. But some of us have traveled to your land, and we know that there is one thing more—made of work and pride and freedom. It might be called Americanism. But we now know that it is only a home product . . . not for export."

REVOLUTION in Malaya, just as in Indo-China, has taken a big toll in property and lives. From the office of highest civil authority

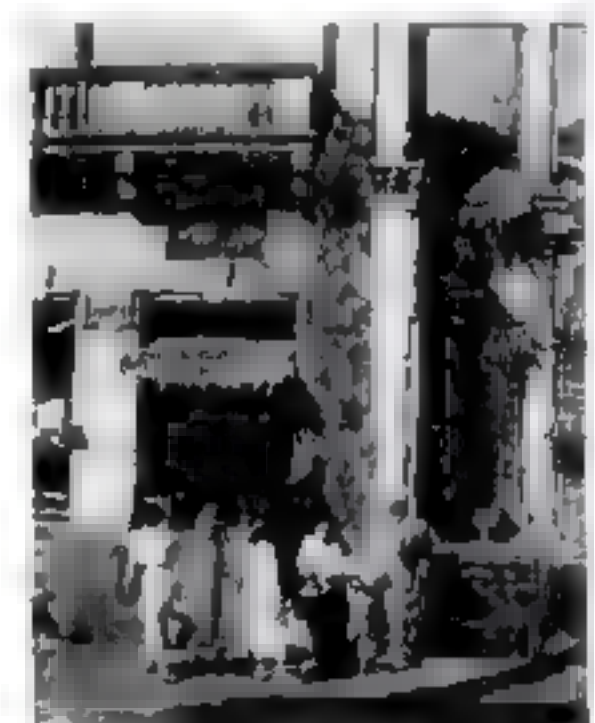
to the playpens of this generation's babies, death has reached into many homes. The British army, far bigger than their force in Korea, has been unable to defeat a force of only a few thousand men—men who attack from ambush and who have the sympathy of many of the peoples of the peninsula. Much of the guerrillas'



CHILD'S GRAVE IN MALAYA

armed strength is in weapons saved from World War II days when both sides fought the Japanese. Neither social equality nor self-government came with the peace they won together. In Malaya's capital city Malayan and Chinese children are not permitted near when English youngsters play. No provision has been made for their welfare at all, so they swim in the river, below the privies lining its bank.

CHAOS rules in Burma, a member of the British Commonwealth where the ghost of former empire sits at every table. Granted independence without even a preview of its responsibilities or difficulties, yet painfully reminded by the rows of decaying mansions of how life was before, the Burmese of Rangoon are living in a situation which reminded me of Tobacco Road at its worst. Warring factions have



BOMBED HOUSES IN RANGOON

ripped the back country wide open, driving clouds of refugees into the city. Although the Burmese individually are warmly hospitable and good natured, their government views with utter suspicion and distrust the activities of any foreigners. They are so fearful of getting caught again in the messes of economic and political empire that they have brought their

GHOST OF EMPIRE HAUNTS HIS LAST CRUMBLING OUTPOSTS IN THE EAST

by DAVID D. DUNCAN

AS ASIANS PREPARE TO RUN ASIA—EVEN IF BADLY—FOR THEMSELVES

land to the point of almost total disaster. Great fields lie empty where modern factories were to have been built by foreign capital. Roads and meadows are loaded with fortunes in scrap



SCRAP ON A BURMA ROAD

iron, a tragic resource left in the wake of the war. The Burmese, instead of shipping it out into the begging world market, are letting it rust rapidly away in their tropical climate—saving it for that vague day in the future when they will have their own national steel mill.

The refugees have swarmed into Rangoon's bomb-gutted and still unrepaired buildings. The only new construction to be seen in the city is a block of luxurious bungalows being built for the officials of the proud young Union of Burma navy. On Sundays some of the more for-



AT THE TURF CLUB, RANGOON

lunate Burmese crowd the clubhouse of the Turf Club, once restricted to the patronage of British colonials. Now they cheerily bite their cigars, wiggle their toes out of uncomfortable slippers and patiently wait for the winners and, optimistically, for better days for Burma.

INDIA and Pakistan are different today too. It was a gentle little doctor, working in a leprosarium, who boiled the difference down to a single sentence: "Although we expelled the system, the British as individuals are welcome to stay and live and work as long as they understand and respect one fact: we run things now." Except for those few Englishmen who are living out their retirement or existing on menial jobs, not many others have stayed around to view the results of independence—or share its

problems. Today, whether passing through customs or applying for import licenses, that handful of Britishers who have returned have done so just like all other foreigners. On the terrace of the ex-imperial Gymkhana Club in New Delhi, once one of the most exclusive spots in the entire British world, the few oldtimers who stayed behind now cling to the fringe of the social circle and watch while turbaned waiters buzz around Hindu and Sikh members—who run things now. At Sunday morning services in St. John's Church of Meerut, where the bulk of the Brit-



MEERUT: A BRITON WORSHIPS

ish Indian army was garrisoned, a single service is now performed before a half-dozen members sprinkled through pews built to seat a regiment. In the polished elegance of what was Durbar Hall a magnificent Buddha now smiles serenely down from the niche where Lord Mountbatten, the last viceroy, was sworn into power. The place has been dedicated to the public as the national



A BUDDHA RULES DURBAR HALL

museum of India. It was with difficulty that I unearthed any monument or concrete tribute to the one man who did more than any other to break the grip of empire. I found Gandhi's image in New Delhi, left over from last year's trade fair: a stooped, half-naked plaster cast of a man with his staff, headed for new horizons. Beneath this pedestal the poorest of the poor still fashioned fuel cakes of cow dung and straw.

FEW events in Asia have shocked the Western world more than the Iranian nationalization of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, or made it more aware of the restless tides sweeping

over that distant land. Having visited the refinery during the years when it was run by the British company, it seemed fitting that I should wind up this journey through the wreck of empire by another trip there. I went expecting



GANDHI STATUE IN NEW DELHI

to find Abadan looted bare of all movable parts, goats and donkeys in the gardens, and the desert sands drifting in. But the plant has been kept spotless. In place of the British general manager a four-man board of directors has been established, three of them engineers holding degrees from the finest European universities. The fourth man is a member of parliament who acts as liaison between the refinery in Abadan and the government in Tehran. They are about the most soberly conservative men I have met in a long time. They insist that the least of their problems will be to refine the oil that comes into Abadan. They showed me many of the 1,300 applications already received from oil technicians in over 25 countries who want to fill the 300 jobs necessary to run the plant at full capacity. Their major problem is to find ways to transport and sell their oil in the world's market. The Iranians say they were never permitted to make accurate checks on how much oil was shipped out of their



"SITUATIONS WANTED" IN IRAN

country; the British stoutly deny that they ever practiced such double bookkeeping. One fact is very clear in Iran, as in most of the other countries of Asia—they will never go back to the way things were, even though they commit national suicide. The Iranians, like the Indians and Burmese and all the rest, want to run things—even if badly—for themselves.



SWARMING WORKERS labor on the Hwai River flood-control project in east central China. Here they cut a new channel, leaving tall pillars of earth to mark

the original contour of the rolling land and show how much dirt has been excavated. Bamboo-woven rolls (*foreground*) will be filled with rocks and used as dykes.

RISE OF THE RED STAR

A look into a forbidden land reveals how China's bosses have ruthlessly consolidated their power

by **ROBERT NEVILLE**

TIME-LIFE Correspondent

Inside the forbidden territories of Communist Asia there is no chance for American correspondents to operate. The best listening post from which to cover Red China is Hong Kong, the British colony on the south China Coast, which is jammed with refugees and Chinese travelers who move in and out of China every day. This revealing report is the result of careful listening over the period of the past year:

HONG KONG

THE most powerful purely Asiatic nation as 1952 begins is Red China. This may seem incredible and abhorrent to many Westerners, and it is tragic to many Asians, but it is so. The grip of the Red rulers at home is firm. With strong and bloody hands they have achieved what their chairman, Mao Tse-tung, rightly describes as a "degree of unification never before known in Chinese history." The process has entailed the use of the police on a scale heretofore unknown even under the most tyrannical dynasties. But any regime which can unify a population of more than 450 million has some kind of genius; and the Chinese Reds have shown it—and not just in unification.

They have attacked and stalemated the first United Nations army, a mainly American force, and a good one. They have frustrated the U.N. aim of unifying Korea. Although they failed to reach their own military goal

in Korea, they rolled with the counterpunch of their better-armed but numerically inferior enemy, showing the ability to learn lessons and to use unfamiliar and deadlier new weapons. Denied a seat in world forums, they fought their way into the international conference tents at Kaesong and Panmunjom, and there spoke with arrogant confidence to the West. They have repaired railroads they wrecked in 1946 and 1947, have started building new ones and have made the trains run on time. They have marched into a neighboring nation, Tibet, to expand their territory (*opposite page*). It was Franklin D. Roosevelt who first thought of China in terms of a Great Power; the rebellious peasant Mao Tse-tung and his Communist colleagues have made the description an even more accurate one.

The emergence of Mao's regime as the leading power of Asia outside of Russia is clinching proof of the ability of the men who run the Peking government. Rarely in history have rulers achieved so much with so little. It is often said that China's Reds simply don't know their own weaknesses.

Like good Communists everywhere, they dream of an urban Chinese landscape lined with rows and rows of smokestacks, and factories filled with endless processions of machines—the broad industrial base of a Marxist society. But having lived most of their

lives in China's backlands, these Communists don't really know what a modern industrialized society is. They seem to act in happy ignorance or plain defiance of China's obvious shortcomings. They see nothing contradictory about trying to create a great Marxist nation before they create the classical industrial base. They push ahead, using the one resource they possess in plenty: manpower.

Appropriately, for an agrarian people, their most lavish use of manpower is on the Hwai River flood-control project (*above*), a staggering effort involving the use of probably more laborers—about five million—than any work of man since Egypt's pyramids or China's own Great Wall. These workers are organized as an army, commanded from a general headquarters. They have finished only the first stage of their work, which consisted of dredging and renovating 25 tributaries of the unruly Hwai—about 500 miles of river bed. One whole new river channel, big enough to divert the flow of five tributaries into a huge reservoir, has been dug by hand. Sixteen great reservoirs and another 1,300 miles of channel still have to be dug.

This truly massive manpower resource made possible the venture in Korea, where Chinese lives have been spent freely. At home, the same manpower resource that supports

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



CONQUERED LAND of Tibet is treated, on the plains outside Lhasa, to a Communist-sponsored celebration of the Oct. 1 anniversary of the Chinese regime.

While the crowd listens under the fluttering red flag of China, speeches are made in praise of the new rulers. In the background stands the Dalai Lama's palace.



BONFIRE of landlords' title deeds is, for the peasants, a happy symbol of land reform. Frequently execution of landlords accompanies redistribution of land.



MASS PUBLIC TRIAL in Shanghai gives defendant Wang Sung Tao (right) little chance of acquittal. He is charged with oppressing workers, stealing their

CHINA CONTINUED

their military effort—for Korea has been indispensably important: Red China's new prestige sprang from the Korean battlefield. Early victories gave Mao's regime great face. The whole war provided a supreme opportunity to secure political and economic control over the nation. The Chinese Communists in the single year of 1951 quite possibly achieved all they could have achieved in a decade without Korea. They used the war as a time for ruthless extermination of internal enemies, and they developed their armed strength to a point where they may preserve their power indefinitely. Even though their infantry took a beating it was by no means fatal.

Last month in Peking the orators at the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference hailed 1951 as the year of three historic movements which swept over Red China. These were the Agrarian Reform movement, the Drive to Suppress Counterrevolutionaries, and the Campaign to Resist America and Aid Korea, as the war is always called by the propagandists.

Subjugating the peasants

THE agrarian reform movement was not new in Red China, but not until this year did everybody seem to understand its full significance and immensity. It is a Red political device to stir up the countryside and keep the peasantry forever under subjection. This year 300 million Chinese were engaged in an unending series of accusation meetings, public trials and executions of landlords, enthusiastic burnings of old deeds and, finally, redistribution of the land. Such reform by Communists is inherently accomplished by violence. If people aren't cowed, beaten, jailed and perhaps shot during the course of any land reform, then it simply isn't land reform. It is impossible to have quiet, tranquil redistribution of a landowner's property and call it land reform.

The Reds have announced that "basic land reform" in China will be completed this winter, but the key to the meaning of this announcement is that word "basic." In years ahead Communist land-reform teams will be

going back over the countryside re-examining their previous work, "correcting" their former mistakes, redividing the land according to political exigencies of the moment. The justification for this was shown recently when a group of Communist investigators made a detailed study of an area where agrarian reform was first applied five years ago, in the north China province of Shansi.

The surveyors reported that the peasants were eating more now, that literacy had increased notably among both children and adults, that the keeping of diaries (which the police like) had become "a mass movement," that village hygiene has improved, that "sexual promiscuity has been reduced by 74%," that men beat their wives less frequently and that "drowning of girl babies has stopped." But the old class distinctions have been re-emerging. The investigators were surprised to find that 96 peasant families had sold land to pay for wedding and funeral expenses, an affront to the new social order. About 20% of the peasants had become poor again; an equal percentage "obviously wealthy." This was blamed on the fact that 99 family heads had increased their land holdings, causing prices to rise. They had even begun lending money to less fortunate peasants at the usurious rate of 60% per annum. Peking newspapers discussed the survey tellingly. "Our problem," said the *Peking People's Daily*, "is to find out how to sweep away the decadent dirt from people's consciousness. We must pay close attention to the thought transformation of peasants. We cannot let the peasants' bad self-generated tendencies go unguided." To anyone following the course of agrarian reform the past year, it seems inevitable that sooner or later Mao will herd his peasants into collective farms, just like the Russians.

Few people of prominence were involved in the mass trials which were the focus of terror. Only limited numbers of former Kuomintang officials were arrested. But the drive bore down on anti-Communist intellectuals—students, teachers, lawyers. It wiped out all anti-Communist labor unionists who remained. Throughout the drive the regime again demonstrated fiendish cleverness. Purposely, to link anti-Communist activity with

racketeering and crime, it mixed arrested intellectuals and labor leaders into groups of common criminals—petty thieves, stick-up men, dope peddlers, pimps, gamblers, black-market operators, shady characters of all kinds. While people might doubt that these criminals quite deserved the death penalty, nobody cared enough to object too violently at their elimination, and so good men and bad were dispatched together. This mixing seems to explain why the terror apparently did not shock the great majority of Chinese. For millions of other Asians, it blackened the reputation of Mao's government, but this hardly worried Peking. The suave premier, Chou En-lai, has explained Communist feeling about the suppression of internal critics: "The social order has gained a stability throughout the country unknown in previous history."

Red China's rulers show considerable genius for control. They show less genius in the fields of economics and production, despite all their manpower. Since the manpower must be spread from Korea to Tibet, and since it is not the whole key to national strength even in China, the economy of the



RED ENEMIES MacArthur, Acheson and Truman ride paper tiger, Chinese equivalent of windbag.



bonuses, raping women workers and acting as an anti-Communist agent. Witness at left gives crowd an account of Wang's crimes, demands immediate execution



PEOPLE'S MILITIA is armed and organized by Peasant's Association to prevent sabotage of land-reform program. Militia terror quickly silences opposition.

Communists is not prospering. Actually resurgent China is growing much less than a weak China was growing before World War II. Despite Red boasts that agrarian reform has "solved" China's perennial food-shortage problem, the truth appears to be that China's agricultural production is only about 120 million metric tons of rice and grain a year, as against 140 million before World War II. Much the same is true of cotton, a crop vitally needed to keep Shanghai's textile mills operating and an army of workers happily employed. While the Communists were boasting of increased acreages last summer, all of Shanghai's mills had to be shut down for 45 days. Cotton padding for the uniforms of the Chinese army is in very short supply and this shortage may have influenced the Chinese decision to negotiate for peace instead of risking another winter of war in Korea.

The industrial picture, small though it is, seems even less bright. The Chinese Communists, guided by thousands of Russian technicians and advisers, are trying to improve factory output by forcing labor into longer hours of more intensive work. They

create "labor heroes" and run noisy Soviet-style production drives. But pig-iron production is only about one fifth of what it was in 1936 and has gained very little over 1949, when civil war was paralyzing China. Manchurian production is one of Red China's best-kept secrets, but its over-all output is probably about one third of production under the Japanese in 1940. This is not bad. Russia has shipped back some of the machinery the Soviet army took from Manchuria's Japanese-built factories before leaving in 1946. Soviet technicians now swarm through Manchuria. Arms production has the priority and is increasing greatly.

Austerity and corruption

BUT in general the Chinese economic level has gone down, not up, since the Red victory in the civil war, and particularly since Korea. The nation, which has long suffered one of the lowest living standards among civilized nations, apparently must endure an even lower one. The Communists seem to operate best in the midst of misery. They are right now embarking on a "production increase and austerity drive," the third effort of the sort since the Victory Bond drive of 1950.

These drives are parts of the Resist America-Aid Korea campaign, the third historic Red campaign of 1951. In the two earlier drives the Reds wanted funds. They sought, first, to drain off all surplus money and thus control the growing inflation and, second, to find a means other than new direct taxation, which is already the heaviest in Chinese history, to raise money for war supplies. The effort was a curious roundabout admission that the Russians are not giving but rather selling their war equipment to the Chinese Red army—and at heavy prices. Those jets and that new artillery must be paid for, so Peking pays by squeezing more money out of 450 million Chinese and by blackmailing their rich relatives overseas who have dollars.

The newest drive just starting seems to be an admission that the Chinese cow is milked dry of money. Better production and austerity must be the answer. Factory workers must produce more on less food. Bureaucrats

must improve their ways. The need is urgent enough to have led Peking to a distasteful revelation: Corruption, the bugaboo of Chiang Kai-shek's years, has cropped up all over Red China. Peking is now revealing waste and corruption among bureaucratic culprits on all sides. Newspapers tell of horrible examples of wrong spending—in cotton mills, radio stations, government offices. In Mukden's Bureau of Industry and Commerce 3,629 persons were accused of varying degrees of corruption. The people's money is being squandered, and the Reds are applying themselves to this problem.

It would be foolish to believe that the Reds will not manage to hold China for a long time, despite difficulties. Their indoctrination of the population has been successful beyond imagination. It is the best possible example of education by rote, the repetition of Communist phrases and ideas *ad nauseam*. Peking has tied its nation tightly inside the skein of Communism, partly by giving the people new pride in their national strength. The regime is safe despite dissatisfactions.

But there is one strong impression of Chinese dissatisfaction which must finally be reported: The reader who pores long and hard over reams of Chinese Communist propaganda will now search in vain for references to Soviet aid, let alone Soviet generosity. On the topic of Soviet trade, there is usually only lugubrious silence now, although it is known that Russia hopes to make its satellites, Poland and Czechoslovakia, supply the Chinese with goods they formerly acquired from the West. Without overestimating its significance, the constant reader of the Chinese Red press nowadays gets the feeling that somehow relations are not as cordial as they once were. The fond raptures, the extravagant promises of two years back, have simply disappeared in favor of a much more formal, more routine appreciation. There is no suggestion that Mao is about to turn Tito. The Peking Reds realize that all will be lost for them without Russian backing. Whether it hurts or not, Soviet-Chinese political and economic cooperation is likely to continue. But there is no getting around the impression that, as of the beginning of 1952, the Chinese don't like it.



RED HEROINE Liu Hsiu-chen, volunteer soldier, is rewarded for her bravery with Mao's autograph.



CHINESE SOLDIER, here in quilted winter uniform, is a tireless marcher. He is paid 41¢ a month,

is rigidly indoctrinated in Red ideology by political commissars scattered throughout all military units.



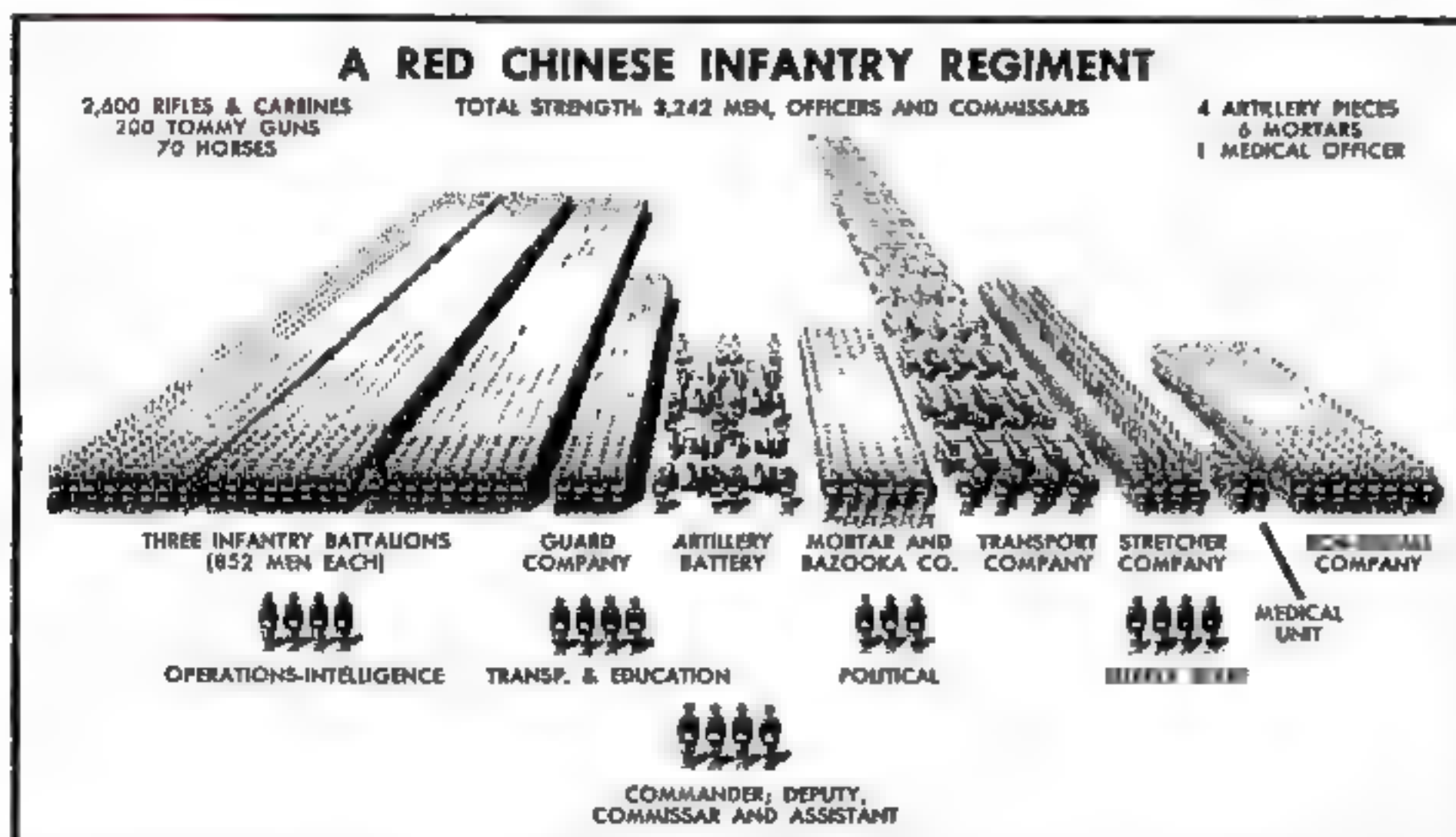
KEY ADVISER to PLA is General R. Y. Malinovsky, Soviet Far East boss,

THIS IS HOW

The war in Korea has hastened

The Red army of China, called the Chinese People's Liberation Army (PLA), is a sprawling, mass of three million men whose real potential as a military force has been a lingering mystery to the West. It is not as obscure as the political and civilian situation inside China from which the West has been blocked off, because in Korea both sides have been precipitated into the contact of war. Even so, the PLA has been both underestimated and overestimated, and little that is explicit has been written about it. But recently a U.S. Army lieutenant colonel, Robert B. Rigg, who observed the Reds during the civil war in China and was twice captured by them there, has written a book: *Red China's Fighting Hordes* (Military Service Publishing Co.), which is the most definitive exposition of the PLA yet to appear. Using material from this book plus hitherto unrevealed facts about the Chinese attack into Korea (pp. 22-23), LIFE shows on these pages the workings and the character of Asia's ruling force.

When it began in the late '20s, the PLA was a band of primitively armed guerrillas, which picked up assorted weapons and mobilized its strength as it went along. For 21 years it fought the Chinese Nationalists, for 10 years the Japanese in north China. In these intermittent wars



CHINESE REGIMENT, if at full strength, has this organization. But few regiments in the field have

more than 2,500 men. PLA is divided into five field armies, broken down in turn to armies, then divisions.

THE DRIVE TOWARD

TOMMY GUNS

U.S. Thompson .45 cal.
U.S. Grease Gun .45 cal.
British Sten Gun .32 cal. (approx.)
Russian Machine Pistol .30 cal.

Russian Machine Pistol .30 cal.

LIGHT MACHINE GUNS & AUTO. RIFLES

Chinese copy of Czech ZB-30 .31 cal.
Chinese (Nanking Arsenal Model) .31 cal.
Belgian .31 cal.
Swiss Newhaven .31 cal.
Danish Madsen .31 cal.
Japanese .25 cal.
Japanese .30 cal. (approx.)
U.S. BAR .30 cal.
U.S. Browning LMG .30 cal.
Canadian Bren gun .31 cal.

Chinese copy Czech ZB-30, .31 cal.

HEAVY MACHINE GUNS

Japanese .25 cal.
U.S. .30 cal.
Chinese Maxim .31 cal.

Chinese Maxim .31 cal.

ANTI-TANK GUNS

Chinese copy: U.S. 2.36 Bazooka
U.S. 3.5 Bazooka
Chinese copy: U.S. 57 mm Recoilless Rifle
Russian 57 mm gun

Chinese 3.5 Bazooka
Chinese 57 mm Recoilless Rifle
Russian 57 mm gun

MIXTURE OF WEAPONS used by the Chinese is shown in this chart. At left, under each weapon type,



TRAINER CHIEF of PLA in Manchuria is Soviet General Derevyenko

CHINESE FIGHT

a Russian-style modernization

of ambushes and broad maneuverings it developed a physical hardness, a cold disregard for life when committed at a crucial point of battle, and a mass mobility on foot which astonished its opponents. In 1934, driven from south-east China by the Chinese Nationalists, it set off by foot, 90,000 strong, to a permanent refuge in Shensi Province far to the north. In one of the longest military treks in modern history the PLA marched 6,000 miles in one year. Only 20,000 survived, and out of this core of survivors came the tough, hard-bitten men who are the leaders of the PLA today.

Though the PLA defeated the Nationalists and took over the country, it was still, by modern standards of warfare, a primitive army. When it moved, it lived off the land as it always had. Its logistics were built on human carriers and horse carts and its soldiers were armed with a bewildering mixture of old and new weapons of many calibers. But in 1950, with the Sino-Russian pact, it began slowly to modernize itself with Soviet help. Then, in Korea, it fought a modern army for the first time. Its weaknesses, still glaringly obvious, made a victory impossible, forcing it into a tighter and tighter association with Russia, which is furnishing the stuff and the learning the PLA needs.



CHINESE AA CREW fires its gun in North Korea. Along with artillery, planes and tanks, antiaircraft

defenses are sorely needed by the Chinese who are getting both the guns and radar from the Russians.

STANDARDIZING ARMS

RIFLES

British Enfield—30 cal.
U.S. Garand—30 cal.
"Gimo" (Chinese copy of Czech rifle) .31 cal.
German-type Mauser .31 cal.
Japanese 30 cal. (approx.)
Japanese .25 cal.

MORTARS

Japanese "Knee" model 50 mm
Russian 82 mm
U.S. 60 mm
U.S. 81 mm
Chinese 150 mm

ARTILLERY

Japanese 75 mm (Inf. cannon)
Japanese 150 mm (Howitzer)
U.S. 75 mm (Pack)
U.S. 105 mm (Howitzer)
Russian 152 mm (Gun and Howitzer)

TANKS

Japanese medium 47 mm gun
U.S. light 37 mm gun
U.S. Sherman 75 mm gun
Armored U.S. 6x6 trucks
Russian T-34s



GENERAL STAFF of PLA is headed by General Chu Teh (third from left), who is army's commander

in chief. Second from left stands General Nieh Jung-chen, who is his vice chief of staff and mayor of Peking.

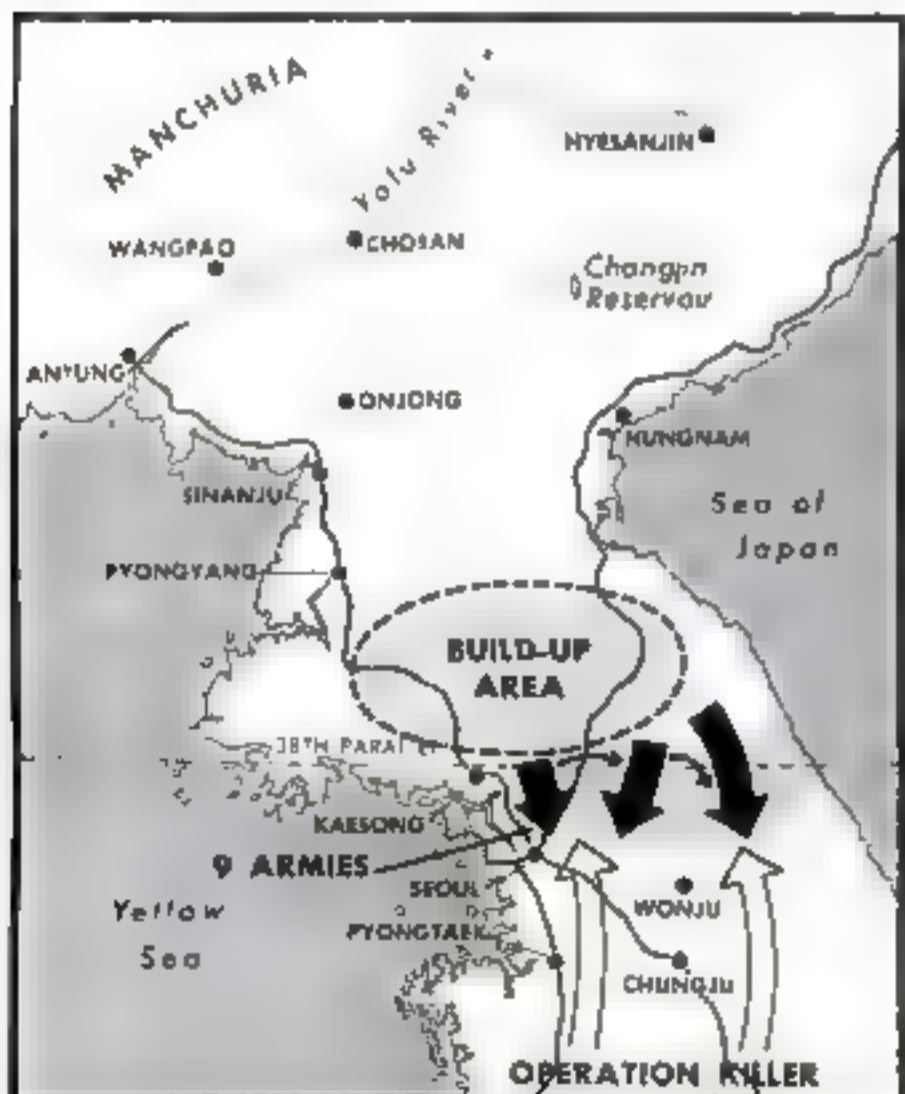
are listed the kinds of weapons PLA has. On right are weapons on which it is trying to standardize.



CHINESE TACTICS in North Korea, in October 1950, sent 70,000 Chinese at U.N. forces. In the first phase they hit, then withdrew to lure U.N. troops farther north, setting them up for the main attack.



IN SECOND PHASE, November 1950-January 1951, 150,000 Chinese launched main drive in U.N. center. But supplies gave out and attack dwindled as it moved south, so that Reds had to stop and regroup.



IN THIRD PHASE, April-May 1951, the Chinese, now 300,000 strong, tried to break through the U.N. line by striking frontally, then sliding laterally to the flank. They were stopped by modern firepower.

TALK ABOUT HORDES IS AN EXAGGERATION



GENERAL LIN PIAO

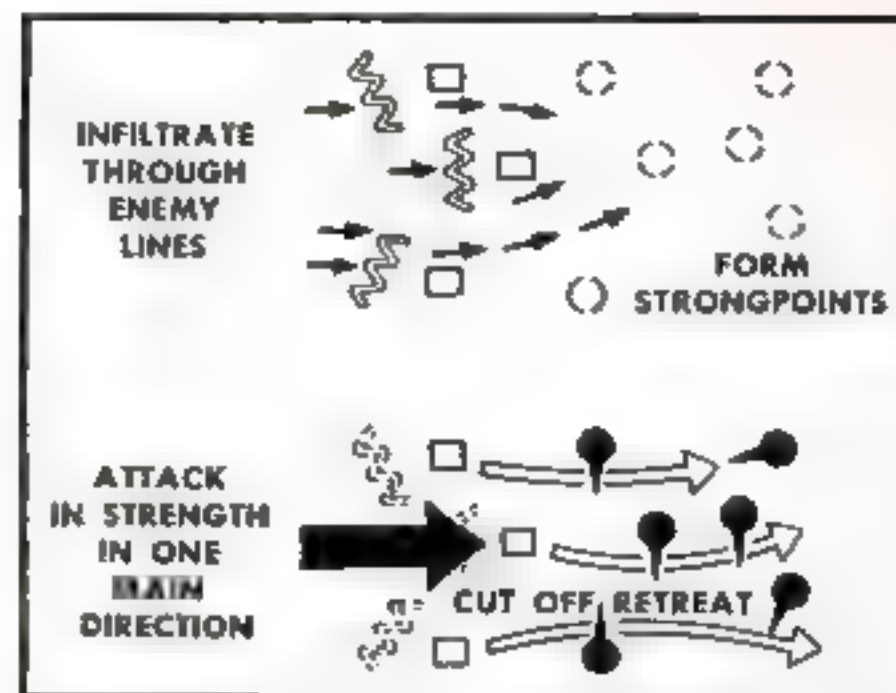
A year ago, when the U.N. forces were sent reeling down the Korean peninsula, the number of Chinese attacking them, in estimates current at the time, soared to the remarkable figure of 600,000. Actually there was no such horde. The attack was made by not

more than 150,000 Chinese. Commanded by General Lin Piao, it was a carefully thought-out attack which took full advantage of General MacArthur's deployment of troops, which numbered 324,000, including 100,000 Roks. Lin Piao crashed through a weak U.N. center, where he massed a superiority in numbers.

His troops, however, could not exploit their success, and in not being able to do so the PLA learned some lessons about modern war. On the west coast the Eighth Army escaped because it was motorized and the Chinese, carrying their supplies on their backs, were not. Nor did the Chinese have armor to punch through U.N. rear-guard resistance and cut off the retreat. When their supplies gave out, they had to hold up, reorganize and re-equip themselves, giving the U.N. divisions time to regroup below the 38th Parallel.

In their next attacks against the U.N. line, now stabilized and grinding north in General Ridgway's "Operation Killer," the Chinese discovered that their tactical concepts, developed on the broad spaces of China, would not work in the narrow, rugged confines of a peninsula. In such terrain there could be no sweeping flanking attacks and encirclements. Against a well-integrated defense, infiltration tactics followed by frontal thrusts were also useless. Against massed artillery fire, strafing and fire-bombing from the air, their undermanned and under-equipped companies were helpless. Like tanks and trucks, artillery and planes were essential to fight the forces of the West.

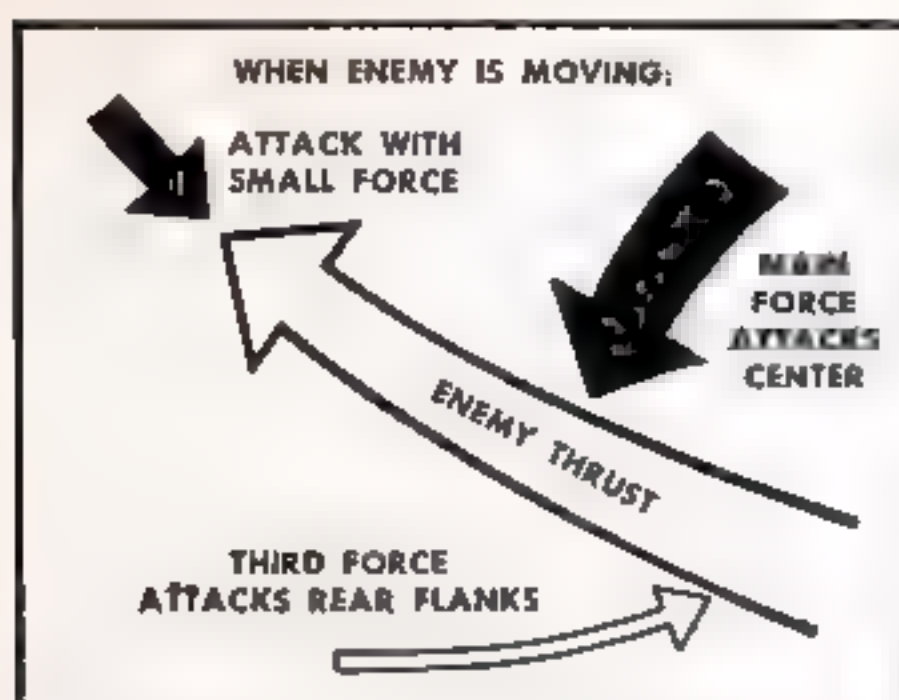
In modernizing the PLA and indoctrinating it in a new science of warfare, the Chinese leaders and the Russians face a sizable job involving complete changes in training and tactical thinking. It is complicated by the fact that most Chinese soldiers and many of the officers are illiterate and virtually uneducated. They come from many different regions in China and speak a welter of dialects. But there is evidence of progress. In its Peking parades last year the PLA displayed columns of T-34 tanks, heavy Russian artillery and companies of paratroopers. In Korea the U.S. Air Force has sighted more and more trucks, and before the 30-day truce period began, the Chinese fired massed artillery. Around airfields and other bombing targets in North Korea, antiaircraft fire has become a serious threat. In the air over the Yalu River, Chinese as well as Russian pilots are getting trained flying against American bombers and fighters. The Reds have suffered casualties and defeats in Korea. But, long range, they have gained more than they have lost from a schooling which, in cold-blooded military terms, is the most valuable a soldier can get—combat.



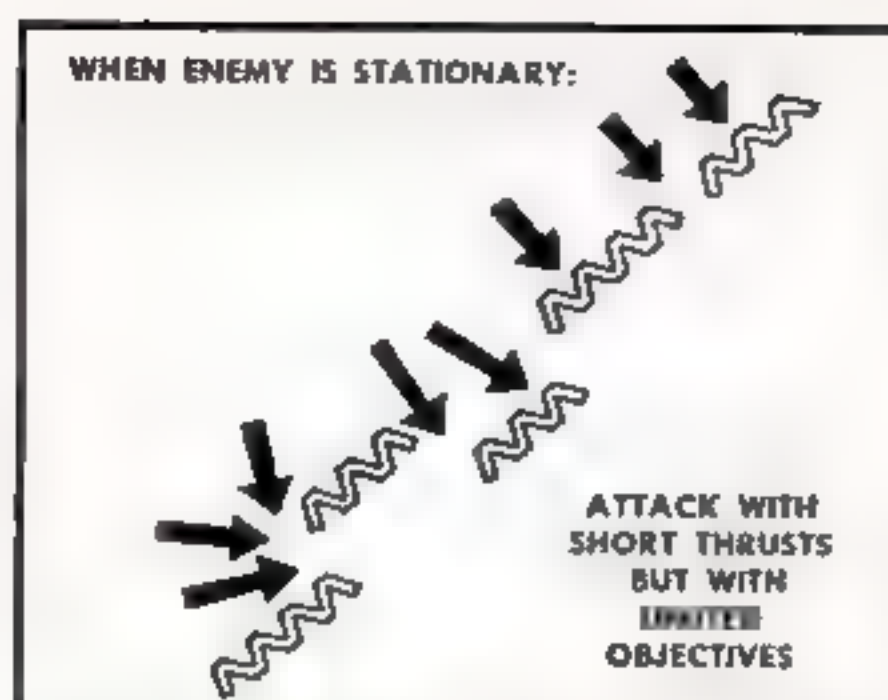
TACTICAL CONCEPTS of Lin Piao are drawn here. One point attack (above) ends in frontal jab.

BEHIND THE RED LINES AT THE HEIGHT OF THE

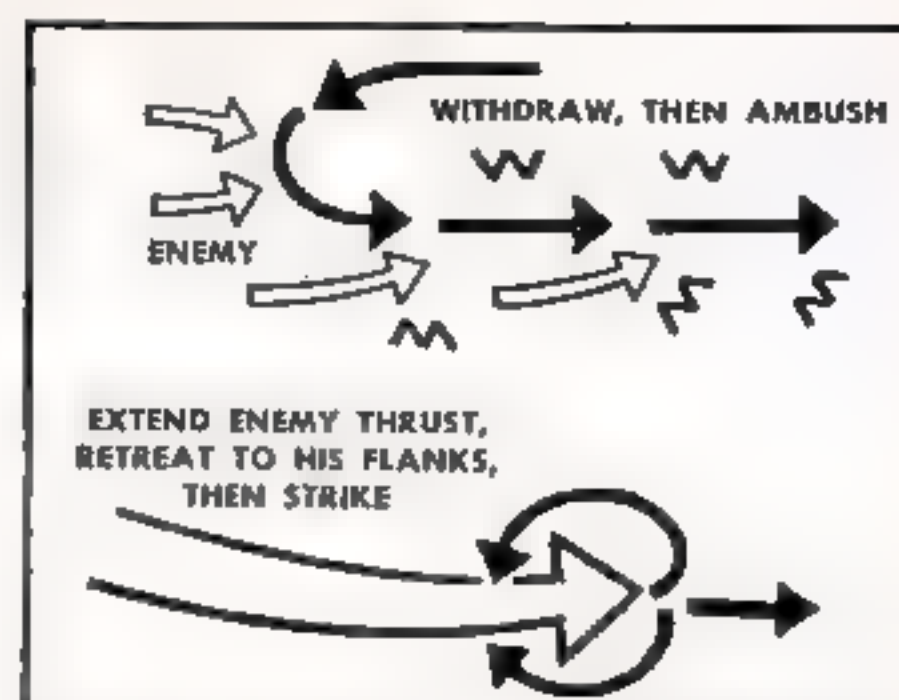




MULTIPLE POINT ATTACK was used by Lin Piao when his troops struck columns of Eighth Army.



SHORT ATTACK on fixed positions has many small jabs, was used against stabilized U.N. lines



DECEPTIVE ATTACK consists of withdrawing from enemy, then striking from prearranged points.

COMMUNIST SUCCESS IN NORTH KOREA, CHINESE INFANTRY FLUSH AMERICAN SOLDIERS FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE IN A STRONGLY CONSTRUCTED DUGOUT



WHAT ASIANS THINK OF U.S. POLICY

To get a line on how Asia feels about the U.S., LIFE asked three prominent and well-informed Asians to write a short critical examination of U.S.-Asiatic relations. Excerpts from their replies are below. Our Asiatic spokesmen are Nabih Amin Faris of Lebanon, professor of history at the American University of Beirut; Frank Moraes of New Delhi, editor of India's largest newspaper, The Times of India; and Sutan Sjahrir, a young statesman of Indonesia and a leader of his country's struggle for independence.

Early Impact of American ideals

FARIS: Since 1820 American schools flourished throughout the area. Could the story of the American Revolution be taught without spreading its ideas and ideals? The word "American" acquired a radiance never equaled by any other and constantly contrasted with the Middle Eastern people's conception of other foreigners, particularly the British and the French.



NABIH AMIN FARIS

MORAES: In the pre-war years Asians saw America as a guardian of liberty. Even to those who knew little of American history—the great majority—America stood for freedom and peace together with a vague, inchoate urge to help

others, to spread over the globe a golden glow of good words and works.

SJAHRIR: The habit of distinguishing the American mentality from the European—even the habit of regarding America as the antithesis of Europe—became a firm pattern of Asiatic thought. Asia looked hopefully toward an era in which America's ideals of liberty and democracy would prevail. Russia did not seem to come into the picture at all.

The postwar disillusion

FARIS: With victory the picture began to change. Neither Britain nor France was yet ready to liquidate its empire. And to the average Middle Easterner, the U.S. was a silent partner to all diplomatic acts taken after World War II. Nowhere is this feeling of fear and resentment more evident than in the case of Palestine, which has become a symbol of Western, and particularly American, immaturity and bad faith in international relations. . . . The U.S. has made no move to enforce the original partition plan approved by the U.N.; to secure the internationalization of the Jerusalem area; to carry out resolutions with regard to the Arab refugees. The U.S. has shown no inclination to disengage its general Arab policy from that of Israel. Consequently, Arab and Moslem leaders and masses have become convinced that the U.S., not Britain, is now their enemy and the only

obstacle to the realization of their hopes. If this seems an unfair interpretation the fact remains that this is the picture seen through Arab eyes.

MORAES: To the U.S., emerged from the war as the mightiest power on earth, security became the prime consideration. The U.S. sees security in terms of guns and money. Together, these spell power. And power means peace. Asia reads it differently. Political discontent stems from economic ills—so Asia argues. Communism is essentially an economic problem. Alleviate the economic ills and you remove the very conditions in which Communism thrives. Economic betterment, then, means strength which means security which means peace. All-out war in Asia would either mortgage the region to the new imperialism of Russia by aggravating its economic discontents and distress, or, with the elimination of Russia, it will throw it to the mercy of the victors, of the old imperialism rampant. Either way, Asia does not stand to gain. Hence her vast, clamant, consuming hunger for peace.

SJAHRIR: In Indo-China and Indonesia revolutions and colonial wars broke out. In both countries Americans were in direct or indirect military command, and so were held responsible. Official American opinion even inclined toward the cause of the Dutch and French, and it was only in 1947 that this was modified. . . . If this "freedom" the U.S. talks so constantly of defending merely means freedom for the French, for instance, to re-establish themselves in Indo-China, then Asia naturally tends to grow skeptical of freedom's virtues.

Asiatic views of Communism

FARIS: The dangers of Communism have been vividly described to the people of the Middle East. They have also been told that the West wants to defend them, with their consent if possible, without if necessary. To this, one leader has replied, "There is nothing called Communist danger in Egypt nor in the Middle East except in the minds of the British and the Americans." This attitude is typical and stems more from spite than from facts. And herein lies the tragedy. Because the average Middle Easterner now directs his resentment against the West (and to him America is the West) he would cast his lot with any power antagonistic to his conception of Western democracy.

MORAES: Throughout Asia, particularly in India, the emphasis is more on the community than on the individual. Broken down into units, the basic digit of the Hindu community is not the individual but the joint family. In Hindu society the individual is subordinate to the group. Thus Russia, with its emphasis on the welfare of the community, exercises a stronger gravitational pull than America, home of private enterprise and freedom of the individual. In many Eastern eyes America mistakes the means for

the end. By exalting private enterprise and the individual she makes the acquisition of wealth for wealth's sake an end in itself. This, of course, is not true. But it is how the American scene presents itself to the general Asiatic gaze. Russia, on the other hand, appears to subordinate the interests of the individual to the larger interests of the group. And in a society motivated by a similar urge the fact registers. Yet we have no illusions about Communism, and our attitude to that creed is demonstrated by the drastic manner in which our Administration has dealt with the Reds.

SJAHRIR: In countries where either colonial or autocratic feudal rule has for centuries accustomed people to oppression and a lack of basic human rights, the ugly reports of conditions in totalitarian countries can never sound so terrifying as to people used to the benefits of freedom and democracy.

Criticism and advice to the U.S.

FARIS: Not only are American policies resented by the overwhelming majority of Middle Eastern people, but the method in which they are carried out has also caused criticism and suspicion. Americans are accused of condescension in their dealings with people of the area and, still worse, of believing that the dollar can succeed where goodwill has failed. But "man cannot live by bread alone," nor can a deeply wounded humanity rise up and give thanks for tractors, modern plumbing, soft drinks and chewing gum.

The U.S. should make it clear to her major allies, Britain and France, that they can no longer count on American support for policies which are out of tune with the principles of American democracy and suppressive of the national aspirations of Middle Eastern peoples. Second, the U.S. should continue some form of technical and material aid,

without any concealed strings tied to it. Also the U.S. should correct its erroneous and dangerous Palestine policy by enforcing the U.N. resolutions, or at least lead the way for a settlement based on justice and not inimical to democracy. For unless democracy can recapture the imagi-



FRANK MORAES

nation of the masses, it will never withstand the onslaught of Communism.

MORAES: If only America would stop behaving like a peevish nursemaid alternately pampering and threatening the Naughty Boy of Asia (who, according to many Americans is Nehru), Indian opinion would be more receptive to U.S. ideas. What many educated Indians find difficult to understand is America's allergy to this country's foreign policy. Since independence the pattern of Indian history has closely followed the pattern of

WHY WE FIGHT AND HOPE

American history in the early decades after 1787. We have started internally with the consolidation of the states. Externally India seeks to avoid foreign entanglements much as America did. To many in India it seems odd that a country which was neutral for



SUTAN SJAHRIR

three years of World War I and for two of World War II should resent neutrality in another country—and that in peace, not war.

China and India are two testing grounds. If India, with her constitution drawing inspiration from countries such as the U.S., Canada, Britain and

Switzerland, can assure her people of economic security and individual freedom, Asia will be won for democracy. But if India fails and China succeeds in proving that her present way of life offers food and employment for the millions, Asia will be lost to Communism. SJAHRIR: The hardest thing for many Asians to understand is the American's practical, businesslike approach to life. To the average American everything practical must be possible. But things that are practical in American eyes are apt to be impossible in Asiatic eyes—perhaps because they are unconventional, or contrary to rules of accepted religious conduct, or simply not proper behavior. The young Asiatic nations are very sensitive on still another point: their technical ability to manage their own economic affairs. Despite political independence, in many places the old colonial powers are still dominating the economic scene. American agencies, working for ECA or EximBank, often do not take into account the historic economic position of foreign nations in Asia. When these agencies insist on thoroughly detailed plans and projects from Asiatic nationalists before they will consent to grant any dollars, the Asian becomes suspicious. He can easily persuade himself that U.S. aid and loans are only weapons for the West to subdue the native economy once again. Americans may protest that this is not so. Nevertheless he suspects it, and the suspicion is growing. When the U.S. threatened to withhold food shipments to India because India was not willing to back up U.S. policies in Korea, Asians thought it one more proof that America planned to force her will on the Asiatic people. Even the method by which the Japanese peace treaty was pushed through added to the doubts of Asiatic nations about American respect for their dignity.

Europe's outdated and outmoded regimes in Asia should be deprived of U.S. support entirely. Also, the U.S. should pursue its own fresh approach (the Point Four plan) to helping Asia toward progress and a better living standard. Once these policies are clear, they should be applied with wise psychology and full understanding of opposing viewpoints.

These critiques of U.S. policy in Asia require a statement of the whole East-West position as it appears to American eyes. And let us begin by asking whether Asia ought to be considered as a single unit at all.

Journalistically it is possible to treat Asia as a unit, as this issue of LIFE does; to suggest (without encompassing) Asia's vastness and variety and to explore (without exhausting) a few key problems. But when it comes to formulating policies, can half of mankind really be considered a whole? In most respects Asia exhibits less unity and continuity than our own Western civilization. Take China and India. Professor Northrop (p. 38) emphasizes the "indeterminism" common to both these cultures; but one might make even more of the striking differences. They reached and passed their peaks in different centuries and without much reference to each other—until the Western impact of the last 200 years.

That impact is what makes it proper to consider Asia as a unit. Americans need to remind themselves of how it came to pass. When Clive took India and Napoleon the Nile, all of Asia's separate civilizations were looked up to by Westerners. As the "wisdom of the East" inspired reverence, so its riches inspired awe. During the Crusades, Europe met a culture some four centuries more advanced than its own. The discovery that Moslems like Saladin could be more trustworthy than Christians was the first seed of the Protestant Reformation. Islam's science and business were likewise seeds of the Renaissance and the rise of capitalism, as evidenced by the Arabic origin of essential Western words ranging from algebra to zero and including mattress, risk, traffic, magazine and check.

The Chinese, having maintained a highly civilized existence since 1100 B.C., naturally looked down on the intruders from Renaissance Europe whose body odor and manners they found so offensive. And the West for its part felt curious and emulous toward the Far East. When the Roman Church heard of Buddha, it made him a Christian saint. The first book printed in England (by Caxton in 1477) was mainly a collection of Oriental wise sayings. Confucius opened to Voltaire "a new moral and spiritual universe"; the Noble Sage, like the Noble Savage, was an imported patron of the Enlightenment in which both the U.S. and modern secularism were born. America, having at its discovery been mistaken for India, never lost the feeling that its destiny lay in that direction. The China trade was our first new source of post-Revolutionary wealth, and when we began to philosophize independently the transcendental inspiration came to Emerson and Thoreau from Hindu theology. The West owes Asia something for every forward step it has made, not to mention the Christian religion.

But when the industrial revolution went into high gear, this cultural impact rapidly reversed. Although Asia invented printing, the first linotype machine using Arabic script was built in Brooklyn for Brooklyn Syrians.

Meanwhile the gunpowder which China had invented raked its coasts from Western gunboats and threatened hermetic Japan. The impact of Western steel, electricity, literacy, democracy and nationalism has by now undermined every traditional social order in Asia, including those Kipling-era colonialisms through which the impact was transmitted (p. 14). Even China, the eternal and unconquered, was forced to launch the greatest revolution since Confucius lived and taught, a revolution whose end is not yet.

Dialog between civilizations

When one civilization hits another, the second is pretty sure to hit back. Gandhi urged Asia to hit back with a spiritual message. But now, strange to say, we find our Asiatic critics asking not only for economic aid but for a spiritual message from the West as well.

An American newspaperman in the Middle East puts the case even more strongly. "Here's this world symphony being conducted by the Russians," he shouts, making like Toscanini. "They bring in Persian drums, then Egyptian trumpets. Palestinian cymbals clash and Syrian violins weep. Suddenly a little man dashes down the aisle crying, 'Peanuts, popcorn, Point Four.' Then the symphony goes on."

Americans tend to fear that Point Four may cost too much money. Asians scorn it because money is all it will cost. Charles Malik of Lebanon, perhaps the wisest Asian in politics today, says flatly that the West's real crime in Asia is "lack of love," and he sees no solution for Near Eastern fanaticism until the West has a "spiritual recovery." In this respect Communism has one supreme advantage: it appeals to Asia's need to be needed. As Paul Linebarger puts it, Communism says to the Asians, "We need you, yourself, right now." In contrast, "You couldn't join the American side if you were an Asian. There isn't anything to join."

Back in Woodrow Wilson's time, when Asia still nursed illusions about America, there wasn't anything to join either. But Sun Yat-sen could plot freely in San Francisco while the British held the line and took the blame. Now the U.S. takes the blame because it is responsible for peace and order in Asia. A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

But it is also not an adequate role for the U.S. The restricted and rather smug "police action" frame of reference, which is our official line in Korea, will not support a dialog between civilizations. The whole equation is far more complicated than most Americans have been willing to believe.

First, it is more complicated than love, much though love is needed. For in practice love keeps best between self-respecting equals, and the West cannot be true or even truthful to Asia unless it is first true to its own interests and beliefs.

Second, it is more complicated than armies.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Δημοκρατία

The Greeks, who first practiced it, gave us the word for democracy, which is written above in Greek characters. Below, it is written in five of the Oriental languages, in most of which it is an adaptation of the idea, "people rule." The word and the idea came to all these languages very recently from the West. In the mind of Asia it still has no very exact meaning and no good examples in Asiatic history.

प्रजातन्त्र

INDIAN

جہو ریت

URDU

ประชาธิปไตย

THAI

جمهورية

ARABIC

民主政體

CHINESE

Armies have even more political leverage in Asia than in the West. Our military victories of 1951 have swayed more Asiatic loyalties than all our broadcasts about freedom and democracy. Yet this swayed opinion still awaits guidance and hope. And as the armed fronts grow more stabilized, it is time for East and West to explore the enormous opportunities for mutual education in the arts of peace.

Third, the East-West equation is more complicated than money. Mr. Moraes says Communism is an economic issue; and the Western answer to that is alleged to be bigger and better Point Four aid. To this end Asians have brought absurd proposals to the World Bank and the U.N., the theory being that Western economic orthodoxy is outmoded and should give way to the kind of 12-digit grandiosity with which the Ch'in Emperors built the Great Wall. But far more scandalous than the gap between Eastern and Western living standards is this: the probability that this gap is growing. What Asia ought to covet, therefore, is not Western wealth but our secret of creating wealth.

Iran's Mossadegh, in private life a benevolent landlord, recently bought some tractors for his tenants. After a few weeks of happy experiment, they now lie broken and useless for want of repair. His Abadan refineries, intact today, may soon be in like case. There are not enough machines or money in the whole West to set Asia on the path of expanding wealth, unless Asia's political and economic morals and mores, public and private, come closer to those of the West.

At present our dialog with the East is conducted with words—democracy, socialism, capitalism—which have no indigenous meaning in Asia at all. A few of Asia's many words for "democracy" are reproduced at the left; but all of them, even the Chinese, are mere attempts to domesticate the Greek word, and are empty of inherited content. Socialism and capitalism are even less precise in translation. In words, we can tell the East only this: that their aged system of land tenure, usury, fixed social castes and treasure hoarding are obstacles to their learning our Western secret of wealth.

In China all this rubble is being swept away. And if it is true that Asia never moved except in great convulsions, then we face this question: can Communism perhaps do more for Asia than we can?

This the U.S. cannot concede, for two reasons. First, even if the Communist economic promise were as advertised, it is not true that Asia has nothing to lose but its chains. The Russian symphony of propaganda is directed at national hope and cultural pride. Yet, along with the rubble, the precious differentiating essence of the Indian culture, the Persian and the rest, would in fact be obliterated by a generation of Communism. There can be no true federalism or variety in a Communist empire. In it not only Oriental lives, but unique Oriental values, would be lost.

Second, America's reasons for resisting Communism in Asia, and for asking Asia to resist it, are not merely the reasons of power that Mr. Moraes implies. We do need Asia's raw materials, and we fear the use of its vast resources and manpower against us. But we need Asians above all because we are citizens of the same planet, in which the terms of our inevitably close contacts are important to us. Our purposes in Asia, as elsewhere, therefore have a moral content which can be put quite simply. We feel that we have

carried the history of civilization slightly further than it was when Europe first sat at Asia's feet. We have succeeded (quite recently) in abolishing human slavery; we want Asia to do so too. Communism has reintroduced slavery. That is practically the whole of our message just now.

Main points of U.S. policy

The modesty of its moral purpose is a handicap to U.S. policy in Asia. It probably means we shall not "capture the imagination of the masses," as Mr. Faris requires, for a long time to come. We may attract their confidence, however, by feats of arms, by policy and by the passage of time. As for the policy, its main points should be as follows.

1) The U.S. should correct its mistakes. Of these, the Palestine policy so justly criticized by Mr. Faris is the worst. But we should not own to mistakes we have not made. It was only a few congressmen, not the U.S. government, that tried to get a political advantage from India's need for wheat.

2) The U.S. must continue to oppose Communism wherever it can in Asia. This means fighting in Korea, Indo-China, Burma and wherever Communism fights. We will also continue to diplomate for allies, including Nehru. Moreover, we should cleave to proved foes of Communism, including Chiang Kai-shek, who incidentally, like Magsaysay in the Philippines, is doing his best to set an example of clean and efficient government in Asia, where such examples are badly needed.

3) The U.S. must side with peace and order throughout Asia. As Mr. Sjahrir warns us, Asians will misconstrue this as a desire to perpetuate their hated European colonial regimes. These regimes are indeed obsolete, but the very obviousness of that fact makes it silly to overthrow them by force where the indispensable functions they perform cannot yet be discharged by a successor regime. Since 1947 there has been no colonial country where a non-Communist independence movement is strong and promising enough to deserve our support against our proved allies, the British and French.

4) While maintaining basic order, the U.S. should also support fundamental reform. As order is a condition of freedom, so reform is a condition of progress in Asia. Both are more important than our preconceptions about democracy, which is a long way off in Asia. In countries like Iran, handcuffed to hopeless social patterns, an Ataturk is preferable to a hopeless, feudal parliamentarism. Where governments are strong and honest, the illusory fear of Western economic imperialism expressed by Mr. Sjahrir will vanish.

Economic reform and progress will come not from intergovernmental loans and gifts alone, but by the educational work of individual Westerners who can convey not only technical know-how but a state of mind. Many a private profit-seeking corporation has already done this in its limited sphere, as have official Point Four men like Horace Holmes (p. 52). Real progress in Point Four will be registered not at the World Bank but at visa and customs offices, by the real movement of real goods and real people. If these movements are large enough, Asia will ultimately complete its long and painful revolution and be ready for a new role in history.

After which, with some new and many old vocabularies, the tremendous and mutually edifying East-West dialog will go on.

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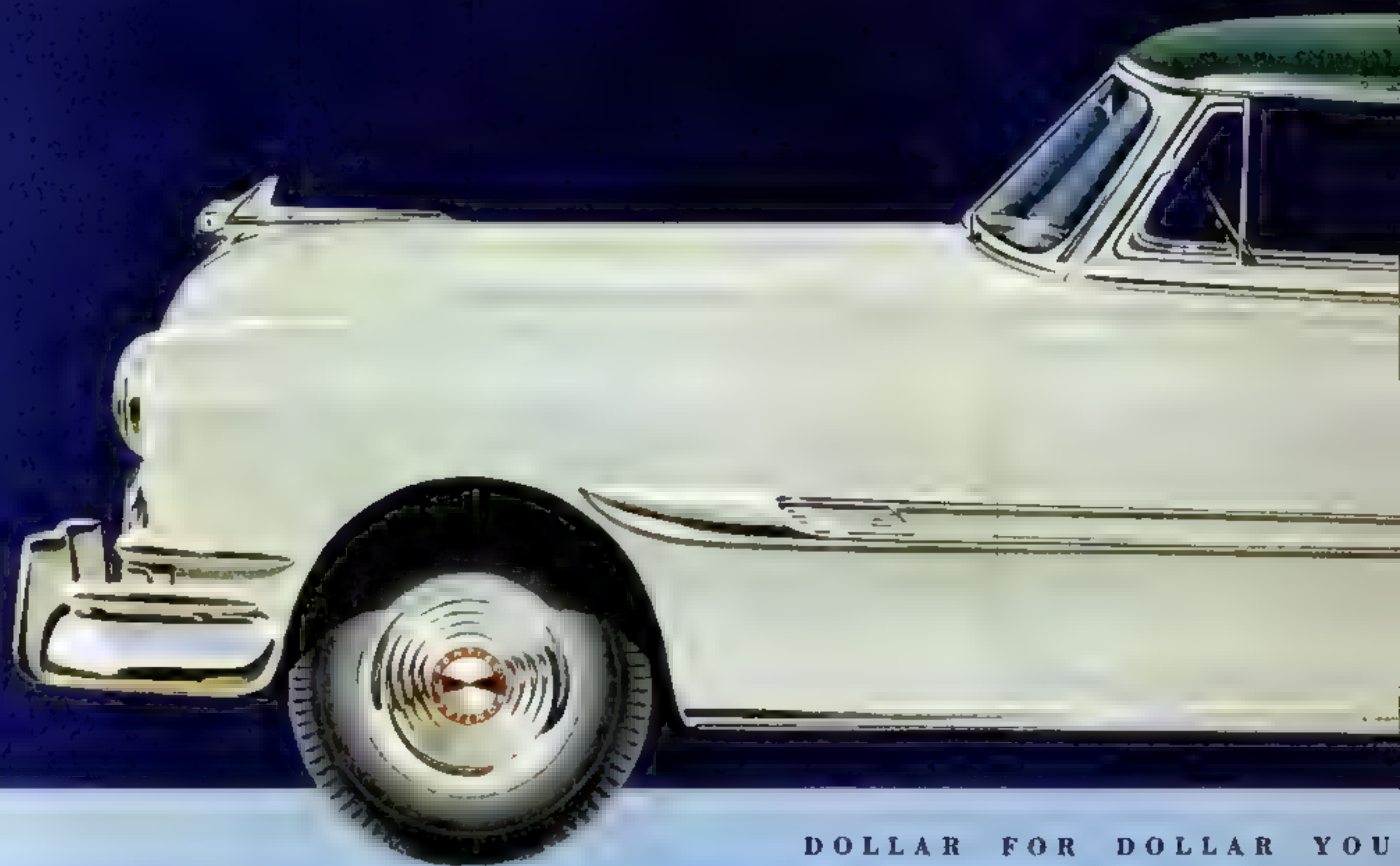


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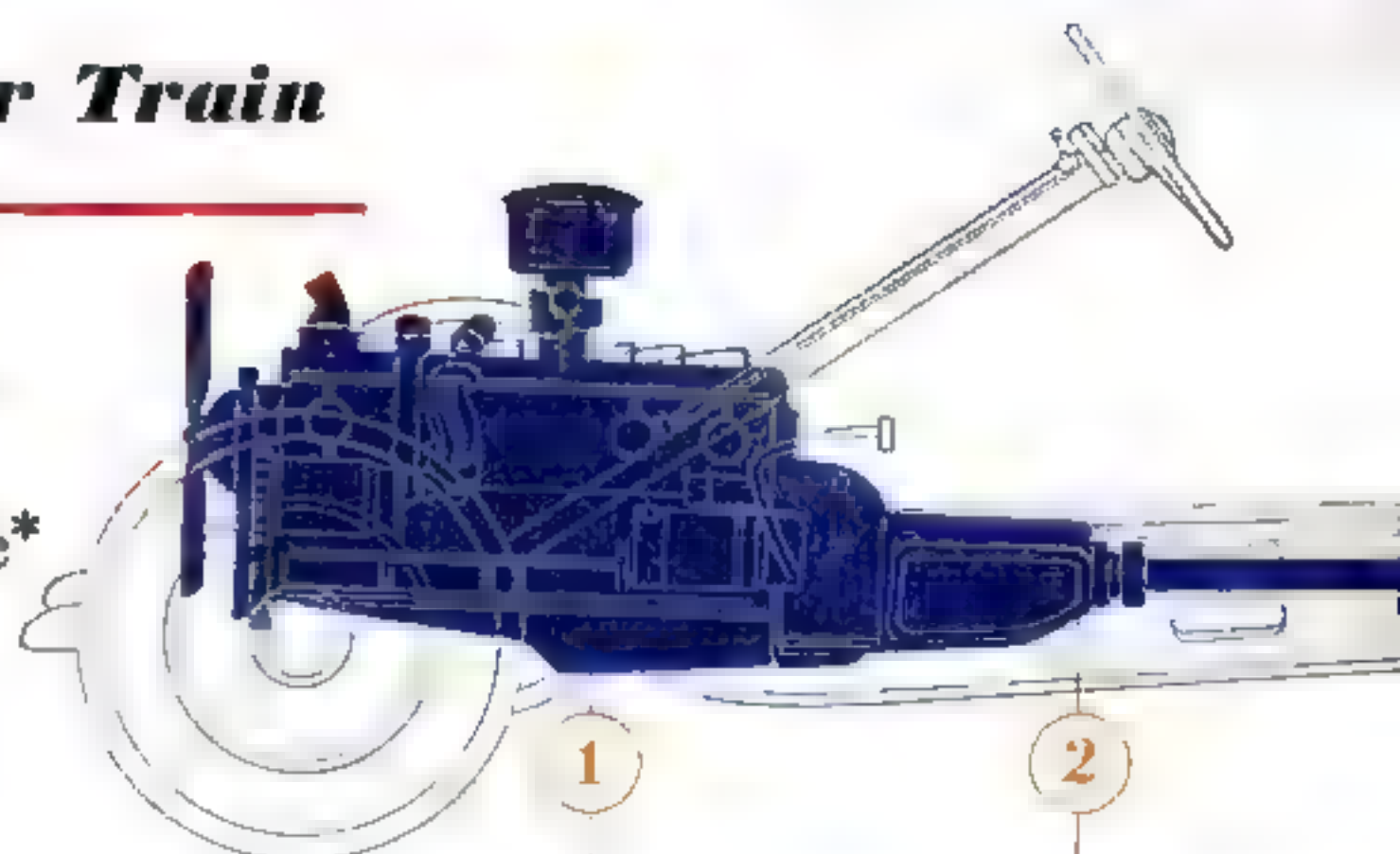
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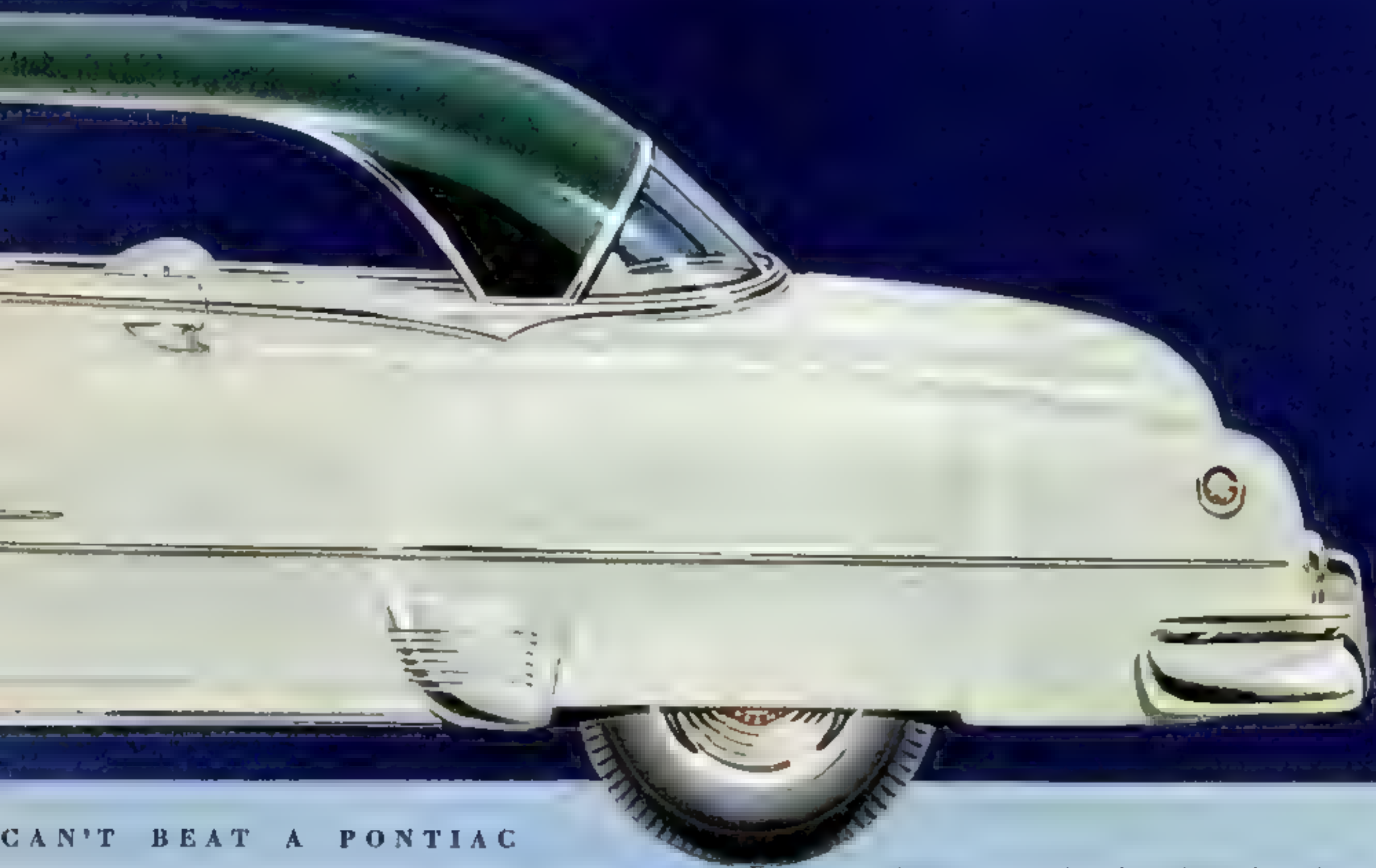


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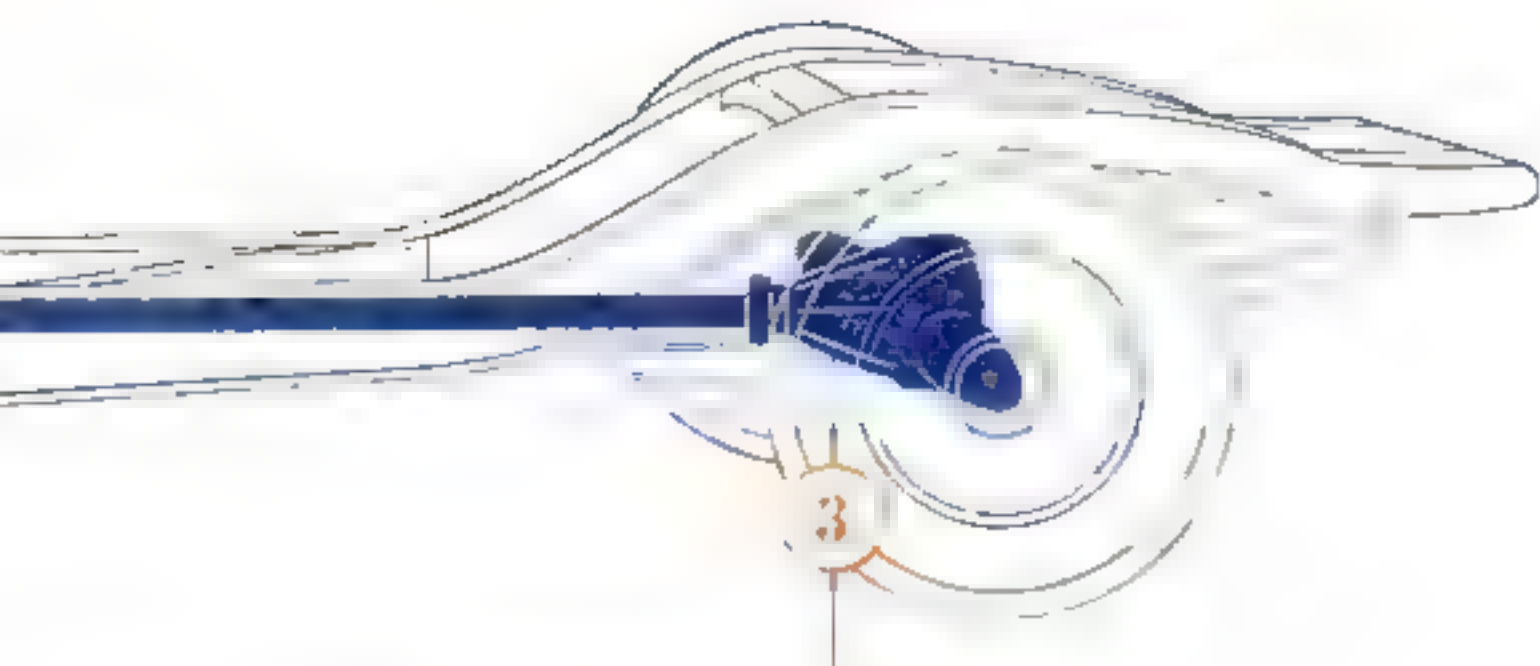
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SUNSET'S LAST GLOW turns eastern sky into a rich backdrop for Bangkok's spires and temples. In the foreground are Chan Phraya river, market sheds.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY DMITRI KESSEL

BANGKOK

**Age-old dreams of romantic Asia still come alive today
in the city of spires, temples and tinkling silver bells**



Almost two centuries ago, on the wooded banks of the Menam Chao Phraya (Magnificent River), at the site of the village called Bangkok (Where the Kok Trees Grow), the first monarch of modern Siam, now Thailand, set up his new capital. To King Rama I it was *Krung Thep*, the City of Gods, and today it is still a city of the gods although Bangkok has become a metropolis of 800,000 and a major hub of air travel in southeast Asia. Its glittering skyline is studded with the elaborate roofs and spires of 400

temples, like Wat Po, the Temple of the Fig Tree (*above*), whose grounds are filled by chapels like the Temple of the Reclining Buddha (*above, left*). The city is laced by placid canals on which housewives ride in sampans to market, scented by perfume, which the Siamese love, and lulled by the endless soft tinkling of tiny silver bells that swing from the ornate eaves of the temples. The streets swarm with yellow-robed priests.

All things in Bangkok—the temples, bells,

priests and people—combine in honoring the Lord Buddha, and they make Bangkok the most impressive Buddhist city of all the world. Its serenity, almost unique in Asia's cities now, is rooted in that religion, and because of it, Bangkok is the one city that still fulfills the most romantic fairytale dreams of the Orient. It is Buddhism's remarkable monuments that seem to lift Bangkok up from its plain into a never-never sky that even the most unimpressible Westerner might think was heaven's own curtain.

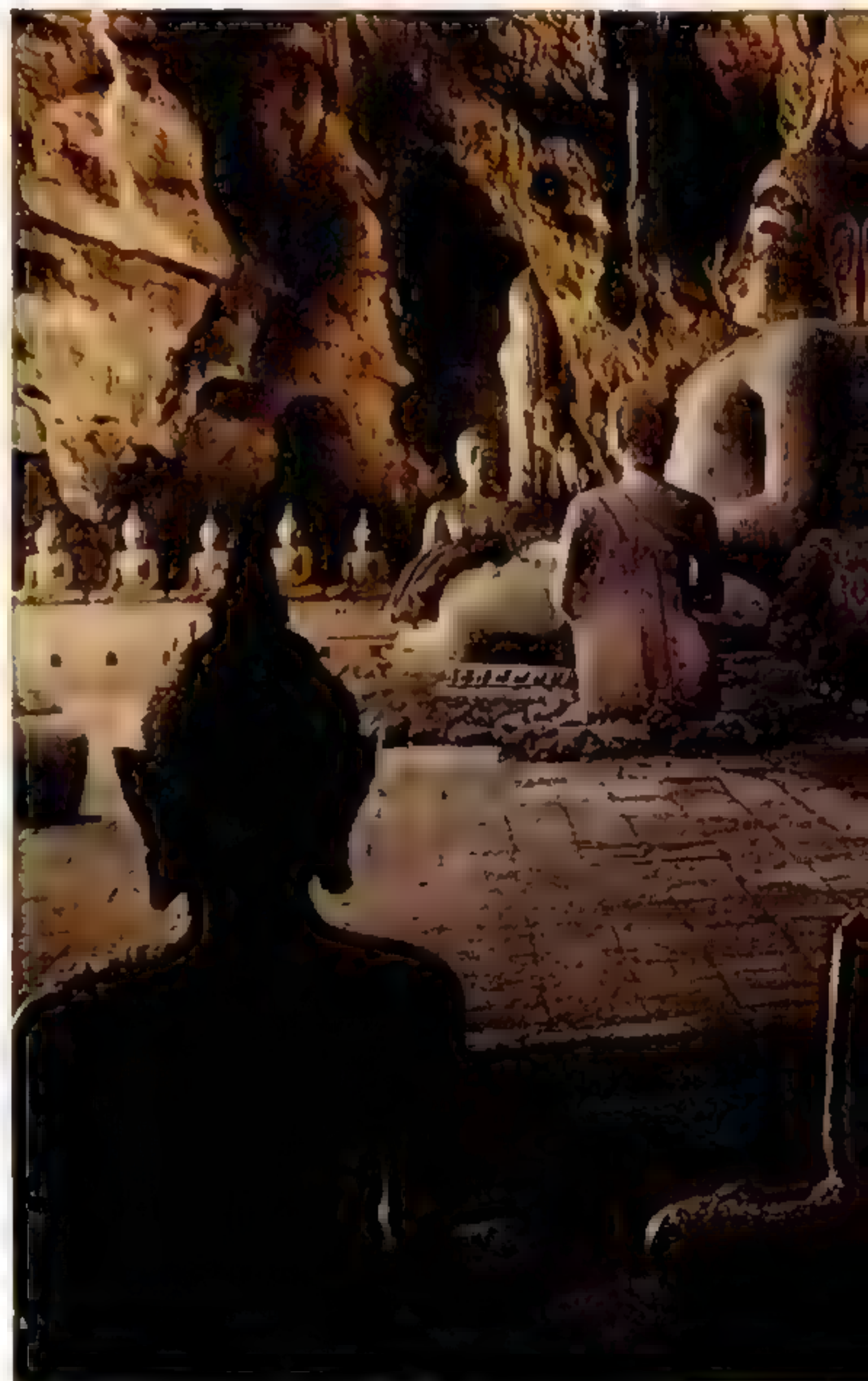
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GROTESQUE GUARDIANS of the royal family's own chapel, Temple of the Emerald Buddha, are this sword-packing giant (above) and bird woman (below).

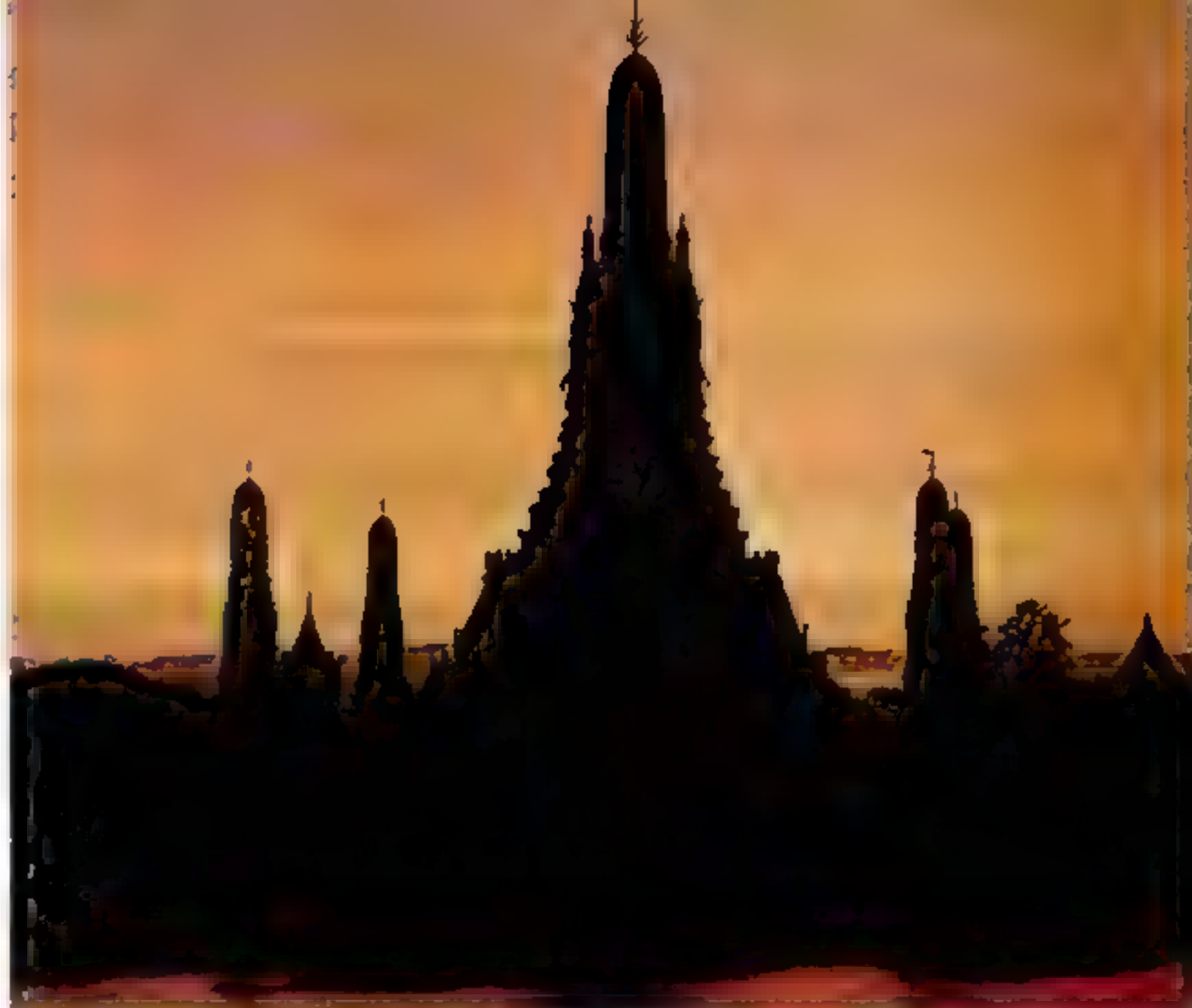


DOLL-LIKE DANCERS wear spire-shaped "celestial helmets" of gold and silver, costumes of jewel-flecked silk brocade from India.



HEAVENLY TOPPERS AND A GODLY CAVE

Bangkok's wealth of Buddhist monuments came mainly from the bountiful devotion of Thailand's kings, who are the chief patrons of their faith and often spent their monarchical fortunes freely to build spectacular resting places for their own ashes. In creating the capital's great "wats," the Thais often built them to be both handsome and useful. They serve as monasteries, schools and hospitals as well as places of Buddhist worship. But the most striking thing about Bangkok is the tendency of everything to point into the sky—dancing girls' "celestial helmets" (*left*) as well as the tops of temples (*right*). Some legends hold that Buddha's own spirelike topper (*below*) covers a bump on his cranium where his divine and superhuman wisdom was focused. In their devotion to Buddha the Thais take good care of his temples—which glisten with gilt, paint and even jewels but require constant repair because their plaster surfaces soften and decay rapidly in the tropical climate. The strangest material ever used went into Wat Arun (*above, right*)—porcelain dishes salvaged from a British shipwreck, broken up and imbedded in the walls like mosaic.



TEMPLE OF DAWN, or Wat Arun, Bangkok's famous landmark, towers 242 feet above the Chao Phraya. Finger-shaped spires are set with bits of porcelain.



CAVE OF BUDDHAS at Petchburi, where the great King Mongkut had his summer palace, is the goal of many pilgrimages from Bangkok. Earnest Buddhists

began placing these images in the cave about 300 years ago as a means of "gaining merit." They depict the Enlightened One's innumerable postures of meditation.



IN THE OLD TEMPLE GROUNDS of Wat Po, saffron-robed Buddhist priests surround the crocodile pond, which no longer holds crocodiles but is used for

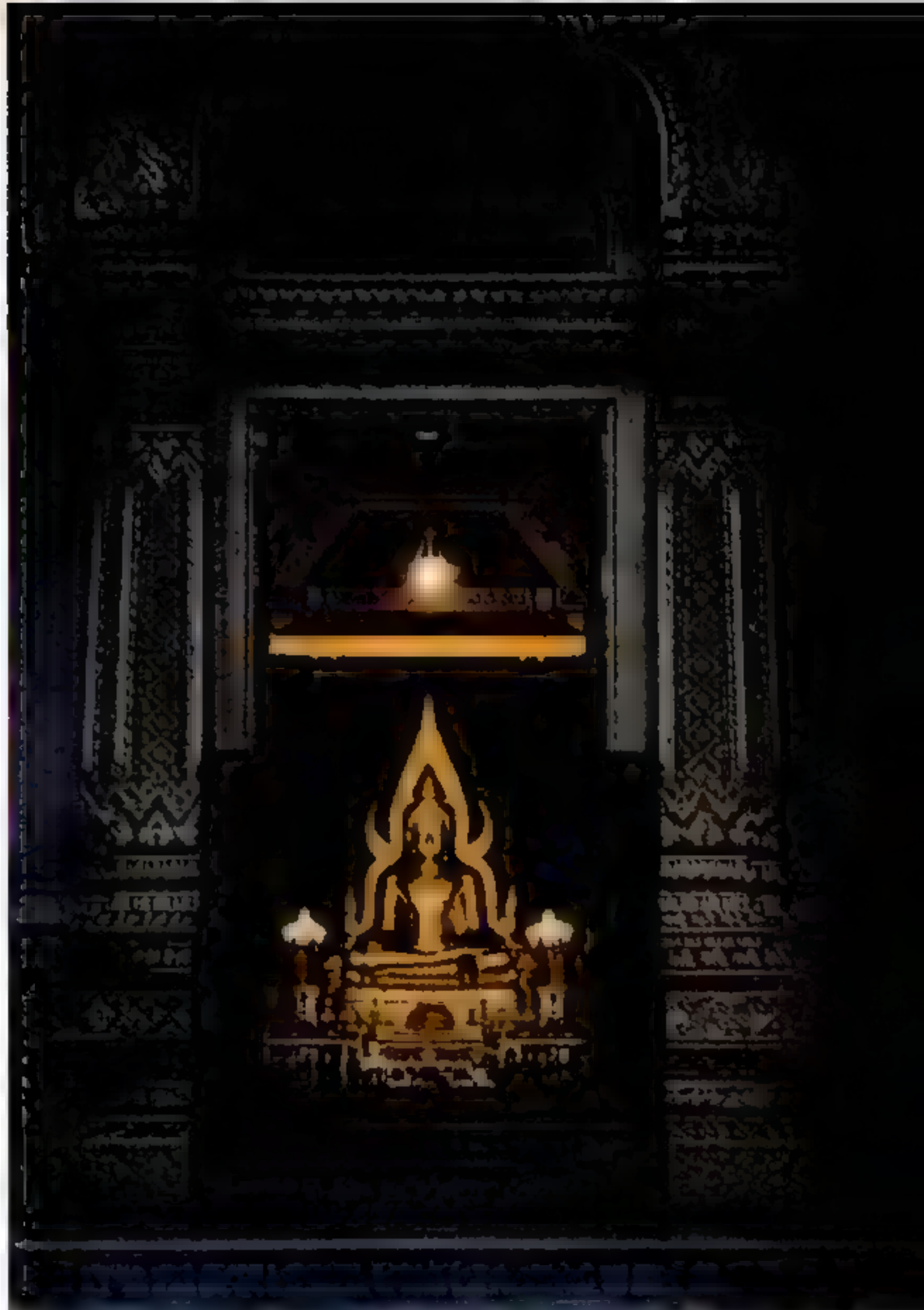
bathing and laundering. The four janglelike *chedis* (background) were built to entomb the kingly ashes of the rulers, Rama I, Rama II, Rama III and Rama IV.



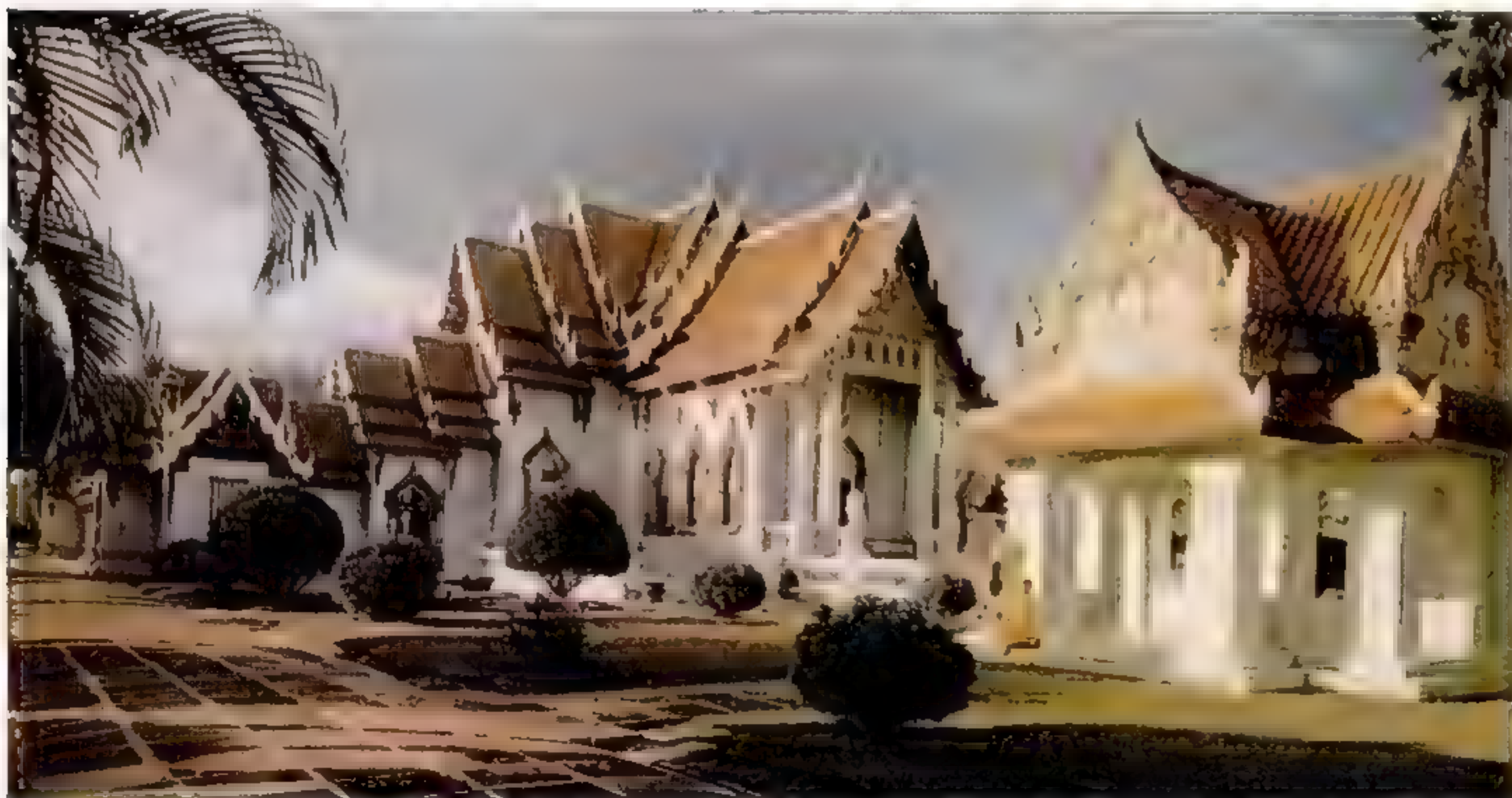
TEEN-AGE MONKS perform evening prayers before the golden Buddha in Marble Temple (below)

THE YELLOW-ROBED PATH TO NIRVANA

The religion of Buddhism is a gentle and flexible philosophy whose followers, tolerant of everything, will sometimes not even swat the mosquitoes that bite them. They live to accumulate merits (*puñya*) and thus counter-balance sins (*apaya*). Ultimately they hope for Nirvana—the state of final enlightenment, free of worldly passions, which can be achieved either on earth or in after-life. To earn more merit most of Bangkok's young men spend at least three months as monks, during which they live in a monastery and exist by begging. That tradition requires that a man prepare for this ascetic interlude by plodding about the city paying up debts and asking for forgiveness for offenses, thus he severs worldly ties. On the eve of entering the temple party-loving Bangkok friends come to his home for an all-night celebration. Then in the morning they carry him to the temple and he begins his new life of prayer, poverty and bright yellow garments.



LIKE A JEWEL BOX, an intricately carved and gilded doorway requires the gleaming Buddha, which is an exact replica of a Thai statue seven centuries old.



BANGKOK'S MARBLE TEMPLE, the Wat Benjamabopit, is one of newest (50 years old) and one of the most admired structures. Its Thai architects boldly

defied tradition by using Chinese glazed tile roofs with Italian marble walls. Roof ridges end in carved serpent heads, traditional in Siamese architecture.



BANGKOK CONTINUED



SOCIETY WOMAN. Kookw Aditya, handsome widow of a late prince regent, seen at home with friends, tends local charities. Accommodates the "last great first class."



BUSINESS WOMAN. Mrs. Pheng Channakorn wears the native *pa-sin*, a wrap-around skirt worn with silk piece that goes around the waist and is thrown over shoulder like shawl.

← **POLITICIAN** Pridi Sangsri and his wife are seen in the elaborately arched hallway of the prince regent's official residence in Bangkok. The architect was French-born.

FOR WESTERNERS THE GOOD LIFE

Bangkok is in general a peaceful city. But because it is the seat of the Thai government, it sometimes becomes the scene of political fireworks. Since 1932, when the country got its first democratic constitution, there have been nine coups. Relatively few persons have been hurt in these revolutions, however, and nobody really takes them seriously, not even the politicians. Six months ago Premier Phibun Songgram (*opposite page*) was ousted in a military *coup d'etat* but was back the next day. A month ago he was tossed out again and this time was back within a few hours.

Unlike other parts of Asia, where Americans and other Westerners now have to step carefully, the changes in the Thai government have had absolutely no effect on the foreigners in Bangkok. Because Thailand, an independent monarchy for six centuries, was never anybody's colony, there is no resentment against "foreign imperialists." When one American family got caught in the middle of the political upset last June and had to flee its home, it returned to find nothing missing or damaged except a zinnia patch which had been blown up by a stray mortar shell. The 300 Americans living there, mostly employees of the U.S. government and the big concession companies, mingle freely and easily with Thais of all classes and even marry them (*below*) without fear of being ostracized by other Westerners.

All in all, Westerners find Bangkok one of the finest places in the world to live. Because Thailand is the only country in Asia which produces more rice and other food than it can consume, the cost of living is low. A steak dinner in one of the best restaurants costs only 75¢. Bananas, coconuts, mangoes and melons grow to the spoilage point in every backyard, the people being unable to eat so much. There are no fuel expenses, and a pair of hand-made shoes can be bought for as little as \$1.50. Some merchandise, notably Swiss watches and U.S. refrigerators, actually cost less than in the country of manufacture because the Thais do not apply domestic taxes on many articles which they want but do not produce.

For seekers after pleasure there are several Western-type night-clubs in Bangkok. But there are cheaper ways of enjoying oneself. At Rajadamnern Stadium there are prizefights in which the pugilists kick at each other with their feet while flailing with their hands. All over town on Sunday mornings owners of Siamese fighting fish gather to pit their battlers against each other in glass bowls and to take bets at the same time. During the hot season, teams flying "gentleman" kites, armed with barbs, maneuver to cut down "lady" kites flown by opposing teams. There is even fun when somebody dies, for the Thais look upon a funeral as an occasion of joy rather than of sadness. After the body has been placed in a crematorium, everybody drops in at the deceased's home to eat a light supper, to watch a musical play put on by hired actors or see a movie, usually an American western.



AMERICAN EXPATRIATE Willis H. Bird, with his Thai wife in Bangkok home, is in export-import business. Bird served with OSS in Asia during the war, liked Thailand so much that he decided to make it his permanent home.

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ROW ON ROW OF MOSLEM PILGRIMS GATHER IN SACRED, SECRET CEREMONIES AT MECCA IN PICTURE TAKEN BY A MOHAMMEDAN

ASIA

THE KEY TO IT CAN BE FOUND IN THE RELIGIONS OF FORTHRIGHT ISLAM AND THE UNWORLDLY EAST

by F. S. C. NORTHROP



MR. NORTHROP

Few Americans have interpreted Asia to the West with as much understanding and authority as F. S. C. Northrop, Sterling Professor of Philosophy and Law at Yale. His book, *The Meeting of East and West*, has been hailed as a work that "may well influence history." Last year, on a grant from the Viking Fund, he left for a nine-month tour of South Asia and the Middle East. A result of his study is the following article that he has written for LIFE.

THE response of Asia to our action in Korea has been disheartening. Notwithstanding the fact that our countrymen are laying down their lives in Korea in order that Asians may have the right to build their social institutions in their own way, the response of most Asiatic nations has been neutral if not positively hostile.

This unfavorable action is undoubtedly due in part to Asian wishful thinking concerning the real nature of North Korean, Chinese and Russian Communism. But this is certainly not the sole cause. Prime Minister Nehru gives us a clue to the underlying reason when he complains that Western nations continue to make decisions affecting the lives of Asians without taking the mind of Asia into account.

It is obvious that our policy in Asia must command the support of at least a majority of Asians if it is to be successful. We must therefore face and answer these complicated questions: What do the Asians think? And why?

WE must begin with the idea of Western imperialism. To Asians the presence of any Western troops upon Asiatic soil, however good may be the reasons for their being there, are suspect. Nearly every Far Eastern and Middle Eastern country has experienced the imperialistic rule of some Western power. In many instances the Western power justified the presence of its army and its political administration on the ground that the people in question were being protected from a worse invader. So the Korean war is not the first time that Western troops have been put in Asiatic countries for the protection of Asians.

We must recognize that the Asians' concept of Western imperialism has three components: 1) political, 2) economic and 3) cultural.

The political component is now generally recognized. Most Europeans and Americans accept the fact that the old days of Western political imperialism in the Middle East and Asia are over.

It is not so well realized that the era of economic imperialism too has passed. Unless this point is grasped, the Asians' uneasiness about the acceptance of Point Four aid and the much-needed importation of American investment capital will not be understood. Informed Asian leaders fear that to accept technological and financial aid is to place themselves under the direction of Westerners.

The cultural component in the Asian's fear of Western imperialism is the one least understood by Europeans or Americans. Witness General MacArthur's suggestion of the Christianization of Japan. Recall the frequent public demand for a "hard-hitting Voice of America" which will convert the rest of the world to the American way of life. All such suggestions strike the Asian as demonstrating that America and the West are withholding a

political imperialism and slightly restraining an economic one merely to impose an even more dangerous cultural imperialism.

It is not that information about America is not wanted. What Asians object to is not so much the culture as the cultural pressure. When they take from the West, they want to choose what they take in their own good time, in their own way. Already Western and American ways of life and value have poured into Asia to a greater extent than Asians can digest. Additional proposals of loudspeaker pressure merely increase their difficulty and augment their negative and even hostile reaction.

But even more important is the fact that Asians must also be themselves. They have civilizations and cultural values and ways of life of their own, thousands of years old. These native beliefs, values and habits they cannot throw off even if they would. This brings us to our main topic.

SO far in speaking of Asia we have included under the term both the Far East and the Middle East. It now becomes necessary to separate these two areas. The mentality of the Middle East stems from the prophet Mohammed and embraces the thought of Arabian, Persian and Turkish Islam. The Islamic mentality holds sway from the northwest tip of Africa, opposite Gibraltar, eastward by way of Egypt through the entire Middle East, Pakistan and Indonesia to the Philippines.

The mentality of the Far East rises out of Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism. (Some objection, as we shall see, can be made against lumping Confucianism with the other three.) The Far Eastern mentality embraces present-day India (except for her remaining Moslem minority), Tibet, Burma, Thailand, Ceylon, Bali, Indo-China, China, Korea and Japan. The four Far Eastern religions and philosophies provide the basis of Santha Rama Rau's recent discovery in this area of what she aptly terms "the solidarity of Asia." This solidarity, it is to be noted, stands against the solidarity of Islamic Asia as well as against the influence of Western nationalism whether exerted by free democracies or by Marxist Soviet Communism.

If we study recent developments in the Middle and Far Eastern areas we see that the Asians are not pursuing nationalist aspirations as the Westerner understands them. The Asians are working toward the resurgence of their submerged civilizations. What Western reporters have described as the coming of Western nationalism to Asia is really the return of Islamic or Far Eastern ways and values. For example, at the present moment Pakistan's legal thinkers are throwing out the law codes they inherited from the British and replacing them with Mohammedan law as laid down in the Koran. It is culturalism rather than nationalism that is the rising fact of the world today.

The contemporary mind of Asia has set itself the task of revivifying her own particular cultural traditions and then ingrafting from the West the factors it needs to raise the standard of living of the masses. Hence the crucial question arises for Asia: which West—that of the free democracies or that of Marxist Communism?

The final decision on this question will be made by the Asians themselves. They will be guided partly by force and circumstance and partly by persuasion. The probabilities are that the victory will go to that Western ideology with the deepest and most sympathetic understanding of the mentalities of Islam and Far Eastern Asia.

THE way of life which we call Western civilization stems from two sources: the religion of the Old and New Testaments; the science and philosophy of the Greeks. Islam has the same two sources and adds to them the revelation of God through Mohammed as recorded in the Koran.

Just as the Christian regards the New Testament with its story of Jesus as the fulfillment of the Old Testament of the Jews with its account of Moses and the prophets, so the followers of Islam regard the Koran with its record of God's revelation to Mohammed as the completion of the revelation of God to man initiated with Moses and carried forward by Jesus. This explains the failure of the Christian missionaries to convert many Mohammedans. The Mohammedan believes that he has within his own religion all the values which Judaism and Christianity can offer and additional divine knowledge as well.

The mentality of Islam is grasped in its essentials therefore when the beliefs common to the three Semitic religions—Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism—are specified and when the unique revelations which Islam believes God to have given man through Mohammed are added. We find two basic common principles: First, both nature and man are the creation of an omniscient and omnipotent personal God who is immortal and *determinate* in character. (By *determinate* is meant anything definite with characteristics different from those possessed by something else. For example, the sun has the determinate shape of a sphere, and dice have the determinate properties of a cube.) Second, each individual person has a determinate immortal soul, different from that of any other person.

But beyond this Islam also believes that God merits and desires in this world a much more active and immanent role (*i.e.*, operating from within and inseparably) than Judaism or Christianity have given to Him either in theory or in practice. To the Mohammedan the separation of church and state in Protestant Christianity and in modern Western political liberalism is the rankest heresy, resulting in the forceful conduct of international relations uncontrolled by religious or ethical principles. The Mohammedan affirms that, in this matter, Roman Catholicism differs from Protestant Christianity only in degree rather than in kind.

The essential connection between the military and the religious in Islam has often been noted. To Islam this identification of the military with the religious is good and but another proof of the immanence of God, how He dwells within all things and all places.

Another Islamic characteristic is the conception of religion as passion as well as reason,

a conception that the Moors left behind them when they were driven out of Spain, and which distinguishes the Roman Catholicism of Spain (and Mexico too) from that of Italy.

With a repetition which impresses the Christian reader as monotonous, the Koran rings out a solitary theme: "There is no God but God." Mohammed adjures his followers: "O ye people of the Book! Do not exceed in your religion, nor say against God aught save the truth. The Messiah, Jesus the son of Mary, is but the apostle of God and His Word, which He cast into Mary and a spirit from Him; believe then in God and His apostles, and say not 'Three.' Have done! It were better for you. God is only one God. . . ." This pure, unqualified monotheism shows in any mosque of Islam. There are no idols, images or symbols. There is no written mark or sign except for the script, "There is no God but God."

The belief of Mohammedans, Christians and Jews that both God and the immortal soul of man are determinate or fixed in character has the practical consequence of making the moral man in any sphere of action one who commits his will to, and if necessary gives his life for, certain determinate principles. This is part at least of the significance of Christ's death on the Cross.

From this conception of God and man and from the discovery in Greek science and philosophy that each individual fact or event is an instance of technically formulated universal laws there arose the Western concept of justice. For Islam, then, as for the West, justice consists in governing individual persons and disputes under codes, commandments or rules which are assumed to be universal and which make all men equal before the law.

THE Far Eastern concept of the Divine is totally foreign to the Western mind. To grasp its significance we must wrench ourselves away from all our previous beliefs and conceptions and think in terms of what we immediately observe.

Let us begin by concentrating our attention upon what we experienced directly with our own senses. This we can call immediacy. Let us consider the sky and recall what we see—not what we have been told and learned—through the course of 24 hours. Let us begin, as do the Hindus, before dawn.

What we see then is an all-embracing blackness which we call night. Gradually this blackness thins out. It becomes thinner and thinner. Streaks of brightness appear more in one place in the all-embracing immediacy than in another. Gradually a thin bright curved shape appears. This curved shape becomes larger and larger until it takes on the form of a semicircle. Then it increases its size, becoming narrower and narrower at its lower edge until it is a yellow, flaming circular patch surrounded by the all-embracing brightness which we call the light of day. At one point this brightness is overhead and reaches its utmost intensity. This event the men who first saw it called noon. Then the brightness



THE DAY'S CYCLE STARTS at dawn, in the Hindu concept of the cyclical nature of life. It then goes through the day to dawn again,

grows thinner and thinner. Finally comes the dusk with the shrinking and final disappearance of the yellow circular patch. Forthwith there is the all-embracing darkness again.

This cyclical sequence goes on and on and on. It never ceases. However much any other directly observed events may vary from time to time and surprise us, this sequence of night and day from darkness to brightness and then back to darkness again never fails.

One notes, moreover, that the flaming yellow patch called the sun arises at a different point on the horizon each morning. From morning to morning the point at which it appears marches across the sky, creating another cycle which brings it back to its starting point. This second cycle the first primitive man who looked at nature called the year.

In the darkness of night he also noted another two-dimensional patch in the sky sometimes crescent in shape, sometimes a semicircle, sometimes a full circle. This he called the moon. This too he found to move through a cycle which we call a month.

Then man looked at man. He saw his childhood, the springtime of life. He saw the growth to middle age, the summer of life. He saw the decline from middle age, the fall of life. And he saw this decline accelerate until death, the winter of life. But he also saw this sequence pick up again in the next generation. Cycles, he concluded, are everywhere. Thus there arose one of the basic beliefs about man and nature of Far Eastern mentality: the cyclical theory of time.

To discover, as we have, the observable evidence for this theory is to appreciate the Asian's lack of enthusiasm for the improvement of human and earthly conditions which seemed so vital a moral value to 19th Century Westerners and which is so evident to most contemporary Americans.

Now we can understand how it is that in the very heart of Hindu India's most sacred temples at Benares the sacred cows and priests, both indifferently cleaned, walk, squat and



like the cycles of the month, the year, the life of man. So at a religious ceremony on India's Ganges River these "holy men" set out at dawn.

religions. It is often argued that Chinese Confucianism has very little in common with the other three. Confucianism, according to this view, seems hardly to be a religion as we understand the term; it has almost no other worldly content, confining itself to practical maxims on the sensible conduct of life in this world. (It is worth noting that the Chinese language has no word comparable to our God, a fact which led Christian missionaries in China to concentrate on the Lord's Prayer, which translated easily enough into "Our in-Heaven Father. . . .") The Chinese are essentially a this-worldly and practical people.

Nevertheless it can be shown that the mind of China has important essentials in common with the mind of other Far Eastern peoples. The influence of Confucianism in China has been moderated by the other-worldly teachings of Taoism and Buddhism. The Chinese mind, in common with other Far Eastern mentalities, is basically fatalistic. Furthermore, Confucianism shares with Hin-

duism, Buddhism and Taoism a nonaggressive, nonmilitant attitude in contradistinction to the religions of the West. For our purposes, therefore, in analyzing a subject as vastly complicated as "the mind of Asia," the differences separating Confucianism and the other Far Eastern ways of life are less important than the similarities uniting them.

WHAT the Far Eastern concept of the Divine means in the conduct of worldly affairs we can read in Hindu India's most influential epic, the Bhagavad Gita, which tells how Arjuna finds himself on the field of battle about to kill members of his own clan on his enemy's side. He recalls the teaching of his Hindu sages which brands the taking of the life of any creature—human or animal—as evil. To Arjuna in his quandary the God Krishna appears and to Krishna he puts his problem: Since to act is evil, should he act? Krishna answers: The good is not to act.

The good is to dedicate one's self to the indeterminate, all-embracing immediacy which is Brahman and to give up determinate desires and actions, treating them as the worldly and transitory things which they are. But man is in part transitory and determinate as well as in part the indeterminate, unlimited formlessness which is his true self or Brahman. Thus man on earth must acquiesce in the transitory, determinate earthly state of affairs as well as the timeless, divine formlessness. Hence Krishna tells Arjuna that he must act.

However, his action must be of a particular kind. To act so as to accept the world, cherishing the victory of battle or regretting the defeat which it may bring, is evil. This is to turn the relative and the transitory into the absolute and the timeless. Arjuna's action will be good, Krishna tells him, only if he acts with nonattachment. In other words, one accepts the determinate, earthly deeds and facts of life for whatever they may be, ugly or beautiful, with indifference or

nonattachment. One is in the muck of the world, but not of it.

It is not an accident that, after India pledged her support to the U.N. and voted to brand the North Koreans as aggressors, India's Prime Minister Pandit Nehru unashamedly affirms to the world a policy of nonattachment with respect to this or any other decision made by the U.N. Hindu mentality still operates in India's prime minister.

The Semitic religious and Western legal concept of morality and justice as the measuring of any concrete act against determinate principles is yet to be comprehended by most of Far Eastern Asia's religious or political leaders. It is not mere perversity or a misguided sense of independence which makes the majority of people in contemporary India feel that today for the first time in centuries India's spiritual and cultural values are being brought to bear on world affairs through her prime minister. The mass of Indians have not revered and read the Bhagavad Gita to no avail.

Buddhist Thailand (see pp. 30-35) and Ceylon illustrate the Asian mentality in another way. In every city and village there are Buddhist temples, and within each temple there sits the image of the Buddha himself, legs crossed, body erect, eyes half closed, benign, compassionate, calmly joyful, spreading the equanimity and the beauty which is the formless, immediately felt Nirvana over everyone and everything around him. Every vivid color, noise and odor is there about him, untouched, unaltered, unremoved by any sanitary engineer. Into all this earthly, transitory, richly sensuous concreteness he brings a timeless divine serenity.

This Siamese Buddhist sense of the beautiful is so rich in the diversity of its coloration that initially it shocks the Westerner with its lushness and richness. The different artistic manifestations of India's Hinduism and of China's Buddhist-Taoist-Confucianism have the same effect.

However, we should now be able to understand without being shocked, for we have already noted that nature too is a cyclical sequence of flaming reds and yellows and of contrasting brightness and darkness. It is in addition the differentiated mass of brilliant colors, clanging sounds, contrasting flavors and pungent odors which at any moment of the day we can, if we will, sense it to be.

To put the matter in Western terms, the Oriental approach to nature is that of the modern French impressionist with his rich continuum of diverse colors and fuzzy shapes rather than that of the classical Western artist with his three-dimensional, sharply contoured solid persons and objects. As Confucius put this difference, "Many people know food and drink; very few people know flavors." The Asian mind, whether Confucian, Taoist, Hindu or Buddhist, focuses attention on the flavors.

From this focus of attention upon the esthetic fragrance and quality of experience arises the softness, the tenderness, the refinement and lightness of touch of the Chinese and much Buddhist art. From this arises also the moving beauty of the compassion of the Buddha which is the divine Nirvana. They savor experience rather than devour or manipulate it.

In their concern with the diverse, vivid, esthetic qualities and objects which are apprehended directly by the senses, they note that all of them die. Each color appears only

to vanish. Each sound speaks and then ends. So with the dawn, the brightness of day, dusk and even darkness. So with all sensed creatures and things. So even with the determinate individual person himself.

From this obvious fact of the death and transitoriness of all determinate things, the Far Eastern Oriental draws a far-reaching moral implication. This moral implication is that any rule built out of determinate meanings, whether it be a rule of law for society, a rule of personal conduct or a rule of religion, must by the very nature of the meaning of its terms be something that cannot hold at all times for all men under all circumstances. In short, there cannot be timeless, determinate rules of conduct since all determinate things are transitory.

The Far Eastern Asian concludes, therefore, that to use determinate rules to settle disputes between men regardless of time, place, person or circumstance is to act immorally. What is moral for tomorrow depends on tomorrow's facts and circumstances and these we will not know until tomorrow comes. Thus the fact that Prime Minister Nehru instructed India's representative at Lake Success to vote to brand the North Koreans as an aggressor did not have the moral implications for him, or most Asians, which it has for an American, a Western lawyer or for Islam. Determinate rules are relative to persons, circumstances and occasions. Moreover they are built out of meanings derived from determinate facts which are transitory. Hence they are things to be compromised through mediation between the disputants.

Clearly there is a basic difference in the conception of legal and moral action between the Far East and either Islam or the West. This difference centers in the fact that the Far East tends to conceive of the Divine and what is common to all men as indeterminate or formless, whereas Islam and the West regard it as determinate or fixed. Even so, Protestant Christianity with its doctrine of toleration and freedom of religious belief, Western science with its tentative acceptance of theories, and liberal Western democracy with its free debate of definite alternatives followed by compromise as given in a majority vote, have much in common with this Asian concept of the moral and social leader.

Certainly no mentality is more completely Western and foreign to traditional Asian thought than Marxist Communism with its uncompromising determinate blueprint for man and society spelled out to the last letter after the manner of the Thomistic doctrine of Roman Catholicism. One must ask, therefore, why it was that Protestant democratic liberalism failed in China under Chiang Kai-shek and that Marxist Communism has temporarily at least succeeded. The major reasons are four in number.

First, the Communists give great initial attention to understanding any culture they hope eventually to take over, paying attention to its inner, basic beliefs and mentality as well as its outer needs and forms.

Second, they put themselves on the side of the resurgence and revivification of the indigenous cultural beliefs instead of imposing foreign ideas, as previous imperialisms have done. Every movement for the resurgence of Asia or of Islam is infiltrated and vigorously supported by Communists. For example, one of the most important centers for the spread of Communism in Islam is the oldest center of Islamic education, the El Ahzar

University in Cairo. Similarly, when the Communists took over Peking their parades thrilled hundreds of thousands of Chinese jamming the streets because the Communists were singing old Chinese folk songs. The Communists won China in part because they first made the Chinese feel that they were taking them back to their own traditions and making them vital Chinese and vital Asians rather than artificial imitations of Americans and Westerners.

Third, when the Communists turn to the introduction of their own mentality they begin not with a heavy gift of arms or of technicians or of money but with their Marxist ideas. This is why indoctrination is of the essence of Communist practice. The Marxist knows that if you do not capture the mind anything else you do will not succeed.

Fourth, the Communists succeeded in China because Chiang Kai-shek failed long before the Americans stopped backing him.



OLD CHINESE CUSTOM of dancing on stilts illustrates Reds' use of cultural traditions. These stilt dancers joined a parade when Reds occupied Peking.

He failed because he was unable, while under the pressures of instituting social reforms and resisting military invasion, to make compatible the doctrine of filial piety of his Chinese Confucianism with his Methodist Christianity and Western nationalism. Filial piety places family obligation above loyalty to the nation and this inevitably leads to the enrichment in the name of nationalism of a few families and to a lack of integrity in the handling of national finances in the national interest. The continuation of the Communists' present hold on China will depend on whether they can overcome the incompatibility between the extreme loyalty to the community which Marxism requires and the Confucian primary loyalty to the family.

This primacy of the family over other determinate social obligations, like other elements in Asian mentality, goes back to facts in immediate experience. It is a fact that one cannot be a person without having had parents. This is a social relation that has to be, not one like other social relations which merely may be. Secondly, it is a fact that one's attachment to the members of one's family is stronger than one's feeling for strangers. Hence, to treat all men making up the entire community with a higher loyalty and

emotional attachment than one gives to the intimates of one's own family or to one's parents is to falsify both nature and human nature and therefore to act immorally.

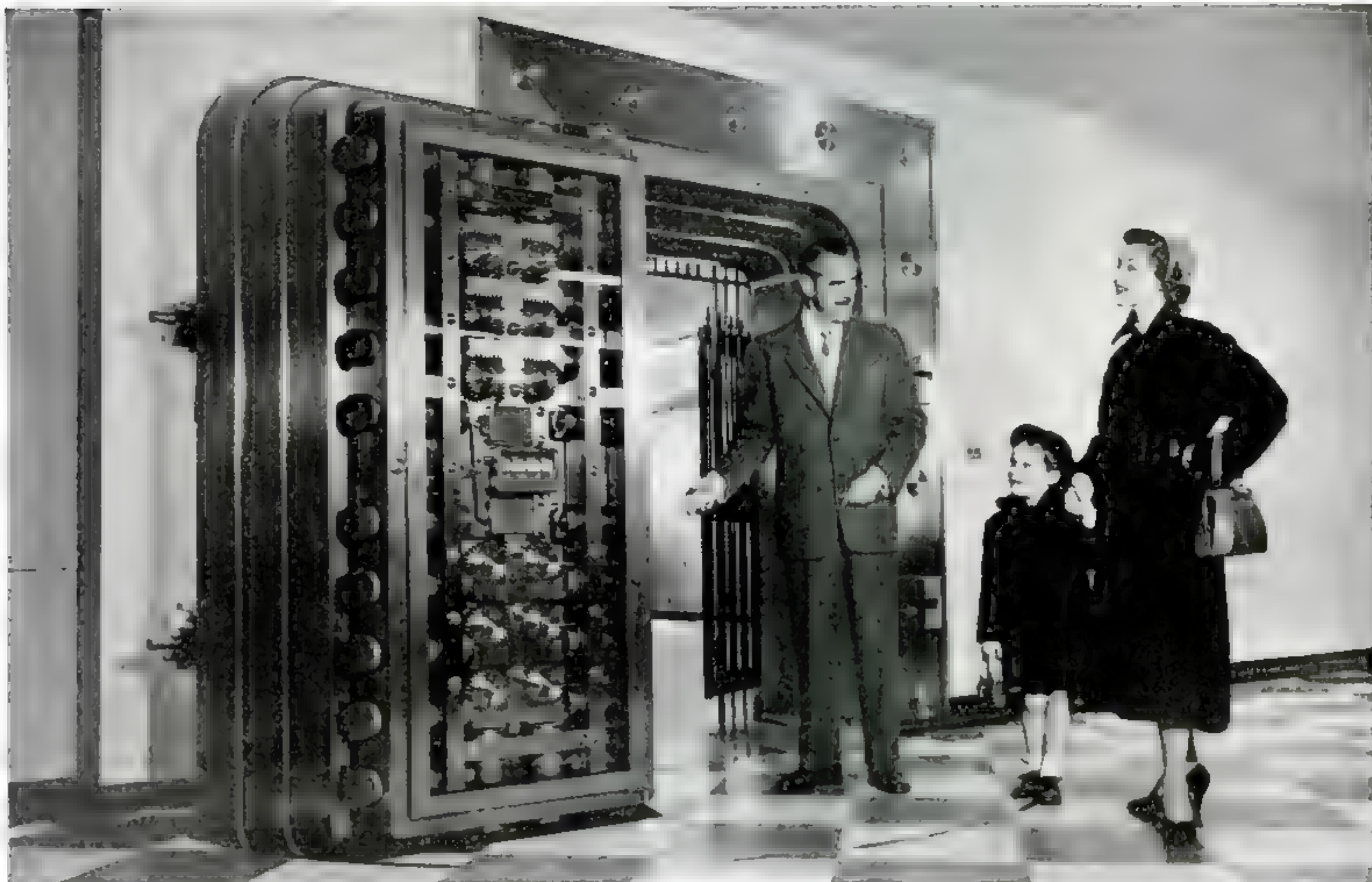
Even so, parents, sons, daughters and even families are mortal. Like other determinate things, they are transitory. Moreover, the determinate feelings and interests of one family are not necessarily those of another.

From these two immediately experienced facts of the transitoriness and relativity of all determinate things, the Far Eastern Asian, whether he be Confucian, Taoist, Buddhist or top-caste Hindu, arrives at his conception of the superior man and the social leader as a mediator. This is the reason why Prime Minister Nehru carries most of non-Islamic Asia with him when he refuses to take sides in the Korean affair or in the Western conflict between liberal democracy and Communist totalitarianism, and offers instead again and again the services of the compromiser and the mediator.

TO Westerners the notion of an immortal, ineffable, indeterminate formlessness out of which one's determinate self comes as a transitory differentiation at birth, and into which it fades at death, seems at first to be the negation rather than the fulfillment of human and divine personality. The Westerner has never learned to think of himself or of God in other than determinate, definable terms. But the Orient's discovery of the all-embracing formlessness in one's self, in all other persons and things and in God cannot be dismissed. Moreover the Oriental tells us that to give up one's transitory determinate self for the realization of this all-embracing formlessness, which he terms Brahman, Nirvana, Tao or the source of *jen*, is not a loss of personality but a gain. This gain, he affirms, consists in passing from a personality with limited, transitory, fitful pleasures mixed with equally transitory pains and tragedies to a personality or consciousness which is unlimited and brings unlimited blissfulness.

THE Communists have done their best to make the time in which we live a desperate and tragic one. For how tragic it is that these glorious civilizations which are Asia and Islam, now in resurgence, cannot draw at their leisure in their own way upon the equally glorious civilization of the Hebrew-Christian, Greco-Roman, modern liberalized West, and even upon Karl Marx's original thought, without having their hands and our hands forced by Moscow and Peking's Communists. But if the result of the present Communist behavior is not merely to call forth our military containment of their imperialistic materialism but also to drive the rest of us, East and West, to the deeper understanding of ourselves and of one another, perhaps all is not negative.

If the result is the rediscovery and reaffirmation of our own liberalized, Hebrew-Christian, Greco-Roman concept of the divine and the just, together with the corporation into ourselves of a vision of the Divine as passionate in feeling and forthright in deed as that of Islam and as ineffably immediate and infinitely blissful as that of Asia, perhaps we have been unnecessarily pessimistic about our times. For if this is what happens, then posterity may well look back upon our era as a period not of self-pity and lack of faith but of world-embracing self-knowledge and enlargement of faith.



"This is your bank's idea of 'an ounce of prevention'"

EVER STOP AND TAKE A GOOD look at the Mosler Vault Doors that guard the currency, notes, records and safe deposit boxes at most banks?

First thing that makes you draw your breath quickly is the thickness of that massive door, its tremendous weight.

And you marvel, even more, as your banker shows you how these tons of special metal have been machined to the precision of a fine watch . . . how the door closes with the touch of a finger . . . how the many massive bolts lock to turn it into an impregnable fortress . . . how it can be opened only when the time locks say so. Adds up to quite an "ounce of prevention," doesn't it?

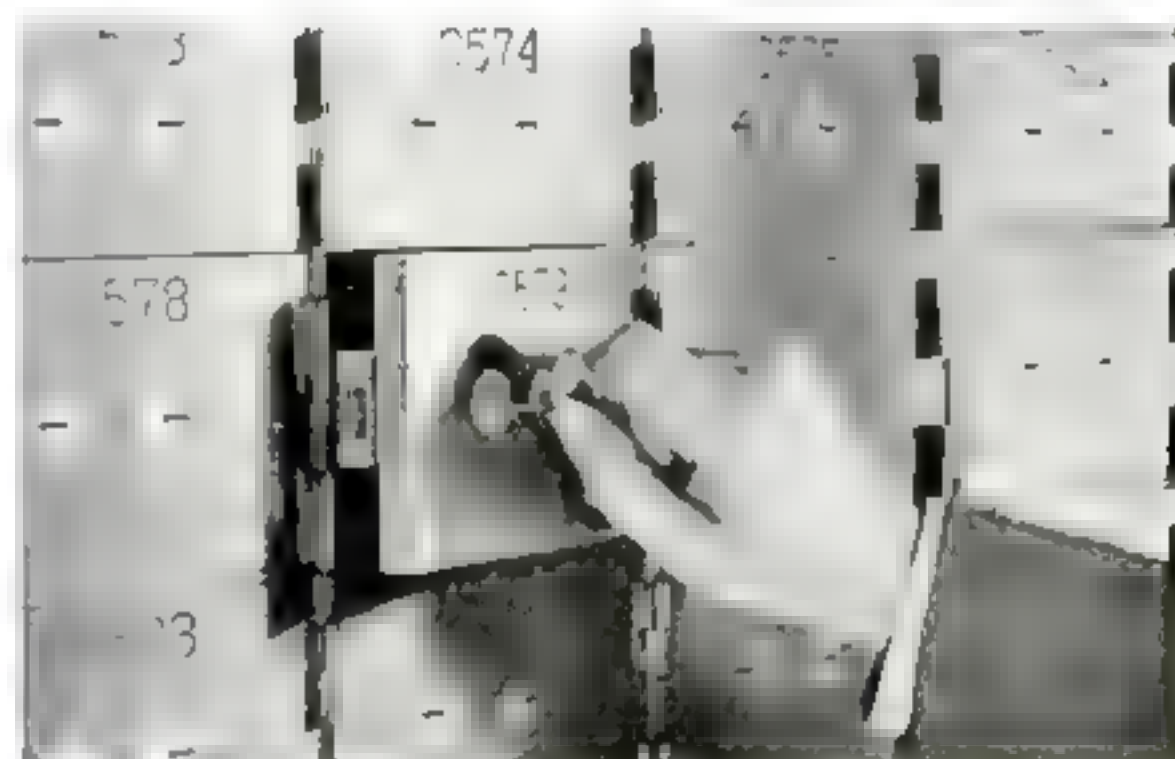
And you'll find still more reassuring surprises inside the vault. The new section of Mosler Safe Deposit Boxes, for instance, equipped with locks

capable of over 800,000 key changes—your assurance that yours is the *only* key that will open your box.

It's not surprising, is it, that more banks rely on Mosler protective equipment than any other kind in the world? Actually, 80% of the leading banks together with the great majority of Federal Reserve Banks rely on Mosler equipment. The Fort Knox Gold Storage Vaults and equipment were also built by Mosler.

No modern Mosler bank vault has ever failed to give complete fire and burglary protection . . . even those which were exposed to the intense heat and impact of the atomic bomb at Hiroshima.

Incidentally, if you are a businessman, your banker is a good man to talk to about the best protective equipment to get for your *own* vital records.



OVER A MILLION AND A HALF MOSLER SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES have been installed by banks throughout the world within the last five years.



MOSLER DRIVE-IN WINDOWS are being provided by an increasing number of banks for the convenience of their customers. Saves time and trouble in parking.



THE NEW MOSLER-DUPLEX SNOORKEL is being adopted by many banks in congested areas where a drive-in window installation is impractical. Provides convenient drive-up curb service. Solves parking and traffic problems, saves time.

Your banker is proud of the vault that protects your valuables. Ask him to show it to you.

The **Mosler Safe** *Company*

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World's largest builders of safes and bank vaults

Since 1846



A Festival on the Yellow River

ANCIENT 33-FOOT PAINTED SCROLL
IS A LANDMARK OF CHINESE ART

EVERY spring for centuries—through changing dynasties, regimes and even under Communism—the Chinese have set aside a day to honor their dead. The holiday is called Ch'ing Ming, meaning "clear and bright," because it comes during the first sparkling days of April. It is celebrated with processions and ceremonies in which the graves of the ancestors are swept and decorated with willows and prayers. But in early days Ch'ing Ming was chiefly an occasion for feasts, fairs and merrymaking of every kind. No one is quite sure when the festival originated but as long ago as the 12th Century it was so well established that the Sung Emperor Hui Tsung ordered an artist to paint a picture of it. This turned out to be no small order. The painter, eager to portray every aspect of the festival, produced a picture which, in the form of a scroll, extended 33 feet.

Such an achievement was far from rare in a land which for more than 2,000 years had been producing some of the finest art in the world. From primitive times the Chinese created bronze and jade objects of mysterious elegance. Around 600 A.D. China experienced a remarkable renaissance of art. It began with the ascent of the T'ang rulers, under whom sculpture achieved an astonishing vitality and grace. It ended a thousand years later under the Ming Dynasty, which produced porcelains of unique beauty. In between came the Sung Dynasty (960-1279) when painting reached its peak, combining, on murals, screens and scrolls, realistic details with idealized scenes of nature. The Ch'ing Ming scroll made such a hit that it was copied time and again by artists of later ages. One of the outstanding copies, now in New York's Metropolitan Museum, is reproduced in full on the following pages.

This scroll was painted around 1500 and, like the original, illustrates all the activities that took place from dawn to dusk on Ch'ing Ming. In the Oriental custom, it was designed to be unrolled from right to left. But for the convenience of Western readers, LIFE has printed the entire scroll in reverse so that it may be looked at in a more familiar fashion, from left to right. The labels beneath the scroll are arranged in two rows to indicate details in the upper or lower sections of the painting.

The scroll begins (*opposite page, top*) with a peaceful scene near the Honan hills. The mists of early morning still sleep over the rice fields, but travelers are already on their way to enjoy the holiday in the city. Soon the Huang Ho, or Yellow River, comes into view. It serves as a guide through the picture as it flows in and out the entire length of the scroll. Boats propelled by poles and sails move along the river, while on shore crowds approach the outskirts of the Sung capital. They mill about the stores, swarm over the arched bridge and onto the main road which takes them through the city gate and into the bustling main street lined with shops. Behind rise the red pavilions of a royal palace while the houses of lesser city dwellers follow along the main thoroughfare all the way to the wall at the opposite end of the town. In the parade grounds beyond, a grand military display is being held, but not all of the government officials are on hand, for a royal hunting party has been planned and is already taking off into the hills. Deep in the mountains, where dusk has begun to gather, a throng of village folk lingers to watch a play. As the holiday comes to an end and the evening mists creep over the fields, a weary boy, homeward bound, dozes on the back of his water buffalo.

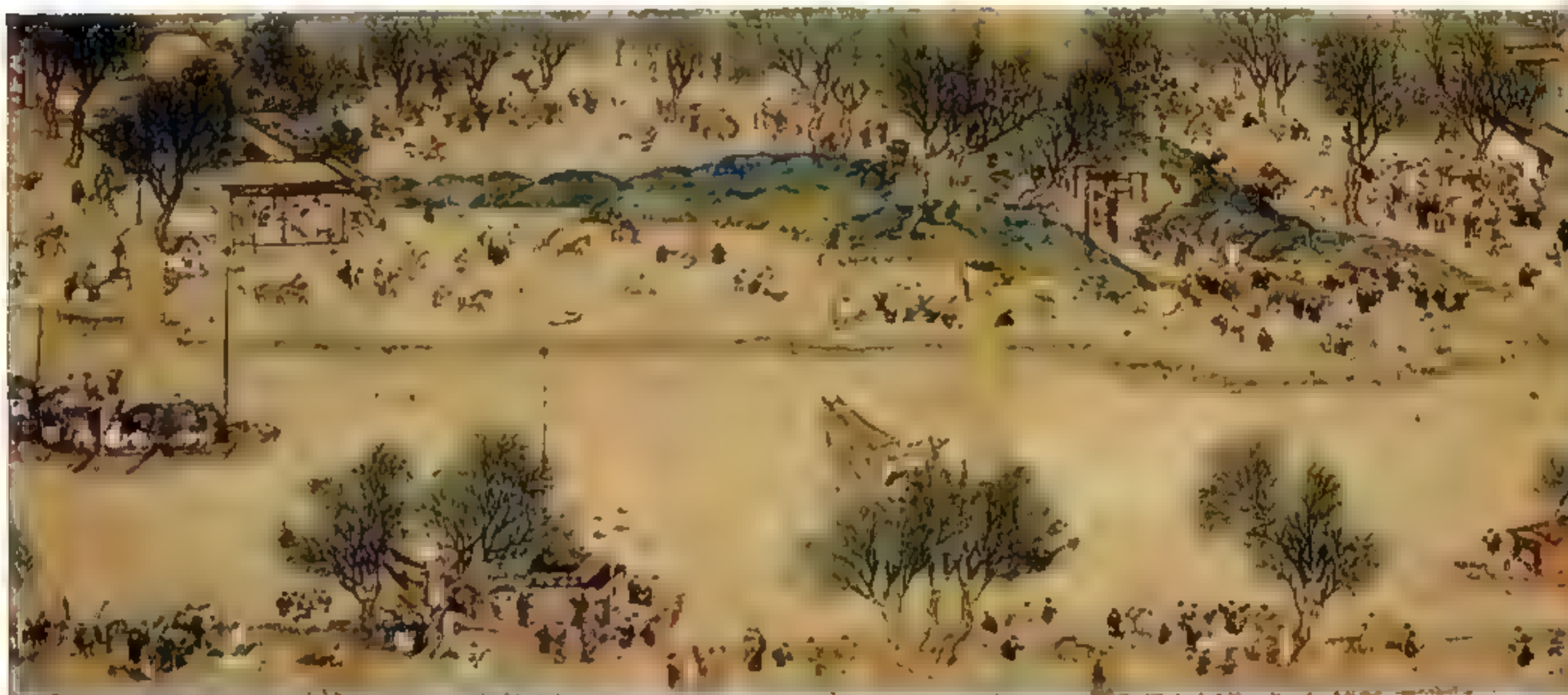
COMPLETE SCROLL, a foot wide, is unrolled by a museum attendant to its full length of 33 feet. The painting, which was done on silk, begins at the far end.



Rice fields
Travelers leaving for city

Country house
Bridal procession

Farmers at waterwheel



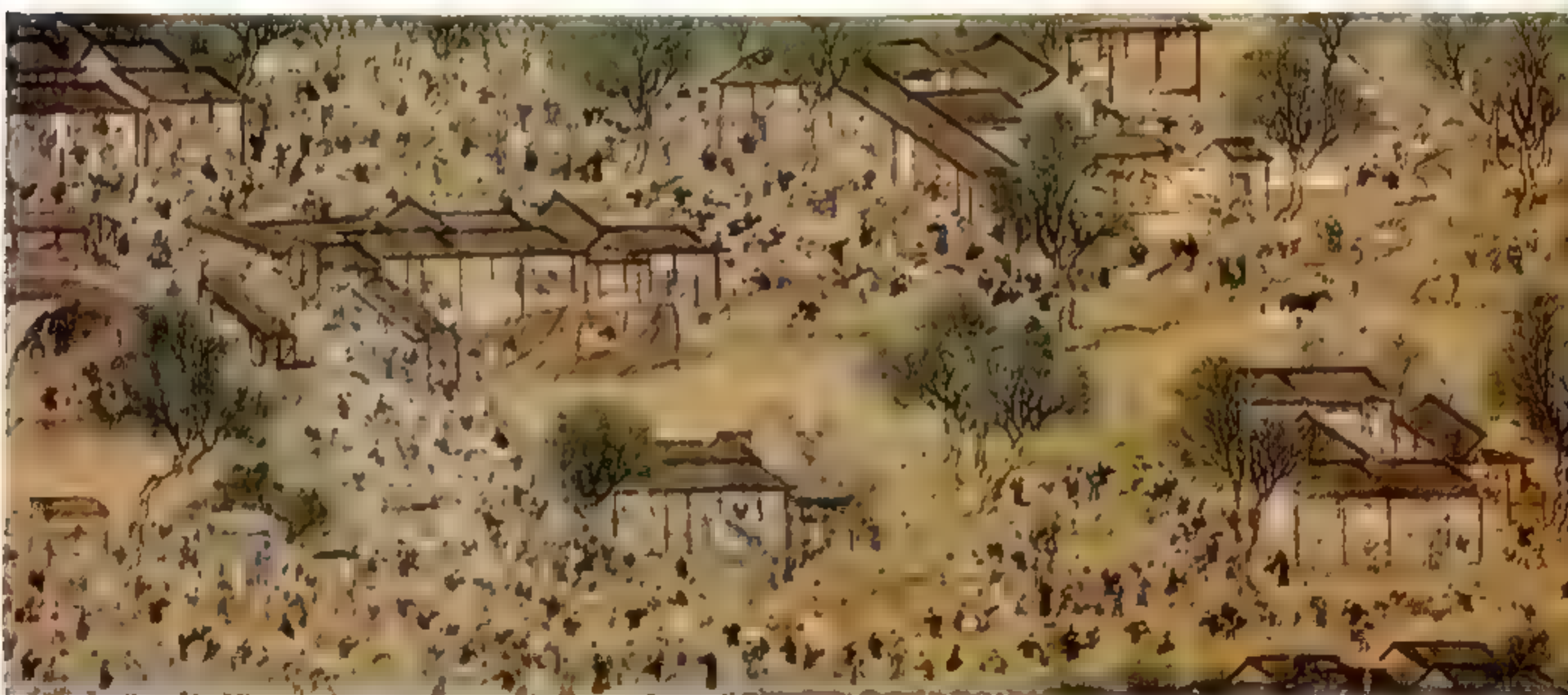
Roadside wineshop
Equestrian acrobats

Mounted archery contest
Pleasure boat

Coolies pulling boat

Beggar at house

Magician on platform



Medicine vendor

Cockfight

Football game

Lumberyard

Strong man act

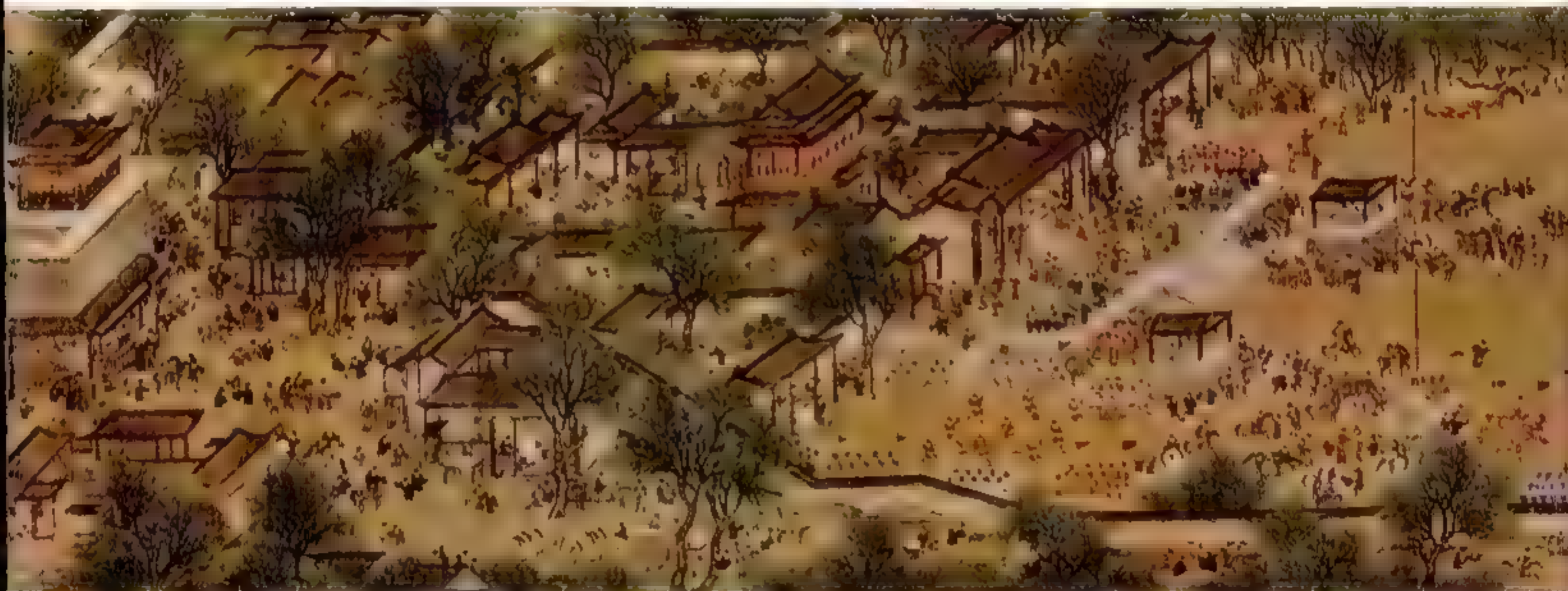
Camel and mule stables

Archery and lantern shops

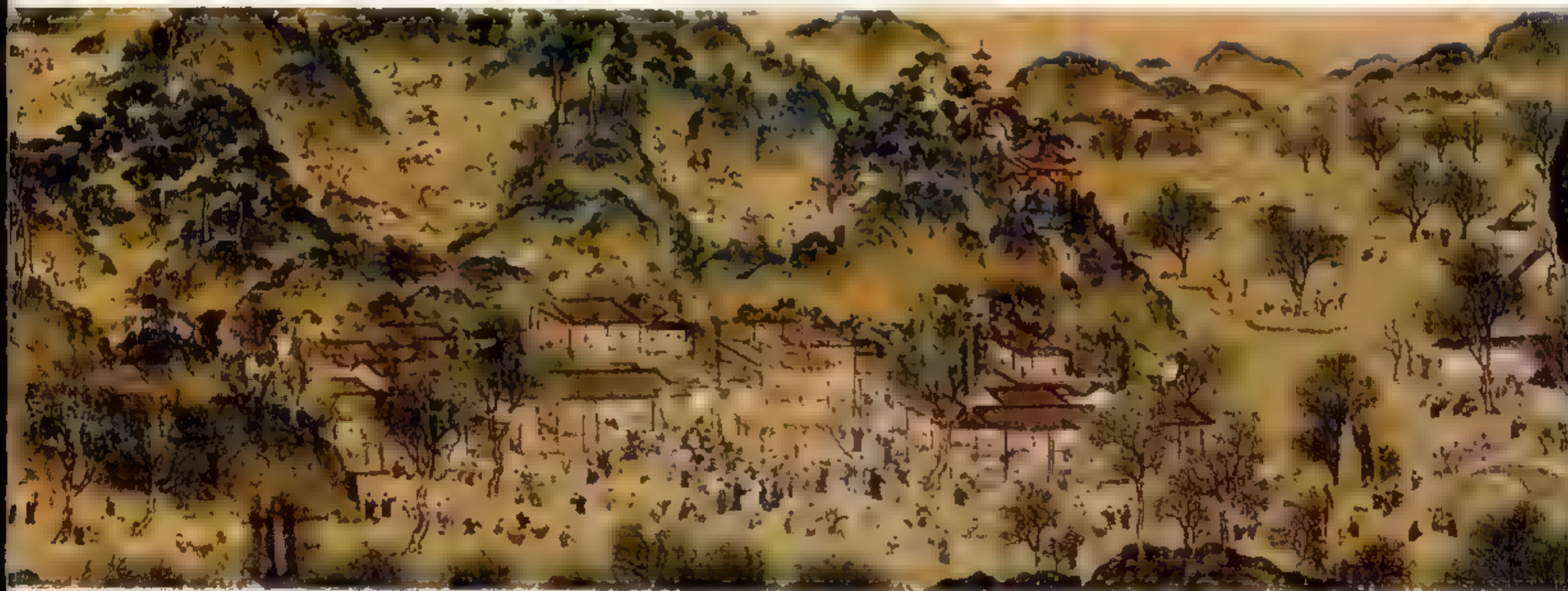
TURN PAGE AND UNFOLD



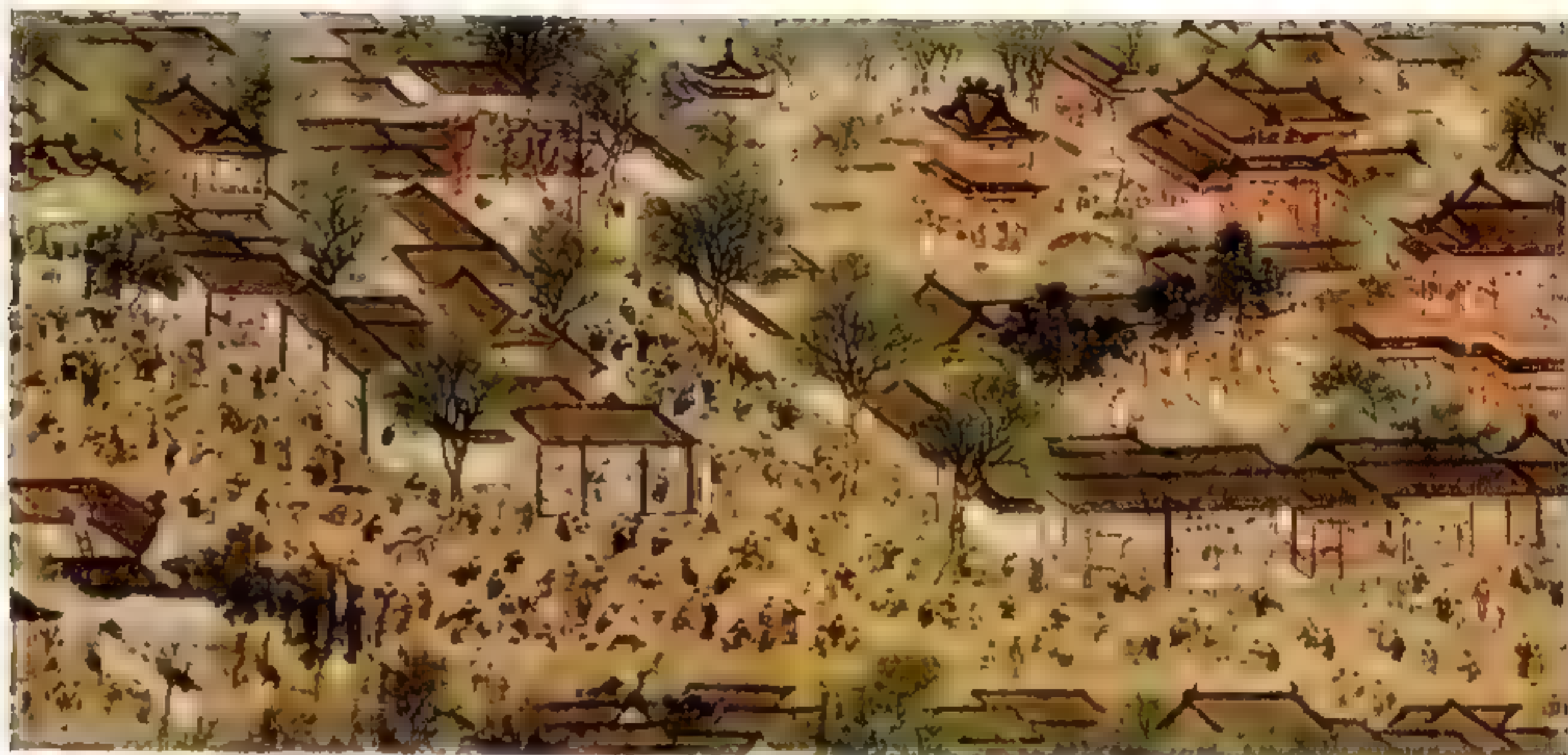
Palace entrance
Book and silk shops
Acrobat on pole
Fortuneteller and wineshop
Art supply and pawnshops
Cymbal players
Portrait shop
Boat moving furniture



Government administration buildings
Restaurant
Judges awarding gymkhana prizes
Double-sword drill
Musicians' pavilion



Hunters chasing deer and tiger
Country restaurant
Buddhist temple
Performance at a country theater
Rice fields



Scroll mounting shop

Dyer's shop

Children's doctor

Palace garden and courtyard

Crockery shop Hat shop



Blind man with dog

Dancers and musicians

City wall and gate

Fisherman



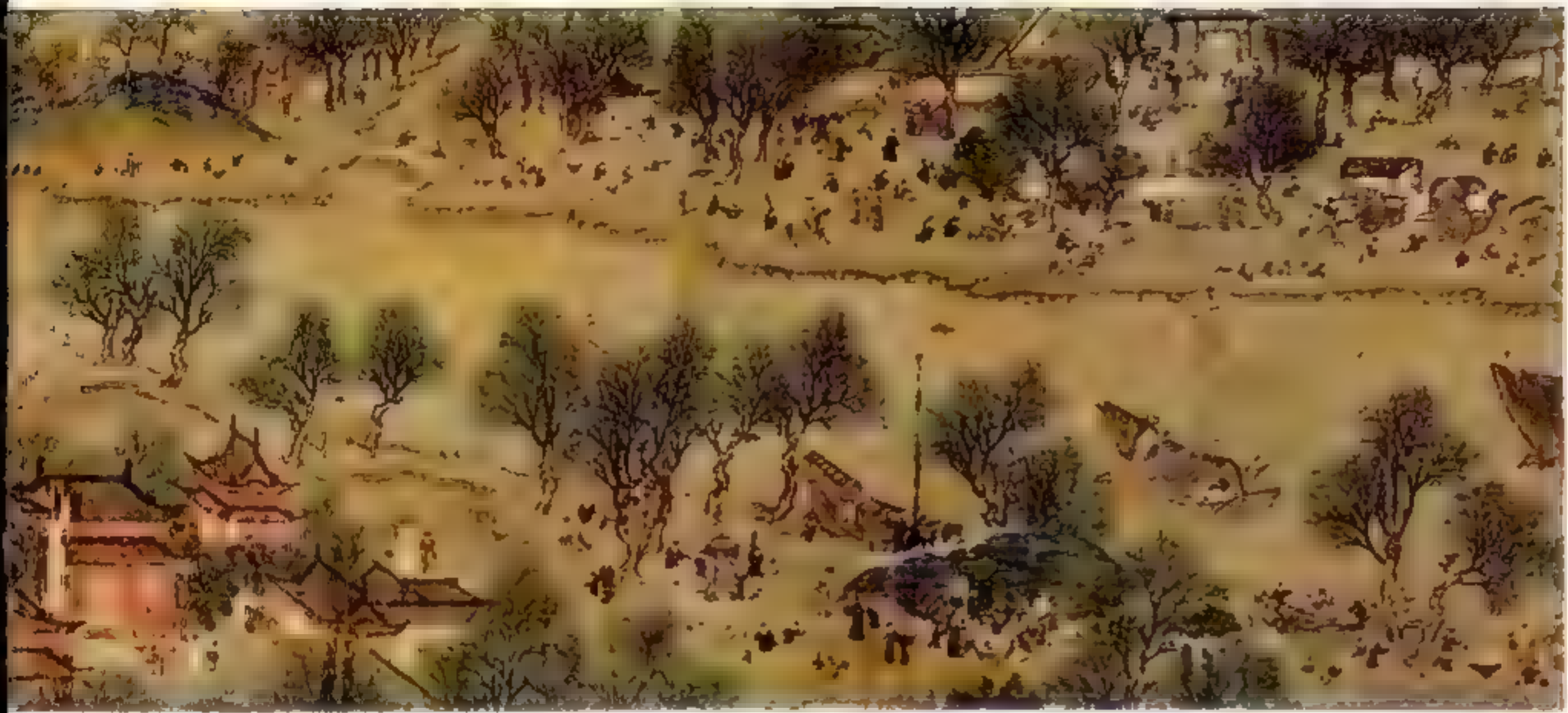
Religious ceremonies

Hunting party setting out

Guest arriving at country house

Hunters winding into hills

Hunting camp

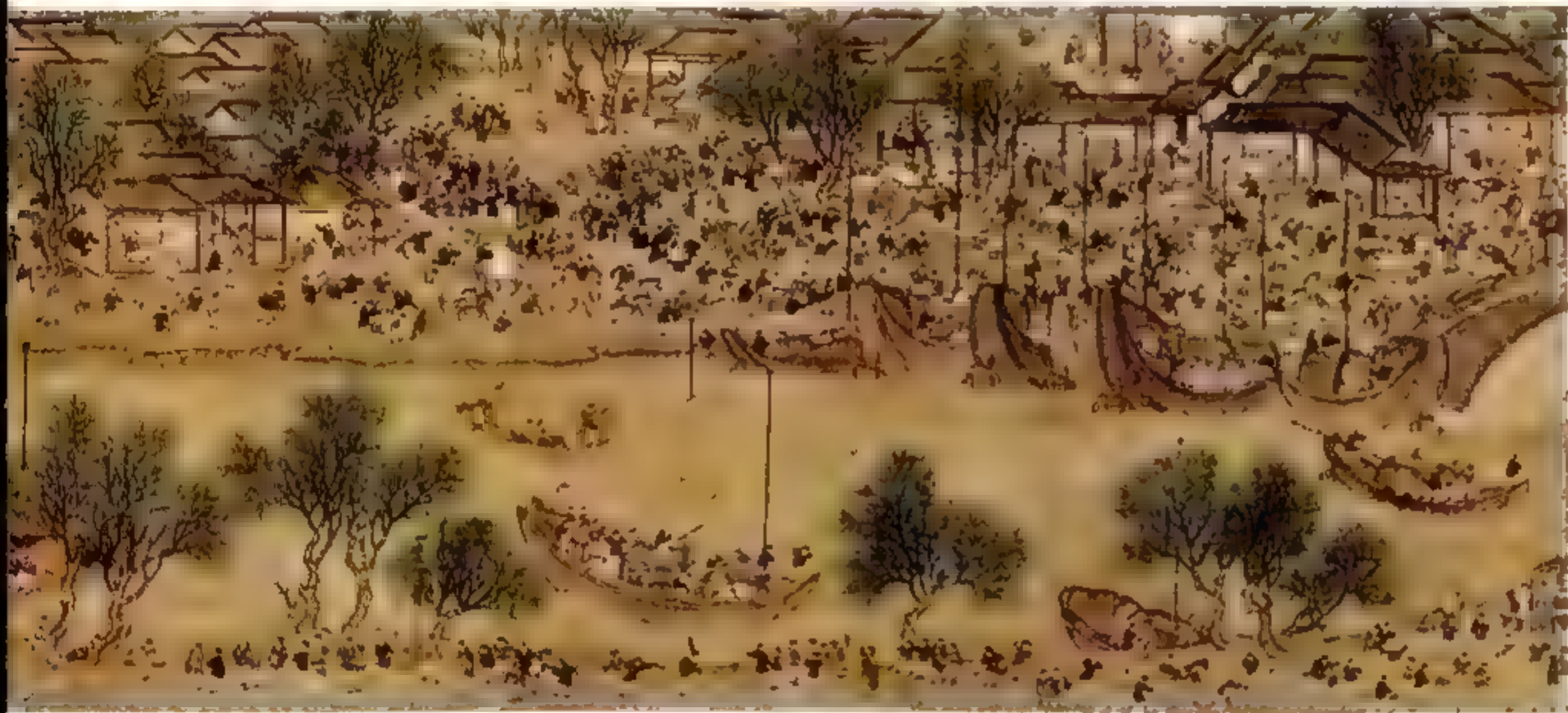


Buddhist temple

Public well

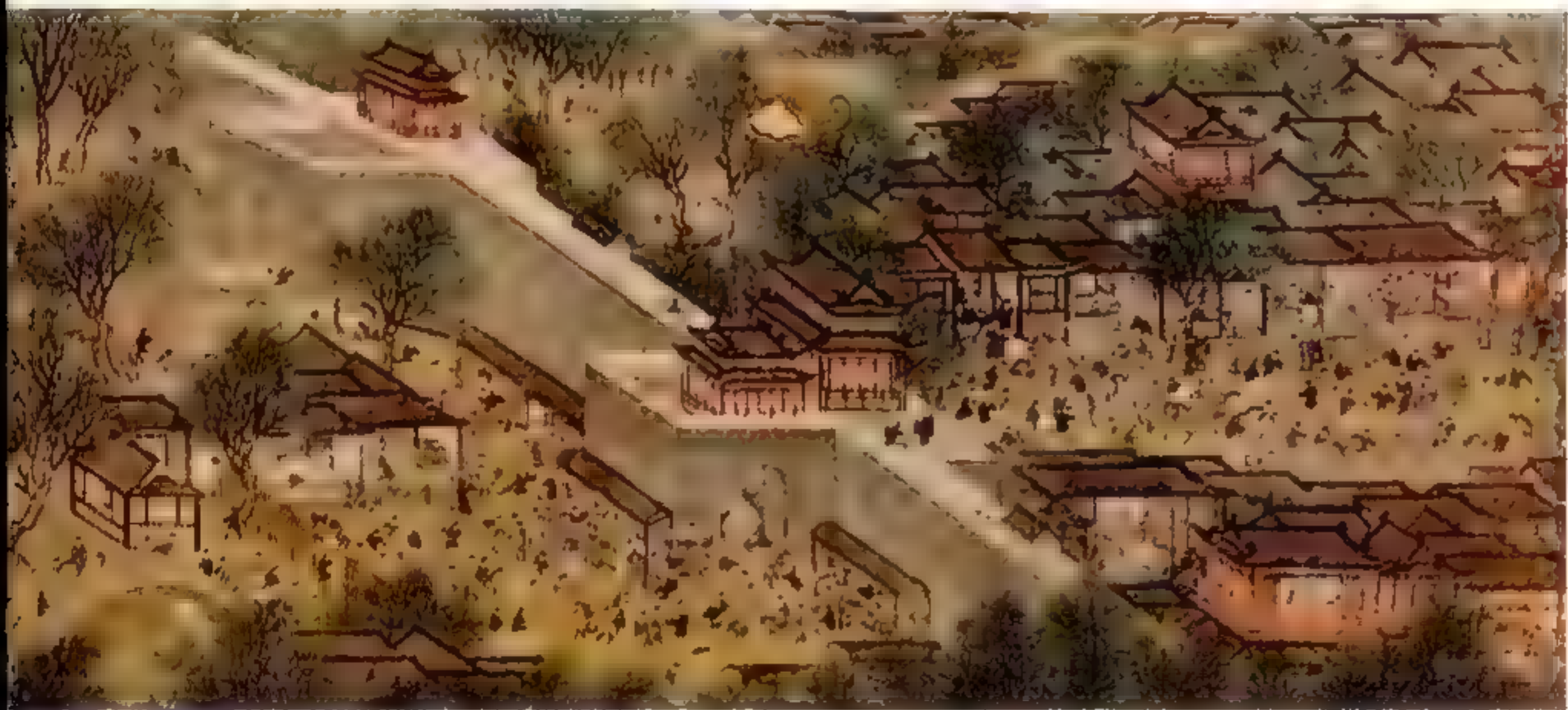
Group listening to storyteller

Grain carts



Female tightrope walker
Parade with ancestor idol

Grain market
Peddlers and water carriers

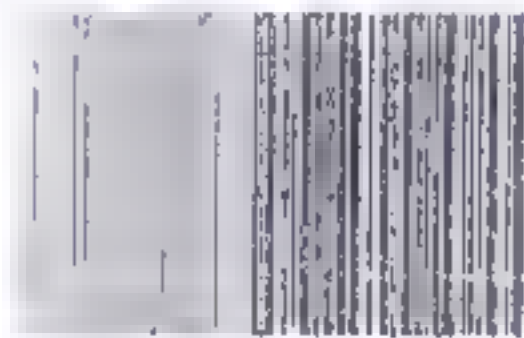


Second-story conference room
City wall with watchtowers Barbers on wall

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2. Insert this sheet with
 1. Front side touching the foldout page
 2. Arrow pointing to the fold
3. Slide the folded edge
4. Close the page

Foldout slip-sheet

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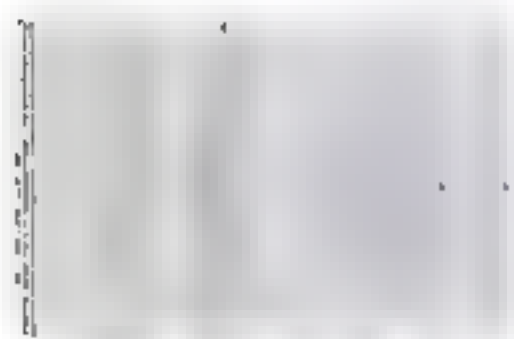
Foldout slip-sheet

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Foldout slip-sheet



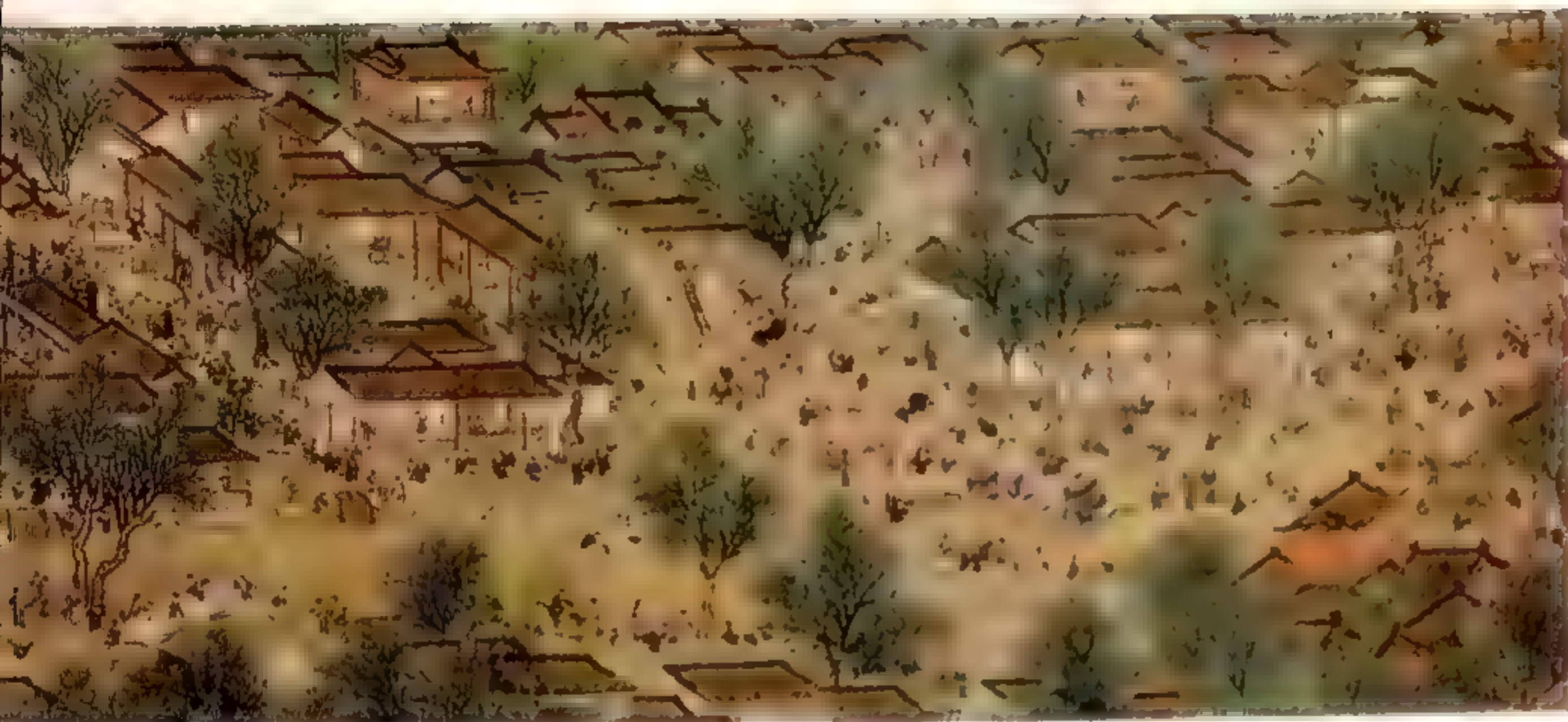
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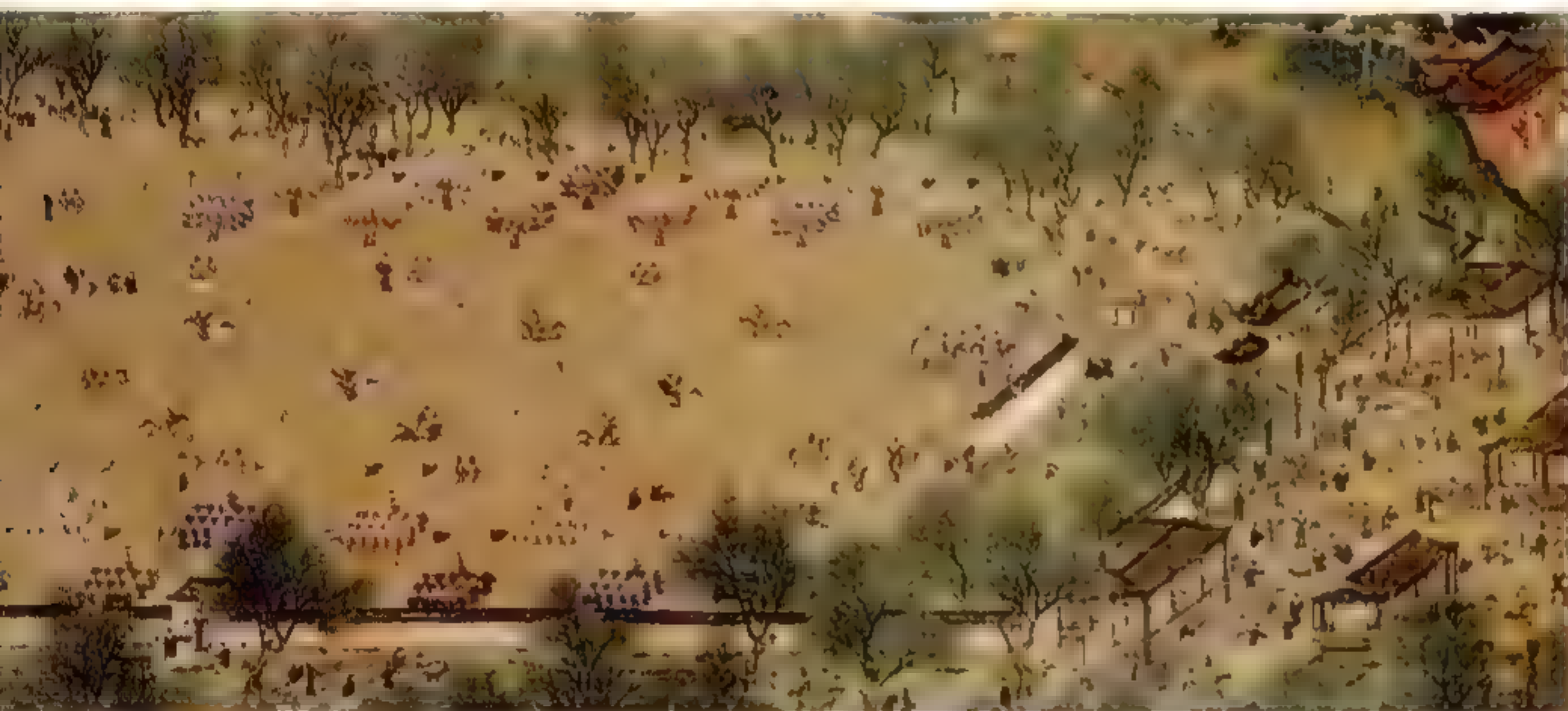
Acrobat performing on tubles

Workmen tiling roof

Man on stilts

Women washing clothes in canal

Horse-borne sedan chairs



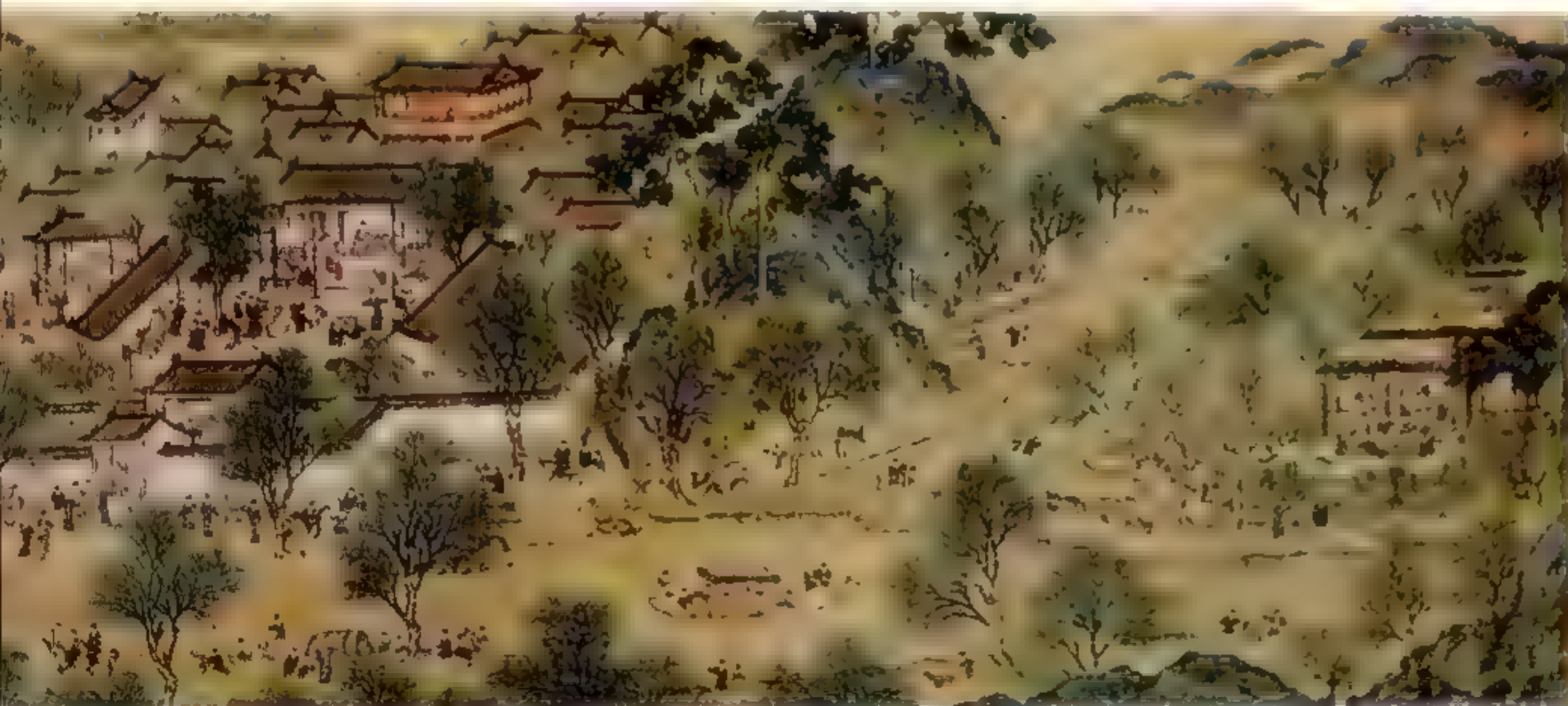
Gymkhana races in progress

Groups with contestants' horses

Screen to ward off evil spirits

Entrance to parade ground

Government office



Party in country villa

Water buffaloes

Pleasure boat going to city

Farmhouse supper party



MALAYA'S KASMA ROFFY, 29, is her country's most popular screen star. Singapore's new movie industry has increased its box office take with a formula of swooning and tears, which Kasma does very well. She is married and has a child.



INDIA'S BEGUM PARA, 24, comes of a socially prominent family. In a booming industry which pays stars \$200,000 a year, she hit jackpot in Indian version of Howard Hughes's *The Outlaw*, drew favorable comparison with Jane Russell.

JAPAN'S SHIRLEY YAMAGUCHI, at 23 has made 40 movies—earns \$150,000 a picture—is single. Two years ago in a hit movie titled *Most Beautiful Morning of My Life*, Shirley received the first kiss ever allowed by her country's strict censor.

Film Queens of Asia

THEY ARE GLAMOROUS
IN HOLLYWOOD STYLE

One Western institution to find practically universal favor in Asia is the motion picture. Asians have less money than Americans to pay for their movies and fewer theaters to see them in (7,600 as compared to 23,000 in the U.S.). But their studios produce almost twice as many films as Hollywood, and the fans are counted by the hundreds of millions, from potentates who can take movie stars to wife to poor peasants who can only possess them in their daydreams.

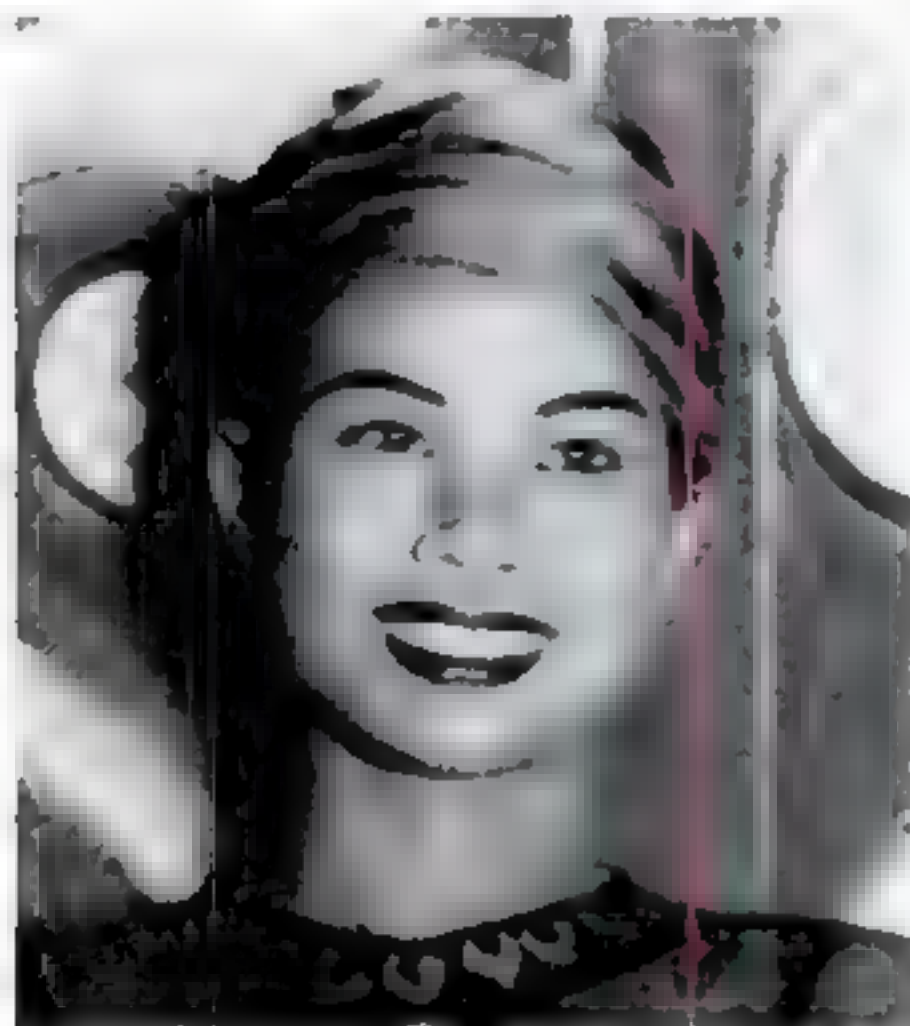
The objects of the dreams speak different languages, but as these pictures of Asia's most popular female stars reveal, the accent is predominately southern Californian. Outside of Red China, where ponderous propaganda is the rule, the film industries of Asia offer in the main a diet of super-Hollywood ingredients: blood, music, melodrama, flamboyant patriotism and above all pretty girls, with attendant fan clubs, gossip columns and colossal salaries.

In some countries, the industry is an old and well-established one. India's is the second largest in the world, with 275 features a year, many of them remakes of Hollywood hits with scenes of passion and drinking of alcohol, both distasteful to devout Hindus, left out because of the censors. Japan astounded the film world by having one of its pictures (a tale of medieval murder called *Rashomon*) get first prize in the last International Film Festival at Venice. In other countries film-making is largely a product of the rise of postwar nationalism. Most outlandish of the Asian industries is undoubtedly Thailand's, which got a new lease on life when a prince named Bhanupand went out with a 16-mm film and shot a riproaring thriller which at the box office has outgrossed the previous favorite, De Mille's *Samson and Delilah*.



PHILIPPINES' TITA DURAN, 23, represents the Filipino ideal of the shy, sweet, faithful woman. Often teaming with her husband Pancho Magalona,

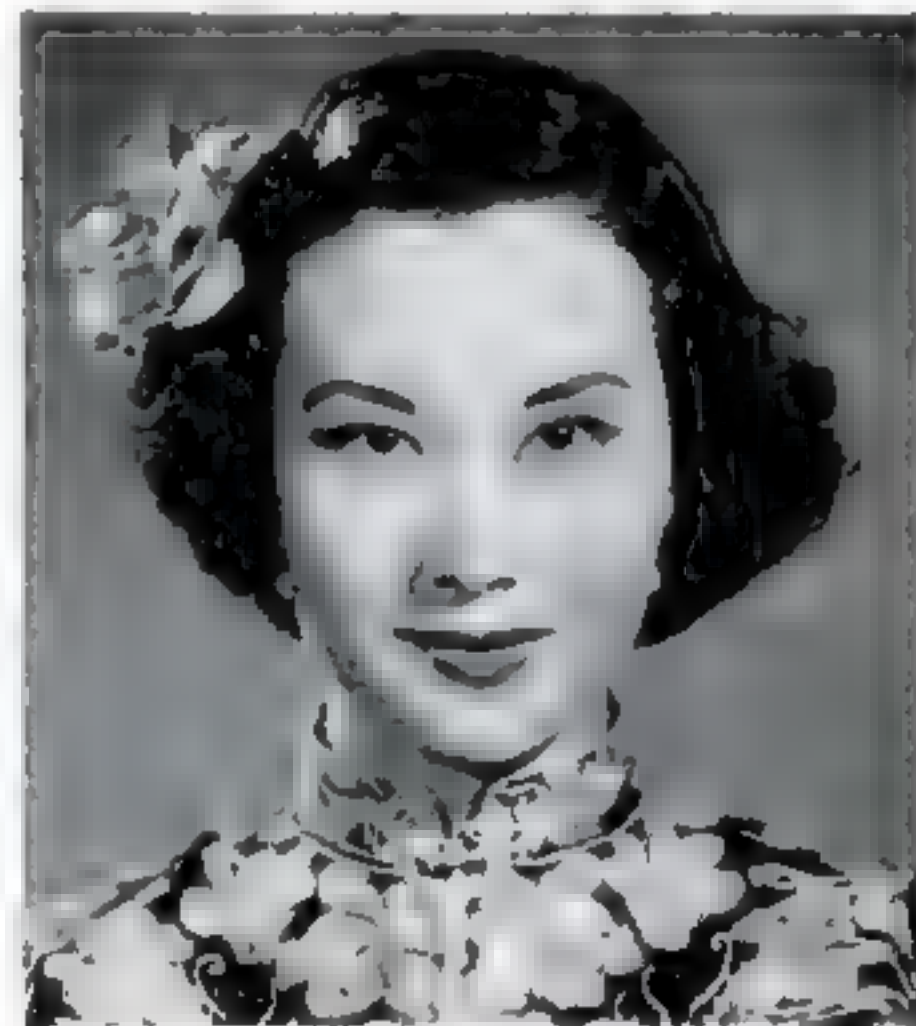
she makes about \$7,500 a film, playing in everything from gay musicals to melodramatic tear-jerkers. All 45 of her films to date have been highly successful.



THAILAND'S SUPAN BURANAPIM is a stage actress who stars in Prince Bhanupand's pictures, the latest of which is *She Learns to Love from Hell*.



INDONESIA'S NETTY HERRAWATTI, 21, is a disciple of Rita Hayworth. She is in Japanese costume here, playing a collaborator in wartime drama.



CHINA'S LI LI-HUA stars in Hong Kong movies for \$5,100 a film, rejected Red overtures, declaring, "I'm a Catholic. Communism is no good for the soul."



HOLMES HARROW (left) was designed so that villagers could build it. U.S. tooth harrow (right) is too heavy and complicated for the two-bullock farmer.



HOLMES ENERGY is displayed when he finds Indians using a scoop incorrectly in building a road. Taking over, he shows how to get maximum efficiency.



HOLMES DEMONSTRATION compares an old wooden plow with superior metal plow. Farmers will not change to new plow unless shown why it is better.



RECLINING ON COTS IN THE SHADE, HOLMES AND HIS INDIAN FOLLOWERS

A COUNTY AGENT

U.S. Point Four agriculturist helps some farmers

During his 13 years as a county agent in Tennessee, Horace Holmes learned one all-important truth: "If a man can't handle a plow, he's got no business telling a farmer how to plow." Holmes, who can handle a plow with the best, has put his maxim to work in India. As chief of agriculture in the U.S. Point Four program, he has remained a shirt-sleeve county agent who is not afraid to get his hands dirty in India's farmland. Instead of promoting vast irrigation projects or complicated machinery, which the Indian farmer can neither afford nor understand, he promotes the use of ordinary crop rotation, simple inexpensive tools (left) and better varieties of wheat and potatoes. Above all, he offers his Indian students encouragement and practical demonstrations, showing them how each new suggestion will actually work in the fields.

Before taking his Point Four post Holmes was a leader in the Indian government's experimental "Etawah Project" in a 100-square-mile area near New Delhi. The farmers' response to his method was remarkable. In Etawah the wheat crop rose 63%, the potato crop 112%. The 1951 wheat increase alone was worth 10 times the annual cost of the project. This profit has gone into brick houses and better tools. Other Holmes teachings have brought new roads, healthier livestock and healthier farmers.



DISCUSS AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS IN ETAWAH DISTRICT. THE ETAWAH PROJECT IS NOW SO ADVANCED THAT HOLMES ACTS ONLY AS OCCASIONAL ADVISER

COMES TO INDIA

by getting behind their plows and their problems

Etawah was only a dot on the map of India and Holmes is only one man. To spread his teachings, he estimates about 50 or 60 more American county agents like himself are needed. Within a few weeks he will have brought over 22, all hand-picked to make sure they will work with the farmer, not sit back and give orders. "The wrong kind of American," Holmes believes, "can do more harm than no American at all." But the heart of Holmes's program is not the Point Four American, no matter how carefully chosen. Holmes puts his faith in the Indians who are being trained to carry out the Holmes method. In a single year the Etawah school under Holmes and his associates turned out 300 young followers. The students, 80% of whom are high-caste Brahmans and therefore traditionally exempt from manual labor, go through a six-week course in agriculture, animal husbandry, cooperatives, public health and "villager participation," which teaches them to work with the farmer. Like Holmes, the disciples must be ready to plow a furrow or harrow a field. Eventually 60,000 of them will be trained and sent all over India, for, as Holmes sees it, "It's the Indians' show." Last year the Holmes method cost the U.S. the relatively tiny sum of \$75,733, including salaries and supplies. The payoff in terms of good farming and goodwill has scarcely even begun.



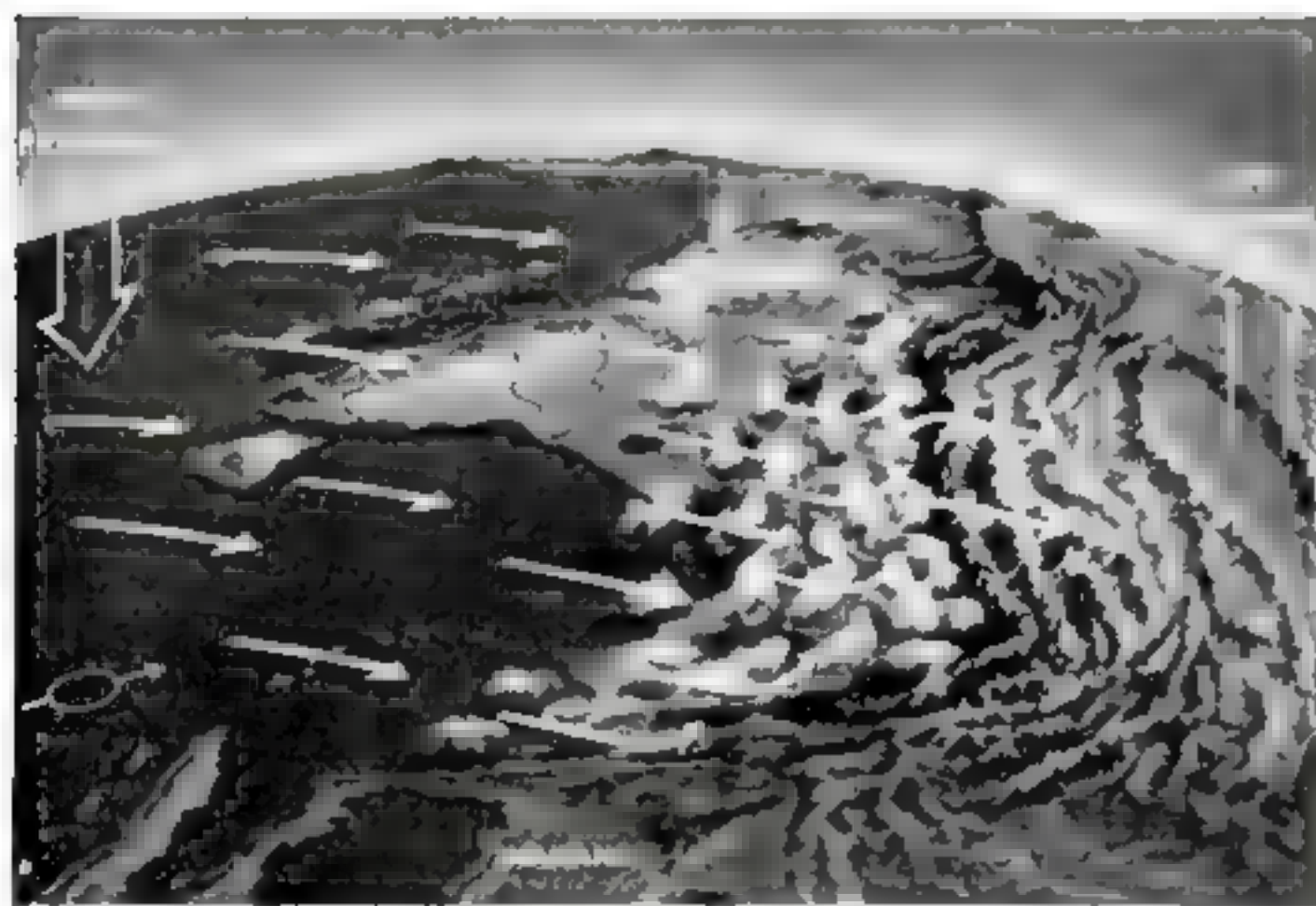
PRIZE PUPIL is Farmer Bandulu who raised a sensational 64 bushels of wheat per acre. Even U.S. Midwest farmers are happy if they get a yield of 20 bushels.



AS A NEW RAINSTORM APPROACHES, A FARMER NEAR NEW DELHI TURNS SEED UNDER IN HIS SOAKED FIELD. INITIAL PLOWING WAS DONE BEFORE RAINS CAME

LIFE-GIVING MONSOON

Rain-laden wind from the sea waters India's crops



MONSOON'S PATH is from a high-pressure area over Indian Ocean to a low-pressure area beyond Himalayas. Monsoon drops its moisture as it passes over India. Heaviest rains fall as it crosses the mountain ranges (upper left and right).

The summer monsoon, India's rain-bearing wind, originates far out over the Indian Ocean. There, each spring, the ocean waters grow warm and begin to evaporate and the air above becomes laden with moisture. At the same time, beyond the Himalayas, the air above the dry land grows even hotter than the air over the ocean. Rising and expanding, the hot air creates a low-pressure area. In early June the moist air from the sea moves landward to equalize the pressure. As it flows across India it brings torrential rain which lasts for nearly four months, sometimes persisting for weeks without letup, sometimes coming in heavy sporadic showers. A continual and oppressive dampness hangs over the land. To Westerners the monsoon season brings discomfort and uneasiness. Clothes never dry. Damp mold appears everywhere, in the food, in pockets, even on razor blades. The effect of all this on the morale and morals of Westerners has been a favorite subject of novels and short stories. The nerves of English colonials, confined in isolated, far-off outposts, grew frayed.

To the Indian farmers, however, the coming of the monsoon is the coming of life itself. For days beforehand they sit motionless in the stifling shade of trees and doorways, unable to plant their plowed but dry-baked fields. But when the rains come they hurry to the flooded, rejuvenated land to plant their crops (*above and below*). Black umbrellas blossom in the streets, in the fields, even on the backs of elephants (*opposite page*). Northern villages ring with song, for this is the festival of Teej, the celebration of the rains. Indian agriculture is inexorably linked to the monsoon. In a land lacking proper conservation facilities, the rains must last long enough to bring most of the crops to natural maturity. If the rains fail, as they did partially this year, misery and dreaded famine inevitably follow. Conservation of the monsoon waters could easily supply all India's needs. Prime Minister Nehru's government has already started conservation projects which will yield an extra three million tons of grain annually by 1959, and even more in the years beyond.

SHIELDED FROM MONSOON RAIN BY LARGE UMBRELLAS, WOMEN PICK TEA IN THE STATE OF ASSAM, WHERE MORE THAN HALF OF INDIA'S TEA CROP IS GROWN





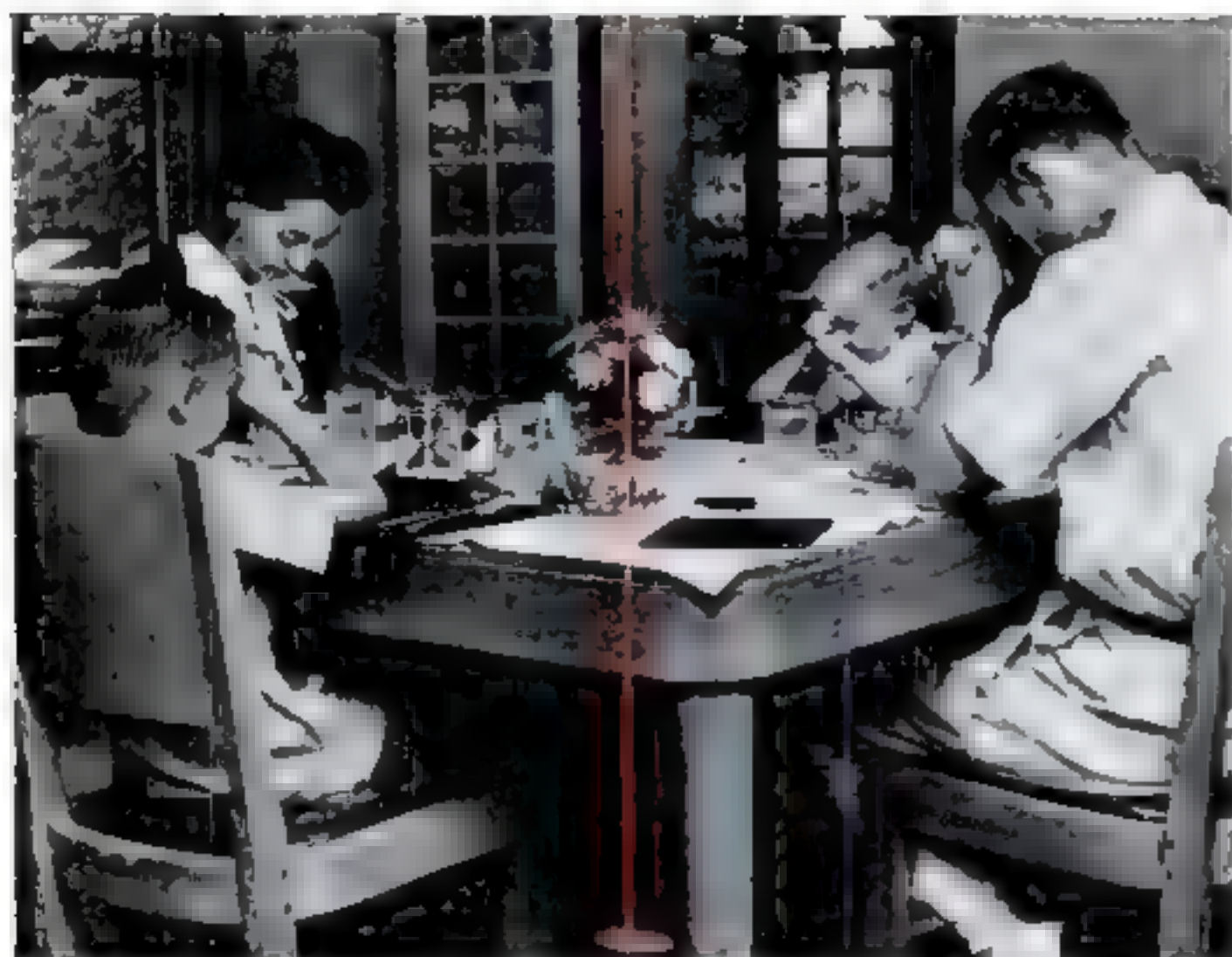
ELEPHANTS AND UMBRELLAS parade along a flooded country road in upper Assam, a sight common in rural India during the monsoon when the elephant

is frequently the only usable vehicle. Most of the umbrellas are made in small Calcutta factories, which often make as many as 35,000 a day during monsoon season.



BY DUGOUT CANOE Dr. McDaniel sets out for cooperative farm operated by church 7 miles down Mae Kok River. The 1,200-acre farm is operated by 60 Siamese families, all Christians, who are clearing a jungle area for rice cultivation.

McDaniel visits farm every week or so to take care of patients there, must go by boat during rainy season even though trip takes 10 hours. In dry season (November to April) he walks the distance, can make it in an hour and a half each way.



DR. McDANIEL, WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN SAY GRACE BEFORE EVENING MEAL

MEDICAL MISSIONARY

A young American doctor in northern Thailand performs his services in Christianity's name

Dr. Edwin B. McDaniel, 34-year-old American missionary in Chiengrai province in north Thailand, is a doctor not of divinity but of medicine. As head of Overbrook Hospital, supported by the Overbrook Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia and the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood, he represents a current U.S. missionary policy which holds that the church abroad must minister to the body as well as to the soul. Overbrook leaves evangelism mostly to Siamese Christians while Dr. McDaniel concentrates on medical tasks. He and the 532 other medical missionary workers in Asia are among the most respected Americans on that continent.

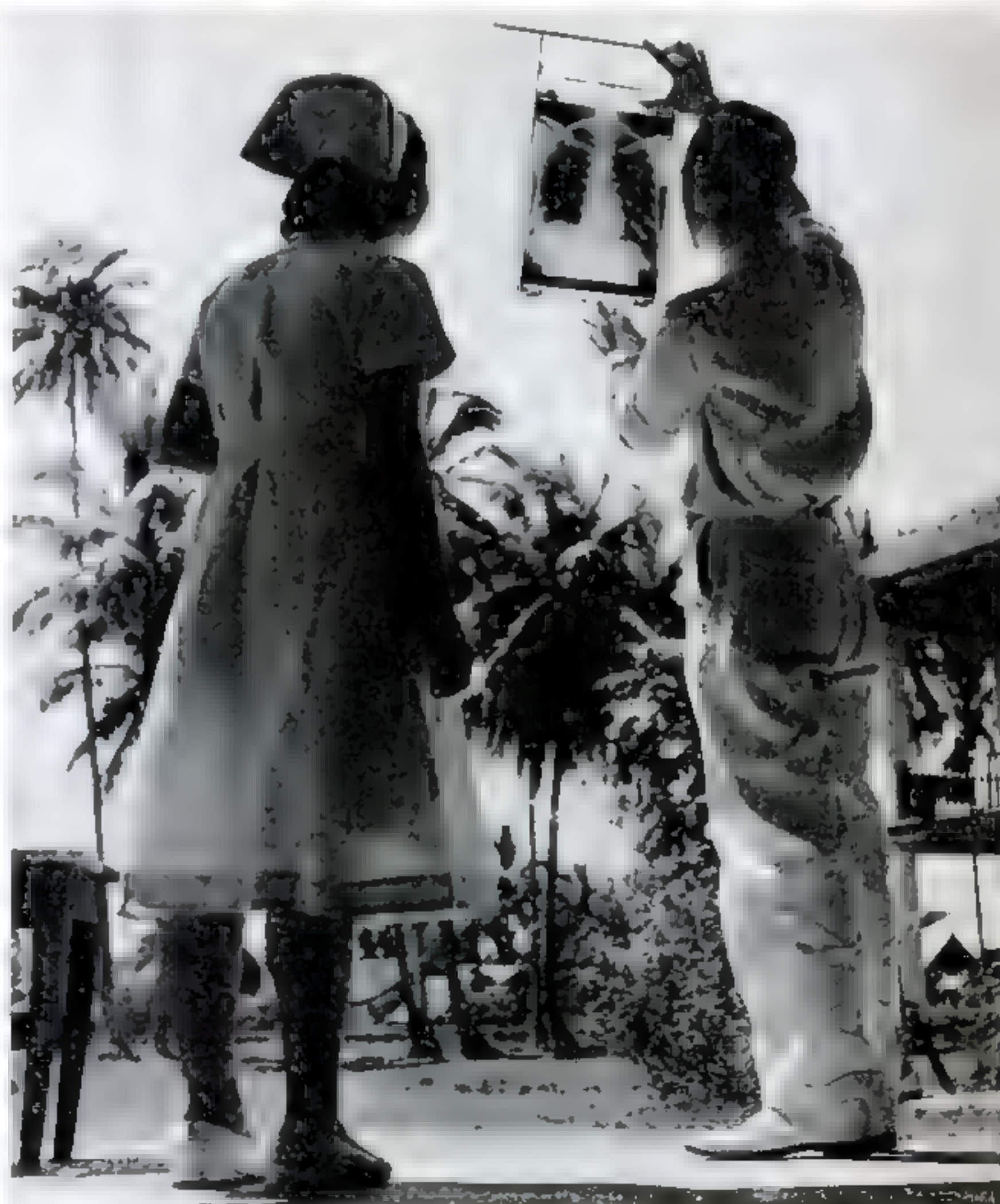
Dr. McDaniel serves a people who, before the Presbyterian missionaries came in 1897, believed in curing disease by offering herbs, flowers and rice whisky to the gods. Today they come to McDaniel for treatment of every ailment from bellyaches to gorings by water buffalo. He recently began persuading them to eat more bran to counteract epidemics of beriberi. This year the Chiengrai people showed their appreciation in a ceremony usually reserved for only the most respected older citizens. Arriving at Dr. McDaniel's house, they sang his blessings, poured scented water over his head from a silver bowl and then presented him with a new suit.



SIAMESE EVANGELIST, a Christian convert employed by the hospital, tells the story of Jesus to a patient. McDaniel leaves all active evangelizing to him although occasionally he may drop by, as here, to add some comments of his own.



IN A SIAMESE HOME McDaniel examines baby. He carefully follows custom by taking off shoes before entering. Before coming to Chiengrai, McDaniel and his wife spent eight months in Bangkok learning Siamese, now speak it fluently.



OUTSIDE HOSPITAL McDaniel looks at X-ray. To use X-ray as fluoroscope, workers darken room, wait five minutes to get used to dark. Evangelist occasionally uses this time to deliver short sermon on Christ bringing light into darkness.



THE EXAMPLE OF JAPAN



The medieval land that became Asia's most modern nation is exerting a new influence today on the ways of the West

JAPAN is a green and beautiful island nation and its favorite legend tells how the god Izanagi, standing on the Floating Bridge of Heaven, thrust down a jeweled spear into the ocean and watched as the water dripping from its tip was transformed into the first island of Japan. But during the turbulent first half of the 20th Century the world was little interested in Japan's quaint legends and ancient traditions. Instead it watched, first with fascination and then alarm, as Japan, imitating Western technologies and using its own cheap and plentiful labor, built itself into the Orient's first modern industrial and military power—a power so strong that it all but overran Asia and came to disaster only by risking attack on the West.

The past six years of peace have not reduced Japan's driving desire to Westernize. On the contrary, the desire seems stronger than ever. But the period of occupation has given many Westerners an unprecedented chance to see the traditional Japan. This is the Japan of Shinto folklore, with its sun goddess and its sacred foxes which carry the key to the granary of plenty (*above*). It is the Japan of the sacred mountain (*below*) and picturesque bays, a land where art is deeply imbedded as a part of daily life. It is the Japan which its own people over the centuries have known and loved. It is a beautiful but not a bountiful land; it is so

mountainous that only one acre in five can be farmed and the farmers often have to plant their crops on steep hill-sides (*opposite page*). Its people must depend on the sea for much of their food, and most of its cities are built on the sea. There are about 800 ports, and no spot in the country is more than 100 miles from some shore. The narrow strait between Japan and Korea was the bridge across which Asia's older cultures entered Japan in ancient times.

These foreign cultures, particularly the Buddhist and the Confucian, were then as avidly imitated by the Japanese as Western ideas were later. But they were gradually altered into distinctly Japanese forms, especially during the period of the 17th to 19th centuries when Japan kept itself in medieval isolation. Now the medieval Japan, the product of ancient Asian heritage, lives side by side in its island home with modern Japan, the most Westernized nation of Asia. And the West, which uses many of modern Japan's products but has found very little inspiration from the Japanese in the realm of ideas, is finding much to be admired in the Japanese customs which it is now coming to know. The color photographs on the following ten pages, taken (except for pages 66-67) by LIFE Photographer David Douglas Duncan, show the traditional Japan and some of the influences that it is exerting on Western ways.



MT. FUJI IN MOONLIGHT stands snow-tipped above glittering city of Numazu on Suruga Bay. Praised by the nation's poets, painted by artists, loved by the people, Fujiyama (12,388 feet

high) is the dominating symbol of Japanese life. Pilgrims dressed in white climb it, ringing bells and chanting, "May our six senses be pure, and the weather on the honorable mountain be fair."



HILLSIDE FARMS on southern Honshu, the main island of Japan, have been worked for generations by the same families. On these cloud-crested green slopes, the regular crops include vegetables and rice. Trees are a carefully nurtured

resource in all parts of Japan. Bamboo also often grows at hill centers, provides wood used for trellises, fences and even kitchen utensils, and its leaves are cultivated for food. Despite the hill's steepness, there is practically no soil erosion.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



ADAPTABLE ALCOVE, a pleasant and typically multifunctional space just off the living room, is used here as a bedroom. Obata's household—grandfather, Mr. Hatada, who is her grandfather, and Teruko, who

is taking another warm, padded silk quilt from a closet on the floor. The per-chin *habutai* (left), a charcoal brazier, heats both the tea kettle and room. The sliding paper-paneled panels (called *shoji*) will be sent for Japanese dishes (right).



THE SAME ROOM shown above, here seen from door at left, is easily changed into a dining room. Mr. Obata and Teruko are here. Mrs. Obata serves rice from a wooden bowl. Rice, as per bowls hold soup, with tiled porcelain vegetables.



THE KITCHEN, small and dark like most Japanese kitchens, is lightened by a vase of fresh flowers and the family's white cat, Shiro. Running cold water and a small charcoal stove are the only semi-modern conveniences in the room.



HOUSEHOLD CHORES for the Obatas include the frequent arrangement of cut flowers, and the seasonal routine of installing the wood-and-paper *shoji* which close in the lightly constructed rooms for the winter. During summer the whole house opens on the garden. Springy mats of finely woven straw cover the floors.



WITH FIFE AND DRUM called *fue* and *tsuzumi*, the Obatas sit beside their handsomest red lacquer table and practice the music of ancient Japanese dramas, which they love. In the background is the *tokonama* (home art gallery), displaying old silk scrolls of a tiger and a dragon.

A STYLE OF HOME ADAPTED BY WEST

In the airy compactness of the unpainted but colorful home shown on these two pages live a Tokyo noodle manufacturer, named Yukichi Obata, his wife Tomiko, a daughter and son-in-law, and five young grandchildren. The Obatas' home provides a perfect portrayal of Japan's patriarchal family tradition. The five-room house itself is a perfect portrayal of the elements of Japanese home design which are having their impact on the West's modern architecture. The convertible all-purpose room (*above and left, below*), the indoor-outdoor living room (*above, right*), exposed wood surfaces and all-wood kitchens (*left*) are, like the functional simplicity of their whole design, old ideas in Japan, newly fashionable in the U.S.



THE GARDENERS PUT NATURE IN A FRAME

More widely recognized than the Japanese talent in architecture is the Japanese genius at landscape gardening. The art of landscaping was transplanted to Japan from Korea nearly 1,400 years ago, first as a means of beautifying the grounds of royal palaces and later of Buddhist temples (*above and right*). Many of the finest expressions of the art are found in Japan's medieval capital and "City of Temples," Kyoto, three of whose old gardens are shown here. But almost every Japanese home has its garden, painstakingly created out of many of the elements of nature—soil, rocks, water, trees, plants,

fish and birds—and the owner is never prouder than when showing it.

The Japanese landscape artist does not simply copy nature; he tries to compose an impressionistic picture of it inside nature's own frame. Of the several classical styles of Japanese gardens, tea gardens (*right*) had the most remarkable origin. They were developed as a restfully elegant background for Japan's traditional tea ceremony, an elaborate ritual that grew out of the medieval tea-sipping habits of ascetic Zen Buddhist monks, who drank tea simply to stay awake during their long hours of meditation (*following pages*).



MOSS GARDEN of Saihoji temple, with its lichen-covered trees, has been kept in perfect repair for six centuries. The simplicity of its planning reflects the asceticism of the Zen Buddhist monk who created it. Through the trees is seen an ancient teahouse.

TEA GARDEN of Katsura imperial palace, the work of a 17th Century artist, has all the classical features—reflecting pools, an island, arched stone bridge, carefully placed rocks and trees. It is the finest of Japan's historic gardens still in existence.



SAND GARDEN of Ryuanji temple, which is nearly 500 years old, has none of the usual bridges, shrubs, trees or ponds but only 15 large rocks sticking austere out of raked sand, like boulders out of a river. People admire its abstract beauty from tile-roofed promenades that run around it.



JAPAN CONTINUED

WARRIOR MONKS

The state religion of Japan which created emperor worship is Shinto. But because Shinto lacks deep spirituality, most of Japan's 20 million Shintoists are also among the nation's 43 million Buddhists. One of their most powerful branches is Zen Buddhism, some of whose traditionally militant monks are shown here. During the last war all but an octogenarian and the



A NOVICE SIGNS IN at Heirinji temple while a young monk, who is sitting in the light of a glowing silk lantern, supervises the sober formality which marks the beginning of his austere training in Zen Buddhism. Another novice sits stiffly behind the signer, facing a dark blank wall and awaiting his turn.



STANDING IN THE COURTYARD, the arriving novice waits before proceeding into the temple. Each novice spends two full days and nights slumped on the topmost



DISCIPLINE by the rod is administered by stern young monk—a whack across the shoulders of a novice who first bows to ask forgiveness for a thoughtless infraction of the code of conduct.



DINING is a vegetarian ritual: the Jushoku eats alone, then lesser monks are served by rank. Six a.m. breakfast is rice gruel and pickled vegetables, the main meal at 11.30 adds soup, sometimes noodles (above). The evening meal, theoretically forbidden, consists of leftovers at 4 p.m.

TODAY MEDITATE

chief priest of the monastery shown in these pictures, Heirinji temple near Tokyo, followed Japan's armed forces into battle. Now they follow only the rigid work schedules and intense meditation which identify the Zennists, for they are the spiritual descendants of a 6th Century Indian teacher who sat nine years in profound abstraction until his legs withered and fell off.



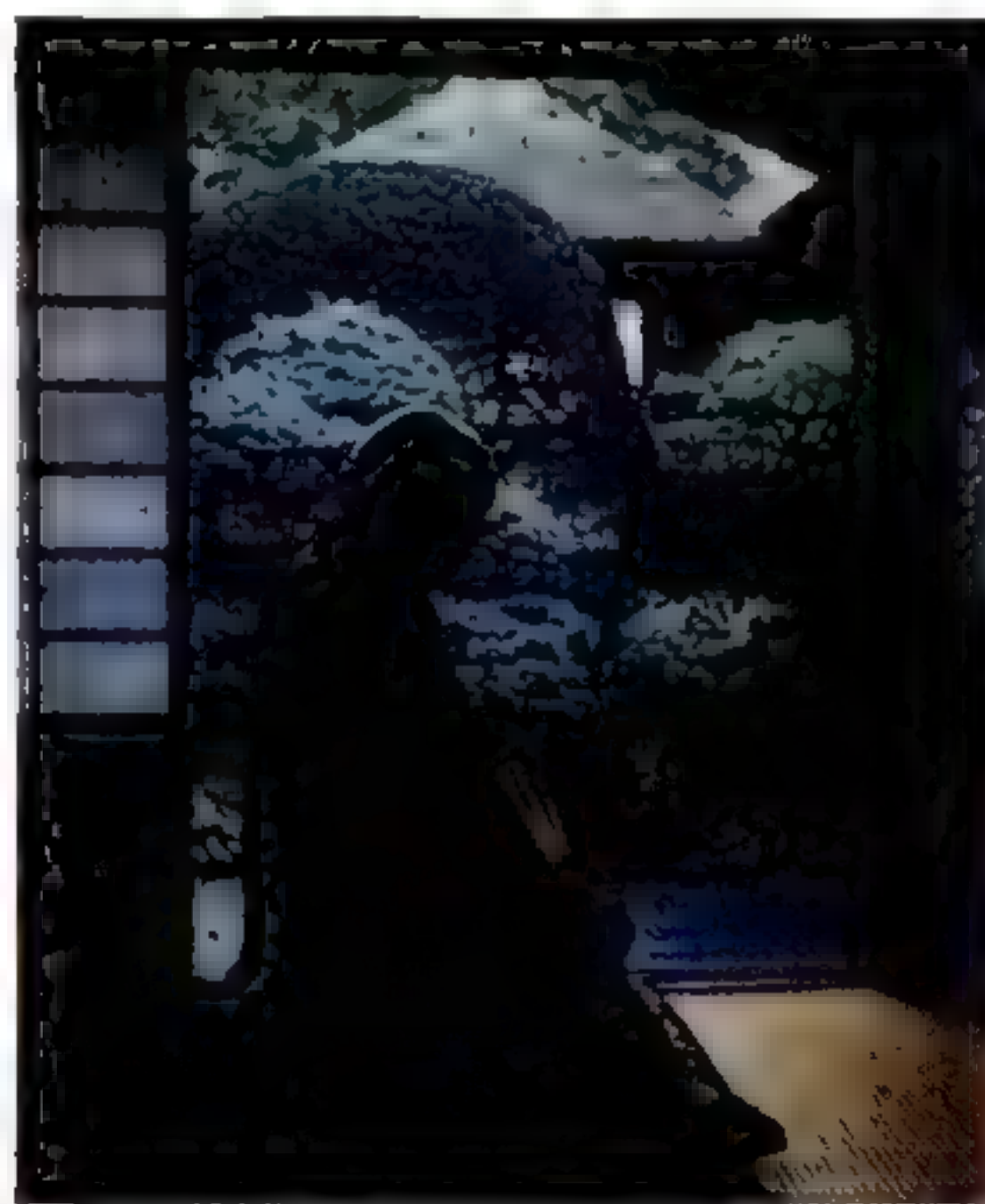
step of the temple. Then on the third morning, devoid of all his worldly possessions except teacup, rice bowl, chopsticks, razor and prayerbooks, he is permitted to enter (left).



NOVICE FACES JUSHOKU, the bald chief priest of this Zen temple, in the first official visit of his temple life. The Jushoku, holding a polished stick which symbolizes authority, sits before a scroll depicting scene from the life of Daruma Daishu (staff in hand), Indian founder of the 1,400-year-old sect.



PAGEANTRY and prayer make the founder's birthday an impressively colorful event despite the sect's devotion to simplicity. The Jushoku, in shining gold brocade, is bowing before an altar. Zen neatness causes Japanese to say of a neatly kept home, "This is like a Zen temple."



MEDITATION keeps the Jushoku in his airy room much of the day. All monks go through periods called *sesshin* ("collecting or concentrating the mind") when they do nothing at all but think.

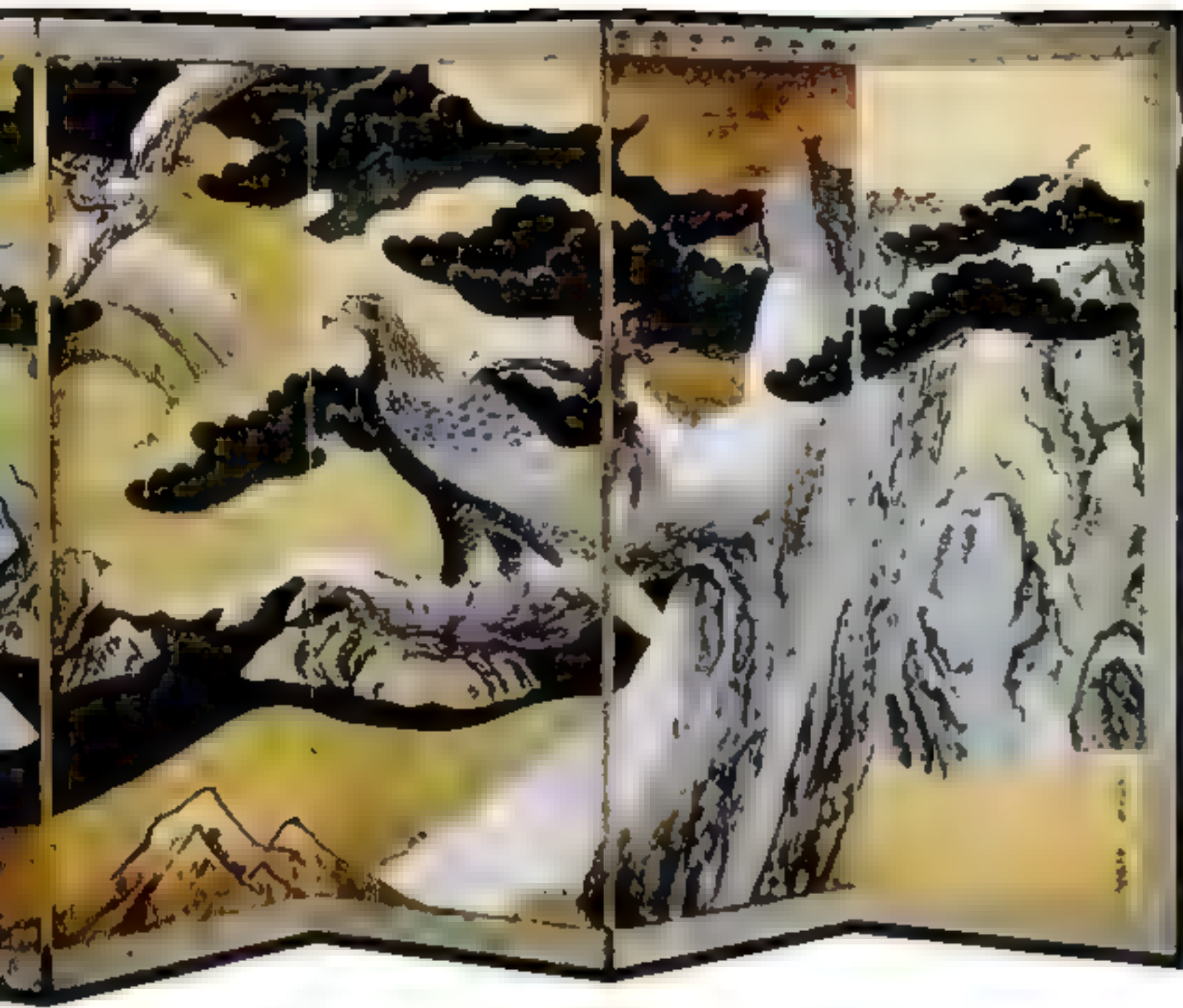


"EAGLE AND PINES" by a 17th Century artist of the Kano school, noted for its screens, was painted on gold leaf. Nobles ordered screens for their homes.

← "ROOSTERS" by Ito Jakuchu (1716-1800), painted on silk as a kakemono (hanging scroll), is bright evidence of the Japanese love of decorative birds in art.

PART OF SCROLL called "In and Around Kyoto" by Sumiyoshi Takayama (1637-1665). Landscape done in red ink, shows influence of Chinese art.





A GREAT, DELICATE ART

The art of Japan is generally tranquil, not often tragic or violent. It reflects religious traditions and most of all the Japanese love of homeland and countryside. Scrolls, screens and wood-block prints, all highly decorative, are done with meticulous care, formalized refinement of detail and delicate beauty of color which place Japan's among the great art of the world.

Japan's primitive civilization produced chiefly artifacts of pottery and bronze. In the Sixth Century, under the influence of Confucianism and Buddhism, an art imitative of the Chinese grew up. After a few hundred years it began gaining its own features and by the 16th Century the shogun (military dictators), like contemporary rulers in Italy, were encouraging an artistic renaissance by sponsoring artists. Japanese individuality in art grew rapidly during the 200-year isolation, interrupted in 1853 by Commodore Perry. In both the 18th and 19th Centuries the Ukiyo-e artists popularized color wood blocks of familiar scenes. This "people's art" gave Western museums many Japanese prints and provided a style adapted in Europe by Whistler, Gauguin, Van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec. The four works on these pages are from an exhibit of Japanese art treasures shown at the De Young Museum in San Francisco during the Japanese peace conference.



"ENKYO BRIDGE" by Ando Hiroshige (1797-1838) is a large wood block print called *nishiki-e*, meaning that it was printed from more than 10 color blocks. The Japanese art best known outside of Japan is this type of print.



JAPAN CONTINUED



COSTUME SILK for Noh actors, hand woven in elaborate patterns by weavers trained from childhood, is displayed on the floor of a Lome factory in Kyoto. The proprietor, Uchiro Nakajima, and his mother are planning future work.

← **ANCIENT MASK** of a black nosed demon wearing early monster on his flowing blue hair is worn by a dancer at the Great Shrines of Ise, the shrine of all Shintoists. Such masks are usually centuries old and are now regarded as art treasures.



BUTTERFLY DANCE, performed here by four girls in the broad courtyard of the Main Hall of the Inner Shrine of Ise, is a sacred ritual composed about 1,000 years ago by a provincial nobleman for the Emperor Uda. Slow and posturing,

the dance gives the viewer a feeling of seeing butterflies newly emerged from their cocoons. Normally it is performed by young boys who are trained by priests, but at the Great Shrines the performers are girls who are honored as "pure virgins."

← THE DRAMA SEEMS STRANGE

In Japan, where dance and drama are inseparable, the theater is an important cultural tradition and the gestures, costumes and even the words are so rigidly stylized and so richly symbolic that only a people reared in the tradition can fully appreciate them. The dramatic traditions had their origin in the early religious dances, some of which are still performed today in the Shinto shrines (*opposite page*) and Buddhist temples. From these grew the two main dramatic forms, the Noh and Kabuki plays. Noh plays employ masks and rich costumes (*left*) and are so filled with obscure allusions that only the aristocrats and intelligentsia understand them. Less formal are the popular Kabuki theaters where the actors do not wear masks and the action is more spectacular. But even Kabuki leans heavily on symbolic make-up and old legends. In this strange, ritualistic world, which bears no resemblance to the theater he knows, the Westerner would be utterly bewildered were it not for two recognizable features. Long before the West ever thought of them, Japan developed—and still uses—the revolving stage of the legitimate theater and the stage-to-audience runway of the burlesque house.

FURNITURE → LOOKS FAMILIAR

Though Japan's drama is strange to the West, Japan's furniture and home decorations are strikingly familiar to Americans accustomed now to modern furnishings. How much this familiarity is due to direct Japanese influence and how much to an independent Western trend toward neatness and simplicity is disputed. The fact remains that there is a remarkable resemblance between many modern American and traditional Japanese designs. In the picture at right the white pottery flower stand and square bowl (both on table), the theater mask (right wall, *top*), the horse print (left wall), the shrine bells on the screen (*rear*), the leaf-patterned paper hanging from the ceiling and the floor matting were all designed and made in Japan and are available in the U.S. But, in spite of their Japanese appearance, the wall and ceiling fabrics, the low table with its lantern and rosewood bowl on tripod legs, and the white sugar bowl (*foreground*) were all designed and made in America. The folding screen was made in the U.S. but uses panels of Japanese paper-backed silk, while the chair and ceiling lantern were designed in the U.S. but built to order in Japan.







TWO AMERICAN SUPERVISORS CONFER ON WORK

NEW ERA FOR AFGHANS

One of the most isolated countries in the world sets out to modernize itself with roads and dams

Except for Tibet, there is hardly a more rugged, forbidding country in all of Asia than Afghanistan. Landlocked between Russia and Pakistan, it is made up of bleak mountains and plains inhabited by nomads and farmers. But the country has potential wealth in its minerals and fertile soil. Six years ago, although Afghanistan had been visited by not more than 125 Americans in all its history, King Mohammed Zahir Shah asked the Morrison-Knudsen company of Boise, Idaho, one of the world's largest construction firms, to help modernize his nation. The Afghans raised \$17 million by selling caravan furs in the U.S., borrowed another \$21 million from the Export-Import Bank. There were only a few dirt roads and camel trails and no railroads when Morrison-Knudsen went to work. Using cameldrivers and other native labor, they have so far built 100 miles of road, completed one dam with 60 miles of irrigation canals, and are well under way on two other dams. When these first projects in a long range program are finished, the Afghans will be able to reclaim some 8,500 square miles of desert and grow cotton, wheat and fruits. The country's nomads, to whom the land will be sold, have already filed 12,000 applications for it.



AFGHAN WORKERS use a pneumatic hammer. Projects employ 129 Americans and 3,800 natives.



ARGHANDAB DAM, made of earth and rock, is nearing completion ahead of schedule. It will form (left) an 11 mile-long lake, provide irrigation and power



NEW HIGHWAY, an old trade route into Pakistan which has been surfaced with gravel, is used by both autos and nomads. It leads to irrigation projects.



HOUSING PROJECT for Americans working on Kajakai dam along the Helmand River consists of stone bungalows with modern heating and running water.



KILTED COMMISSIONER Malcolm MacDonald relaxes in boat taking him down Baram River after visiting tribesmen in Sarawak, British colony in Borneo.

At a farewell ceremony women put charcoal on MacDonald's forehead, doused him with water. Since 1948 he has made five lengthy trips to the Borneo colonies.



MACDONALD CONFERS WITH TRIBAL LEADERS DURING MEAL IN LONG HOUSE AT LONG AKA IN BORNEO

AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY

Shirtsleeve diplomat is watchdog of empire in British Southeast Asia

Both at home and in the Far East the affable gentleman on the opposite page is often referred to as "the most important Briton east of Dover." He is the Right Honorable Malcolm John MacDonald, and he is Commissioner-General for the United Kingdom in Southeast Asia. MacDonald, 50, the son of the late Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, is official adviser and policy coordinator for all colonial representatives in the Federation of Malaya, North Borneo, Brunei, Sarawak and the Crown Colony of Singapore, where his headquarters are located. Although the British have no colonial interests there, MacDonald's territory also includes Burma, Thailand, Indo-China and Indonesia, and his influence spreads as far as India and Japan. MacDonald has no direct voice in the administration of local affairs in this troubled area. But his reports and recommendations to the Secretary of State for Colonies on matters

affecting British policy in all of the Far East often determine the actions of local ambassadors and consuls general.

As a modern proconsul MacDonald represents a departure from the unbending, pukka-sahib type of colonial servant. A firm believer in eventual self-government for the Asiatic colonies (which makes him a target for criticism from some British business interests), he is an unpretentious shirtsleeve diplomat who gets along equally well with stuffy Britishers in Singapore and the primitive tribesmen in Sarawak. MacDonald, who often spends his spare time bird-watching on the outskirts of Singapore, is a man of tact and imagination. When three barelegged natives journeyed from Borneo to Singapore to make him a member of their tribe, he had the good sense to wear his kilts, which the tribesmen thought were the most beautiful ceremonial skirts they had ever seen.



FAMILY GROUP sits outside home in Singapore. MacDonald met wife while commissioner to Canada.



HOME is Bukit Serene, which was lent MacDonald by the Sultan of Johore. The nurse is Chinese amah



PONY-BACK WELCOME is given MacDonald by Borneo tribesmen. Ponies are from Philippines



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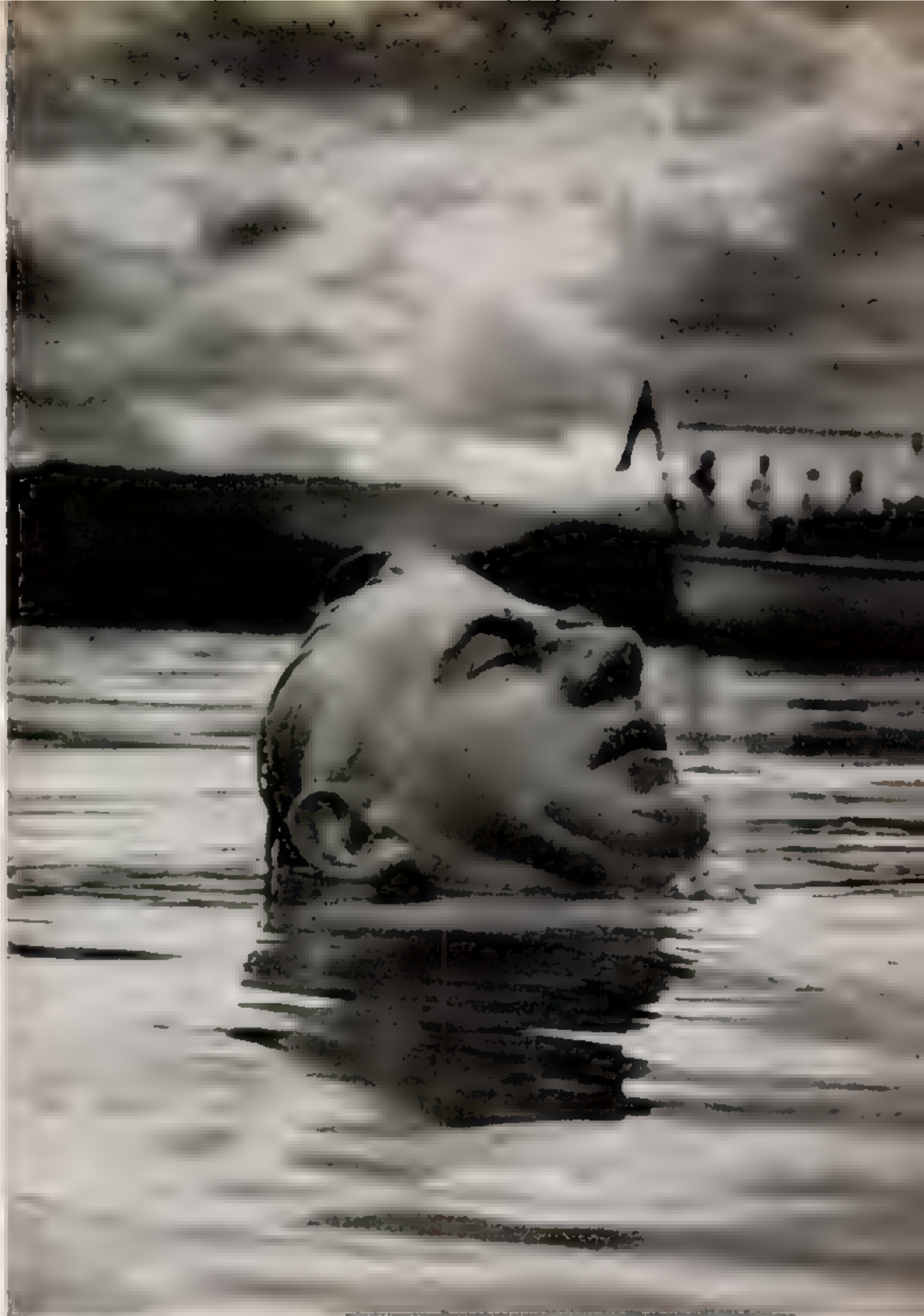
POLITICS, baby-kissing variety, is a public-relations gesture toward ex-head-hunters in Sarawak.



POMP is displayed by MacDonald (left) at ceremonies proclaiming new city charter of Singapore.



POWWOW is held with a headman in Kota Belud, North Borneo, while cavalry awaits informal review.



BREAKFAST DIP off official visit in Borneo is taken by MacDonald and Sir Ralph Hone (left).

governor of North Borneo. One reason commissioner makes so many trips around colonies is that natives,



ROYAL PARTY on the birthday of the Sultan of Johore is attended by MacDonald and his wife. The

78-year-old, beribboned sultan is one of MacDonald's most influential friends in the Malay States



accustomed to personal rule of local rajas, like personal appearances by officials. MacDonald is so popu-

lar in Borneo that Sarawak tribesmen, on false rumor that he had been assassinated, almost started revolt.



TRIBAL SCHOOLBOYS turn out in a group to wave goodbye to Commissioner MacDonald, who

had made a brief stopover at their small village on his 10-day trip along the Baram River in Sarawak.



CONFERRING with chief, one of 36 headmen he met on trip, MacDonald travels down Baram River



WEDDING GUEST, he cuts slice of cake at Singapore reception for Filipino girl, Ilovina Anciano.



VISITING OILFIELDS in protectorate of Brunei, MacDonald has discussion with Sultan of Brunei.

Chinese Success Story

by JAMES MICHENER

For this special issue LIFE sent James Michener to Southeast Asia. Michener, who won the Pulitzer Prize for Tales of the South Pacific and recently has been represented on the best-seller lists by The Voice of Asia and Return to Paradise, was assigned to report on the millions of "overseas" Chinese who live in the nations near their homeland. This is his report.

NOT so many years ago, in the islands and peninsulas of the Nan Yang—the Chinese name for the southern ocean which embraces nearly everything from Burma to Borneo—a game called "Main China" was played. "Players bet on the value of coins which an approaching Chinaman might carry in his pouch, and whether it would come out an odd or even number. The bets having been placed, the players would kill the Chinaman and count the coins."

A humane passer-by once pointed out to the bettors that they could play the game just as well without killing the Chinese. The players replied, "True, but this is a more certain way and, besides, it increases our pleasure."

This attitude toward the expatriate Chinese was not confined to the Nan Yang. In the last century the U.S. itself was guilty of comparable barbarities. Everywhere the Chinese have been held in low regard, and a stereotype—distorted, as stereotypes almost always are—has grown up about them. The six components of this stereotype are these: 1) The Chinese slip into foreign countries illegally; 2) they do not take local citizenship; 3) since they are both clever and crooked, they soon control local commerce; 4) they spend no money locally but mail it back to China; 5) they often have children by local women but consider themselves still married to wives at home; 6) the bulk of their wealth comes from opium shops, pawnshops and usury. European merchants, striving to keep up with the industrious Chinese, have bitterly remarked: "They don't care what politician holds the national cow so long as they can milk it." A King of Siam once castigated them as "the Jews of the East."

Until recently many Nan Yang governments treated the Chinese as though the stereotype were both accurate and universal. Sometimes the Chinese were restricted to ghettos and their right to travel and to choose occupations was curbed. They seldom were treated as equals, and they were constantly subject to oppressive taxes and sudden assessments. Despite these harassments, many of the Chinese did well. This was not because they were exceptionally clever, or crooked, or ran opium dens and pawnshops, or practiced usury. It was principally because they were guilty of the one sin nobody could bear to assign them: they worked harder than anybody else.

It is not surprising that over the years the expatriate Chinese have stored up a great deal of bitterness. Today that bitterness is a matter of deep concern to the more intelligent Nan Yang governments and to the free world. For the overseas Chinese now have a



TRIBUTE TO SUCCESS of the Oei family is this shrine in the ancestral home in Semarang. In center

is portrait of Oei Tiong Ham, the second generation enterpriser who founded great house of Kian Gwan.

bargaining position—they are, in fact, the highly desired prize in a war raging throughout the southern ocean. On one side in this new war are agents of Red China who say, "At last, China and the Chinese need stand no more pushing around!" On the other are national leaders and anti-Communist Chinese who say, "You have been badly treated in the past, but your solution does not lie with Communism." To the victor will go the allegiance of some 10 million Chinese—many able, educated and powerful—who live in Burma, Thailand, Indo-China, Malaya, Indonesia and the Philippines. Their decision is hardly less important to the West than the ultimate decision in Korea.

For the startling fact is that the Nan Yang Chinese, if they so desired or were so instructed, could cripple the most strategic major cities of Southeast Asia. Food, especially rice and fresh vegetables, is almost always in their control. So are wholesaling and the importing of small items. Petty trade is dominated by Chinese shopkeepers. Chinese capitalists control a considerable section of heavy

industry and are beginning to move in on large-scale banking. The agents of Peking are doing their best to discount the achievements of the expatriate Chinese and keep their attention focused on the old bitter-nesses and old defeats. To counter this Red propaganda offensive the Nan Yang governments need to hammer home the fact that many Chinese have done well—and many more now have opportunities to do even better. For a spectacular example, embracing three generations, it would be hard to make a better choice than the Oei family of Jakarta.

The great house of Kian Gwan, which the Oei family operates and which may be the largest Chinese firm in the world, has its headquarters in the prosperous Asemka district of the Indonesian capital. It is best, however, not to approach or try to understand the Oeis without first considering Jakarta, a crowded, short-tempered city where some 3,000,000 persons are jammed into quarters intended for only 500,000. Of the 3,000,000 some 250,000 are Chinese.

Jakarta (it was known as Batavia when the

IN SOUTHEAST ASIA, WHERE COMMUNISTS ARE NOW TRYING TO EXPLOIT OLD HARDSHIPS, THE OEI FAMILY IS A MONUMENT TO FREE ENTERPRISE



EXEMPLAR OF SUCCESS is Oei Tjong Tjay, Oei Tiong Ham's youngest son, who now directs world-

girdling business of Kian Gwan from this dragon-decorated office in Jakarta, the capital of Indonesia.

Dutch controlled these islands) has one of the world's most distinctive main streets. Molenvliet (now called Djalan Gadjah Mada by Indonesians) consists of two very spacious avenues separated by a wide, colorful, café-au-lait canal. It is a remarkable stretch of water, serving as sewer, bathing beach, laundry, playground and garbage repository. Along its white-walled banks washerwomen work all day. In the evening workmen undress along its edges, stand with their hands carefully folded over their middles, and jump in for a swim. Melon-breasted women slip off their batik sarongs and scrub down for the night. Hundreds of youngsters assemble to brush their teeth in the canal's richly littered water. People sometimes call this "a panorama of Indonesia," but it isn't, because one important part of Indonesia is missing. There are no Chinese playing along the canal. They are working.

Indonesians, savoring the good life, celebrate 20 holidays a year. Most Indonesians also quit work at noon on Friday for Moslem worship and then take half of Saturday

and Sunday off too. But the Chinese never take time off.

All along the Molenvliet their little *tokas* (shops) are busy. In some blocks every single *toko* is Chinese, strung out in wonderful variety. At the foot of Molenvliet, where the canal jogs eastward, the *tokas* become a fascinating jungle called Glodok, one of Asia's most memorable Chinatowns. Under broad awnings petty merchants sell absolutely anything "up to and including last year's model of the atomic bomb." When swanky uptown stores are unable to supply hard-to-get items, you can get them in Glodok. Indonesia waterfront hijackers steal as much as 15% of all cargoes reaching Jakarta, and Glodok is the fence. It is not unusual for an uptown importer, having lost all of a shipment of something like dentists' forceps, to send his clerks down to Glodok to buy the whole lot back at a bargain price. He adds this sum to the retail list as the normal cost of doing business.

Glodok has the best food in town (shark's fin and roast pigeons), the noisiest taxis, the

narrowest alleys. A fruitstand in Glodok is bedecked with giant durians ("best-tasting, worst-smelling thing any human being can eat"), sweet, juicy rambutans that look like porcupines, dripping mangoes, five-edged blumbings that look like starfish, delicate djamboes like Christmas-tree bells, tasting sweet and slightly acid, tender litchis, and repulsive salaks covered with a twisting skin exactly like a rattlesnake's.

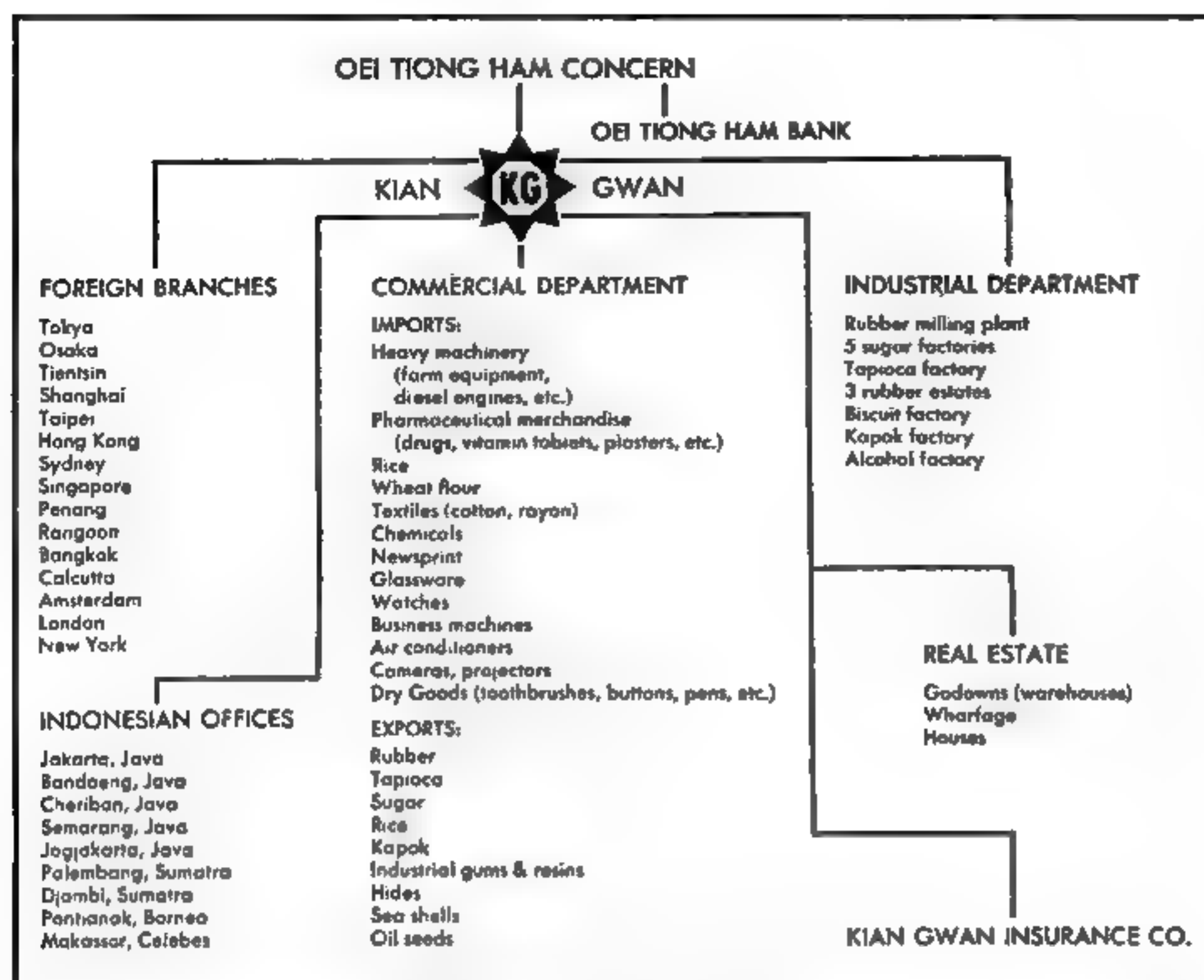
Physical commodities are not the only things for sale in the Glodok. It is a marketplace of ideas, some good, some bad. At the old Pa Hua school, for example, a frail dedicated little man named Loa Chan Hui strives mightily to inculcate the principles of democracy in some 4,000 Chinese students. Pa Hua is one of the few remaining schools not under control of the Communists, and there is no question of Loa's position. Even so, his attitude is strangely ambivalent. For, while Loa deprecates the brutalities of Communism, he shares the feeling of most Nan Yang Chinese that a China resurgent—even under Red auspices—is a matter for quiet pride.

There is nothing quiet, of course, about the Reds who have infiltrated and gained control of the majority of the Chinese schools and of the finest Chinese high school. There, in each classroom, I found a huge poster of Mao Tse-tung. Students are taught that Russia won the recent war with Japan, that the U.S. was the real aggressor in the Opium War, and that America stands not for democracy but rapacious imperialism.

The Reds appeal to youth

EVEN though the Indonesian government cracked down on the Reds last August and arrested some 15,000 who reportedly were involved in a conspiracy against the state, Red propaganda continues to flow through the schools and through the bookshops of Glodok. One such bookstore is right in the heart of the Chinese settlement. It is extremely clean, and bright-eyed girls and eager young men jump to attend you. They speak, among them, more than a dozen languages and they can provide books in about half of these. Their shelves are crowded with standard book-length treatises on Communism, and a broad central table is covered with small booklets selling for only 1¼¢ each. These explain how Lenin took over Russia, how China is going to defeat America, and how South Korea foully invaded North Korea. Perhaps the most startling of the store's pamphlets is a little book in Indonesian. It is titled, *How to Take Over the Land*, and on the cover an enormous red arrow points crushingly down upon a map of Indonesia.

All this is of course the standard Communist pattern. Chinese youth's interest is being diverted from the Indonesia scene to the Red homeland, with the usual distortions of history. The Red propaganda is doubtless directed from the luxurious, immunity-cloaked Chinese embassy at the foot of the Molenvliet, but it is principally in the Glodok and among Jakarta's Chinese youth that it finds an enthusiastic audience. The Reds try to ignore the fact that many Chinese have



PATTERN OF SUCCESS achieved in second generation by Oei Tiong Ham is shown above. Oei Tiong

Ham's son, Oei Tjong Tjay, presides over all enterprises, most organized under firm name Kian Gwan.

SUCCESS STORY CONTINUED

prospered in Indonesia and they have studiously avoided taking up the case of the house of Kian Gwan.

The Kian Gwan "kongsie" (in Jakarta kongsie means corporation) has its headquarters north, near where the great canals enter the ocean. There, behind crisp white walls adorned only by an eight-pointed star, is the nerve center of a worldwide organization which provides a livelihood for literally thousands of Chinese and Indonesian merchants and workers. Kian Gwan has nine major branch offices and many mills, factories and godowns (warehouses) in Indonesia itself. It has 15 overseas offices (chart above) and it is the exclusive Asia agent for some 150 major trade-name products. It is an enormous family-owned company—and it is a product of hard work, brilliant but honest trading, and filial loyalty.

For more than 3,000 years the Chinese have revered the family as the very center of life. No institution in Asia more perfectly exalts this principle than Kian Gwan. Its acting president is a 27-year-old, curly-haired, Western-educated Chinese youth, the third generation descendant of its founder. Its directors and overseas managers are brothers of the present boss. The company's great success tells a story of opportunity, seized with determination under free enterprise. Kian Gwan's boss, Oei Tjong Tjay, is less than 100 years away from a penniless refugee who sought refuge in Java after the failure of the T'ai P'ing rebellion.

This was Tjong Tjay's paternal grandfather. He managed to launch a modest produce business in the coastal town of Semarang, and he also produced a talented son. When the boy came of age old Oei Tjie Sien equipped him with a few thousand carefully saved dollars and the admonition to work

hard. Young Oei Tiong Ham did even better than his father had hoped. He cornered sugar, and with the capital thus obtained began a parlay that brought a fortune of millions of dollars. No mere speculator, Tiong Ham bought up mills and, as World War I hiked prices, became known as "The Sugar King." Oei Tiong Ham took five or six wives, had 26 children, "with his customary foresight 13 boys and 13 girls." One of his daughters, Hui Lan, became famous in America as the wife of Wellington Koo, Chinese ambassador to U.S.

Tiong Ham prospered because he left little or nothing to chance. Once he found himself with a broken-down tapioca mill which could not adequately meet the demands of American glue factories. In those days Javanese tapioca mills trusted to luck, and any single day's run might contain half a dozen unsorted grades which the ultimate user had to reprocess for uniformity. Tiong Ham introduced rigorous scientific methods, supervised by graduate engineers, and was soon producing up to 35 different grades of tapioca, any one of which he could supply in carload lots absolutely guaranteed as to uniformity. Soon he was selling 1,500,000 pounds a year.

His success with college-trained engineers encouraged him to set up a system whereby the brightest Chinese youngsters in Java were sent to Rotterdam and Leiden for training. When they returned, Oei Tiong Ham put them in charge of the sugar and tapioca plants, and they ran them with a sure-fire precision hitherto unknown in the East. His bright boys soon had all the plants electrified and streamlined.

Almost casually, Oei Tiong Ham acquired one business after another. When the volume of his foreign trade forced him to open branches around the world, these prospered too, so that at one time he was known as "one of the wealthiest Chinese in the world." He

distributed perhaps a million dollars to education. He traveled in splendor to Europe and America. And he began to worry.

Oei Tiong Ham was the second generation of a Chinese business family, and he knew from vast experience that Chinese fortunes almost never last through the third generation. As the head of a vast empire, Oei Tiong Ham could foresee the ruin of that structure. So he did a revolutionary thing.

He gave large sums of cash to all his daughters and to some of his sons. But to the eight sons of two of his wives he gave his entire empire. With brutal and painstaking care he taught these sons how to conduct a giant business. He hammered into them the idea that only endless work would prevent this enterprise from crashing into the ground during the proverbially fatal third generation.

Then Oei Tiong Ham retired, a man covered with honors. He had been the first Chinese in Java to cut his queue. He had been accorded the title of major. He had helped make Java one of the most prosperous islands in the Pacific. And he had drawn the coat of arms which was to keep his empire together after his death: a world, surrounded by eight points, with the initials of the company in the center: "My eight sons encompassing the world."

What the old man didn't know when he died was that his youngest wife would soon produce another son. It is this ninth son, Oei Tjong Tjay, who recently was selected by his brothers to guide the company through this critical year of the critical third generation. It is not a quixotic choice, nor has Tjong Tjay felt the lack of the business education his father conferred on his elder brothers. Tjong Tjay's mother was the daughter of the richest family in Semarang—third generation. She watched her family lose every cent. Of her, Tjong Tjay says: "My father was impressed with the way she tried to hold her ruptured family together, and thought that here was a woman who knew the perils of wealth. She taught each of her children that they were no better than other children. She gave me a few pennies a week, but she took me to Europe for my education. She made me learn languages, so that now I speak Chinese, Indonesian, English, German, Dutch, Swiss-German and French. [Oei Tjong Tjay used this last language to excellent effect proposing to a beautiful French girl in Geneva. She is now his wife.] My mother could never educate her sons enough. She made me take cultural subjects in Holland, advanced work in Switzerland, business education at New York University, and speculative business philosophy at the New School for Social Research. It was my brothers who selected me president, but it was my mother who saw to it that I was eligible."

The "good luck" of the Oeis

ALTHOUGH the office from which Tjong Tjay directs the Oei empire is ornate, it is oddly situated. "You've noticed, perhaps," young Oei says, "that this is really a very old building. Two in fact. Not at all like the modern facade out front. All Chinese firms do things like that. Because we are superstitious. In these two old houses Tiong Ham started his run of good luck. I've been to many universities, but I wouldn't dream of tearing down these houses and abandoning this lucky spot. You'll laugh when I tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to keep everybody working

right here and gradually build a new, big office building right around them. Then we'll tear down the old one, and we'll still have the good luck spot!"

Tjong Tjay's relations with his brothers are highly formalized. Even the names are prescribed by ritual. The original immigrant



OEI AND WIFE, a French girl he met in Geneva, share porch of Jakarta home with two of their pets.

was Oei Tjie Sien. All members of that generation carried the name Tjie. The man who struck it lucky was Oei Tiong Ham, and all his brothers bore the name Tiong. Members of the third generation are all Oei Tjong. And the upcoming fourth generation—ultimately, there may be as many as 24 boys to help the firm keep going—are all Oei Ing.

Of the original nine Oei Tjong brothers who took over from the old man, the oldest, Swan, and next oldest, Hauw, are dead. Tjiaat heads the Amsterdam office. Yan and Ik head the New York office, and Ic is in charge in Singapore, where the firm has very large real-estate holdings. Bo is in charge at Hong Kong and also supervises the offices in Nationalist Formosa and one still trying to operate in Red China. Hong runs the very important Bangkok-Rangoon business. Baby of the family Tjay has headed the organization in Jakarta as acting president since January 1950.

He says, "We brothers are all imbued with the idea of keeping this firm together through many generations. At present it's a family trust, but as boys in the fourth generation grow up—the first one started to work recently, almost as old as me—we're going to transfer the company to a purely business organization."

In each Kian Gwan office around the world a big, dark-visaged portrait of Tiong Ham looks down to watch his sons. The head is bald, the lips are full and the eyes are sharp. In general his sons look like him. "Today we run things by frequent family meetings," Tjong Tjay says. "All the brothers write to me and tell me where they think we ought to meet this time. I digest the letters and set a time and place of meeting. Could be Hong Kong, or Calcutta, or London or New York. We fly there and talk things over for a couple of weeks and then return to our jobs."

"Each office is its own boss except in one detail. All important decisions concerning

personnel are made here in Jakarta. We have found that errors with money can be corrected by making a new piece of good business. But errors in personnel can never be corrected without hurting the firm. That is especially true in a Chinese firm, where we like to have many members of one family working for us through many generations. We can't trust the man on the spot to make a decision against a member of his own family, so we make them all in my office. For example, the manager of the Jakarta office is the brother-in-law of the manager of the Singapore office, who is father-in-law of our Calcutta manager, who is brother-in-law of the man who runs the rubber factory in Sumatra, who is the brother of the man who runs our factory in Borneo.

"The job of directing a Chinese firm is in some ways more difficult than that of running a Western firm. We put up suggestion boxes, in the modern way, but in a year we received not one suggestion. No Chinese employe would dream of thinking that he knew more than the boss. So we started athletic clubs in all Kian Gwan establishments. I remember the first day a workman beat one of our directors in tennis. He expected the boss to be furious and was amazed when the boss laughed and shook his hand. After that we began to get some suggestions.

"We encouraged our employes to have a labor union and even gave them the money to get started. When Jakarta was swept by strikes in 1951 our people thought maybe they ought to have one too. But the president of the union said, 'Let's talk first. A strike is the atomic bomb of industrial relations, to be used only as a last resort.' Then he warned us that even so it would be used if the time ever came when we ignored their demands."

Tjong Tjay doubts if such a time will ever



FAMILY PAINTING shows the sons of old Oei Tiong Ham reaping the fruits of his great success.

come. "We long ago started the plan of returning 40% of our profits each year as bonuses. We provide our people with houses. We allow them to work for many years. We keep a fleet of 20 American automobiles here in Jakarta alone to bring them to work and take them home at the end of the day. The cars cost us about 6,000 American dollars each, but if we didn't have them we'd not be

able to get any workers." (Jakarta's main transportation system is expensive tricycle taxis (*betjas*), which Chinese owners rent out to *betja* boys by the day.)

As an enlightened and successful merchant and industrialist, Oei Tjong Tjay demonstrates to thousands of Chinese in the Nan



FOURTH GENERATION Oei Ing Swie lives with U.S.-born wife in Semarang, heads the office there.

Yang the useful function of capital. He has personal habits, some acquired in the West, which may be disadvantageous in a man who, like it or not, must represent a certain way of life to people being challenged to choose another. In some way he bears the earmarks of the typical spoiled millionaire playboy:

He loves fast cars (his favorite is a Hudson with a jaunty cream-and-gold Kian Gwan coat of arms flying from the right fender) and he drives them like crazy. He dashes through the crowded streets of Jakarta, missing *betjas* by inches. He is a jazz enthusiast and has a large collection of hot records (Sidney Bechet and George Shearing). He likes to sleep all day, get up at 5:30 p.m., work until midnight or after and then spend the rest of the night talking, listening to records or developing film (cameras are another enthusiasm). At sunrise he likes a whopping dinner and then, as he says, "to bed like any sensible mosquito or bat."

Two things have helped keep Benny Oei—"Benny" is his European student nickname—from becoming just another spoiled young millionaire. One is the influence of his mother and his wife. When Madame Oei Tiong Ham-Ho, a soft-spoken, steel-willed matron who now lives in Hong Kong, heard that her son was about to marry a European girl, she tried to prevent the marriage, but Marianne Lisette went to her. "It was apparently quite a session," friends say, "and Marianne told the fine old lady she didn't give a damn for Benny's wealth. They ended by kissing."

The second reason why Tjong Tjay has remained a literally sober businessman is that one glass of whisky sets him right on his ear. "Benny can do almost anything he sets his mind to but drink," Marianne says. "Even half a glass of ale makes him red as a beet." Because it is absolutely necessary to drink toasts at a Chinese banquet—it is a notable experience to see a gang of millionaire Chinese merchants shouting "*Kan pei, kan pei.*"



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SUCCESS STORY CONTINUED

(clear the glass) and drinking bottoms up—Tjong Tjay and his wife have figured out a plan of attack. "Before he goes to a meeting," Marianne says, "he lards his belly down with melted butter. Then he swallows some charcoal pills. That way he can at least stand up after a few *kan peis*."

Tjong Tjay is happier when he has a few friends out for dinner on the top floor of grubby Kam Leng restaurant, where from the balcony he can see Glodok's amazingly congested alleys. Here he orders up shark's fin soup, chicken with litchi nuts, roast pigeon, barbecued frogs' legs, pullets stuffed with birds' nests, and giant shrimp. (About \$7 a plate, but with seven or eight other ordinary dishes like sweet-and-sour pork thrown in.) Nothing seems to delight Tjong Tjay more than to see a group of his friends spilling gravy as they reach for Chinese delicacies. "If the table cover is clean at the end of a Chinese meal," he says, "it means nobody had enough to eat."

Recently Tjong Tjay resumed a mild interest in gambling. He bet a case of champagne with each of more than two dozen friends that his first-born child would be a boy. (He lost.) The baby is his first contribution to the Oei Ing generation, but Tjong Tjay has nothing to do with the naming of the child. That is done, in the Oei family, according to an old pattern established by old Oei Tiong Ham. As soon as a Oei baby is born the parents send to a man in Semarang the exact hour and minute of the child's birth, and from a traditional family proverb this man picks out the name. (Tjay means gifted. Kian Gwan means Source of Prosperity.)

Today Tjong Tjay, ruling an empire at 27, seems well on his way to getting the Oei family fortunes past that fatal third generation. But the problems that beset the family are greater than any faced by old Tiong Ham. Currency restrictions, barriers to international trade and disaster in China have all created difficulties that only the most careful business judgment can overcome.

The chance to break out into new fields is also restricted. The new Indonesian government quite properly is establishing laws which favor the launching of new enterprises by Indonesian merchants. After years of experience these men may be able to take the place of the Chinese.

Tjong Tjay does not worry about that. "We have a job to do. If we do it well, Indonesia will always welcome us." For an example of how well he does the job, consider the Oei branch office in Makassar, on the semi-jungle island of Celebes. Here Tjong Tjay has a large wholesale establishment which supplies Celebes with the items imported from Europe and America. In return his men have combed the jungles for produce that can be traded to Europe and America for profit.

Along jungle trails natives bring in rare gums and seeds which produce industrial oils. From the seashore Tjong Tjay's men buy shells which are sent to Belgium for buttons. On plantations his men buy up water-buffalo hides, which are tanned and shipped to Germany. From under broad rows of coconut palms comes copra, whose oil helps to feed Europe. Deep in the jungle other Kian Gwan men cut down rattan stems which go to France for furniture.

Into the docks at Makassar come the creaking, sweating ships of the famous Koninklijke Paketvaart-Maatschappij (Royal Packet Navigation Company). They bring in rice and sugar gathered by



COMPANY MEETING at Semarang, where Kian Gwan got its start, is attended by Oei Tjong Tjay (center) and local executives. At such meetings the official language is Dutch.

Tjong Tjay's firm. They take away the exotic cargoes of the jungle. If Chinese merchants like Tjong Tjay had never come into these waters, it is possible that trade like this might have grown up anyway. But it is doubtful. Tjong Tjay says, "We supply four things that any country needs. Knowledge of markets. Capital. Improved production. Work." In time others may supply these essential services, but for the time being only the Chinese can supply all four.

The center of the Oei family empire will probably always be Indonesia. Certainly Tjong Tjay thinks so, for this year the Indonesian government extended to all Chinese the invitation to become full-fledged citizens. (Until 1910 they had to get permits to travel between islands. Until 1911 no Chinese consuls were recognized. Until 1926 ghettos, legal or traditional, were common.) The law said that Chinese residents in Indonesia must elect either Indonesian citizenship or Communist Chinese. There was no provision for those who preferred Nationalist China. Actually, Tjong Tjay didn't have to think long. He chose Indonesian citizenship. "This is where the family started. We got our good luck here." From here on out, his fortunes are tied up with this new nation.

It would be a great oversimplification to say that the Oei family is typical of the overseas Chinese. But, just as the American enterprisers like Henry Ford have been exemplars of U.S. opportunity, so do the Oeis stand for possible accomplishment in the Nan Yang. They cannot, however, stand alone. If the overseas Chinese conclude that the West no longer is interested in the perpetuation of democracy and free enterprise, they may go with the winner.

For the Chinese, even the prosperous Chinese who would have the most to lose under Communism, are a practical people—they have seen conquerors come and go and they have an enormous sense of history and a great feeling of identification with their ancestral land. They are not likely to enter a hopeless fight for an abstract principle. This was made dramatically clear only a year ago when American forces were nearly driven out of Korea. At that point many Nan Yang Chinese began to hedge their bets on democracy, and at the worst point the division was about 50-50 between pro- and anti-Communists. With the U.N. rally in Korea (and with reports from China of the increasing terror there), the popularity of Communism has again receded. Today responsible observers believe the Nan Yang is 70-30 against it.

If the Chinese have good reason, historically, to milk the national cow and not worry too much about who holds it, they still would prefer to see it stabled in democracy's barn. Whether it remains there depends a good deal on the U.S. and on the Nan Yang governments. While some of them have moved to offer full partnership to their Chinese citizens, others lag. Americans must remember that the Chinese who emigrated to Southeast Asia came from exactly the same cities and villages as the Chinese who emigrated to Hawaii and America. Our Chinese, accepted as full citizens, have been exceptionally fine Americans. We should therefore encourage nations like Malaya, Thailand, Indonesia and the Philippines to go all the way in accepting their Chinese residents. For to exclude, even in slight degree, this hard-working, intelligent and healthy group of people from full citizenship, while Red China holds out the false but attractive lures of Communism, is to invite a terrible danger for the free world.



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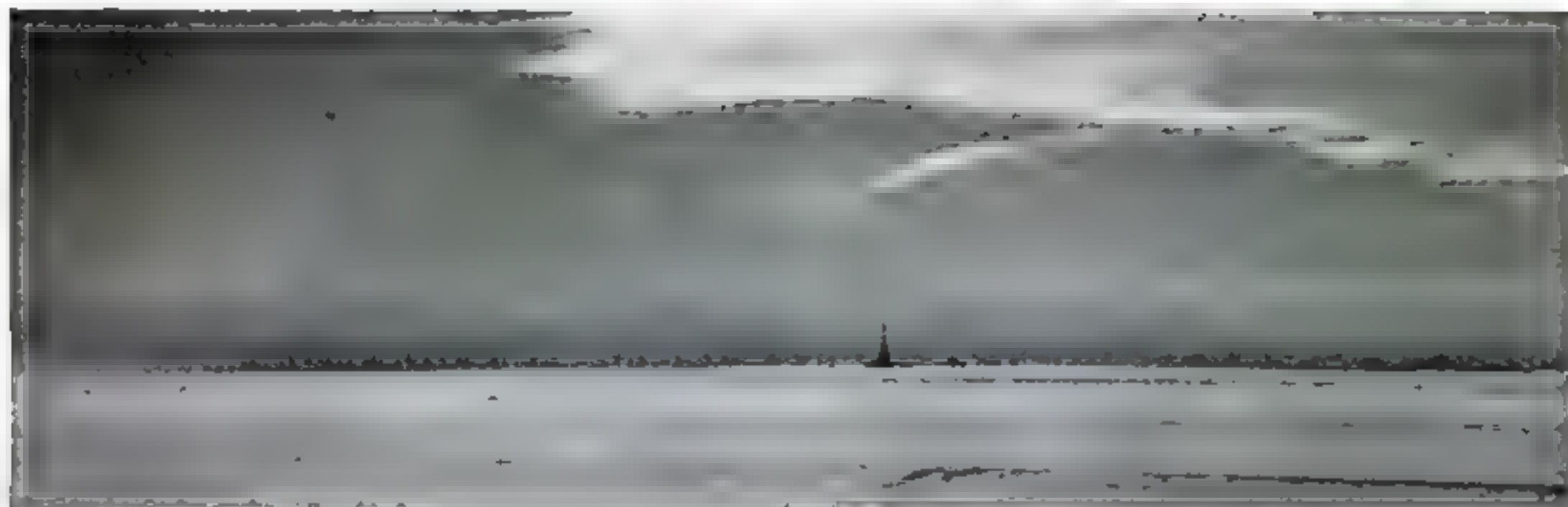
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BESIDE A GAS FLARE two Arabs sit with their camels under a desert moon. The company now burns off natural gas

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These nights, while the vast oil fields of Iran are lying dark and silent, the desert acres of Kuwait, a tiny sheikdom a few miles to the south, twinkle with gas flares and throb with pumps and drills. Day after day huge tankers ride light into Kuwait's docks and lumber heavily away. Day after day new buildings are going up, new roads are built and money is rolling in. Kuwait, southeast of Iraq on the Persian Gulf, is up to its neck in the business its neighbor Iran has just quit—pumping Asia's greatest natural resource, oil. Kuwait has plenty. Its Borgan Field sits smack on top of the biggest oil pool the world has ever known. Though the whole sheikdom is only 75-odd miles long and some 50 miles wide (the size of Delaware) its oil reserves are already known to be 15 billion barrels, about half as much as the whole U.S. reserve. And this month the Kuwait Oil Company is tentatively drilling the new Magwa Field which may hold many billions more.

The rise of Kuwait as a major producer—it is already close second to Aramco, the Middle East's biggest producer—has been relatively recent. The Kuwait Oil

Company, jointly owned by Britain's Anglo-Iranian and the U.S.'s Gulf Oil Corp., struck oil in '38. By last March it was producing more than 11 million barrels a month. And after Iran's close-down, the company opened the spigot still wider; in October the rate was approaching 22 million barrels a month, better than Iran in 1950. If the Magwa Field should come in, Kuwait will have more oil than the company can handle.

Every drop of oil that leaves the sheikdom leaves its mark on the land. The sheik, Abdullah as Salim as Sabah, is on his way to becoming one of the richest men in the world. Until this month he was getting a royalty of 10¢ a barrel, the lowest in the Persian Gulf area. But now Kuwait Oil, with an eye on what happened in Iran, has set up a generous new contract. The sheik now gets 50% of the profits before U.S. and British taxes, and his income next year will be around \$140 million. He has already imported 100 British experts to help him spend it wisely on free schools, free hospitals and new utilities which may someday turn his still poor country into one of the most prosperous in the world.



AT KUWAIT JETTY tankers take on oil which is piped from shore. Company can load eight tankers at once at this

dock, others with submarine pipelines farther out. But it has trouble getting enough tankers to handle the huge flow of oil.

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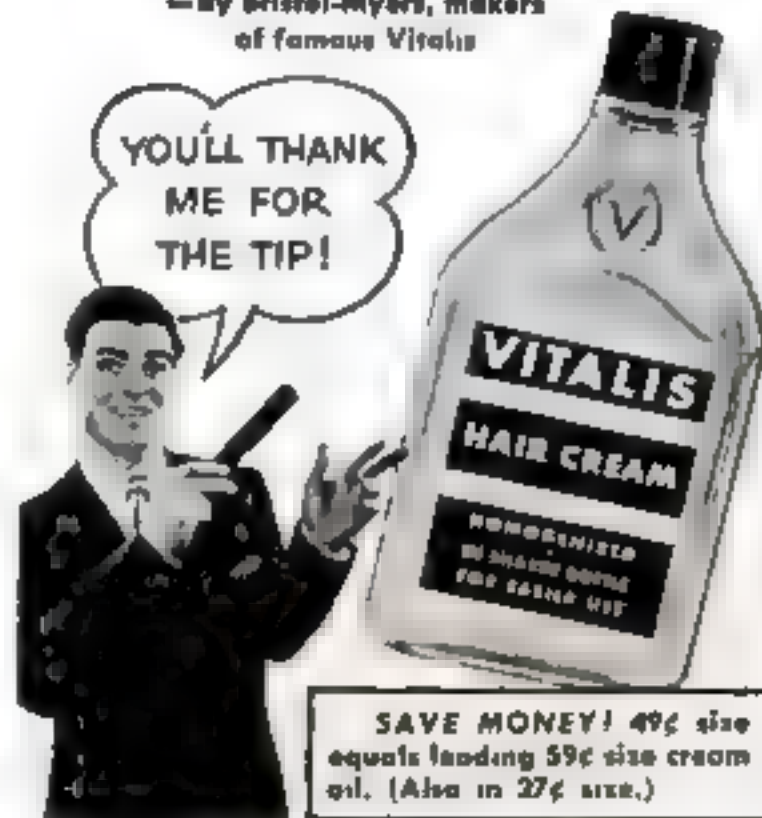
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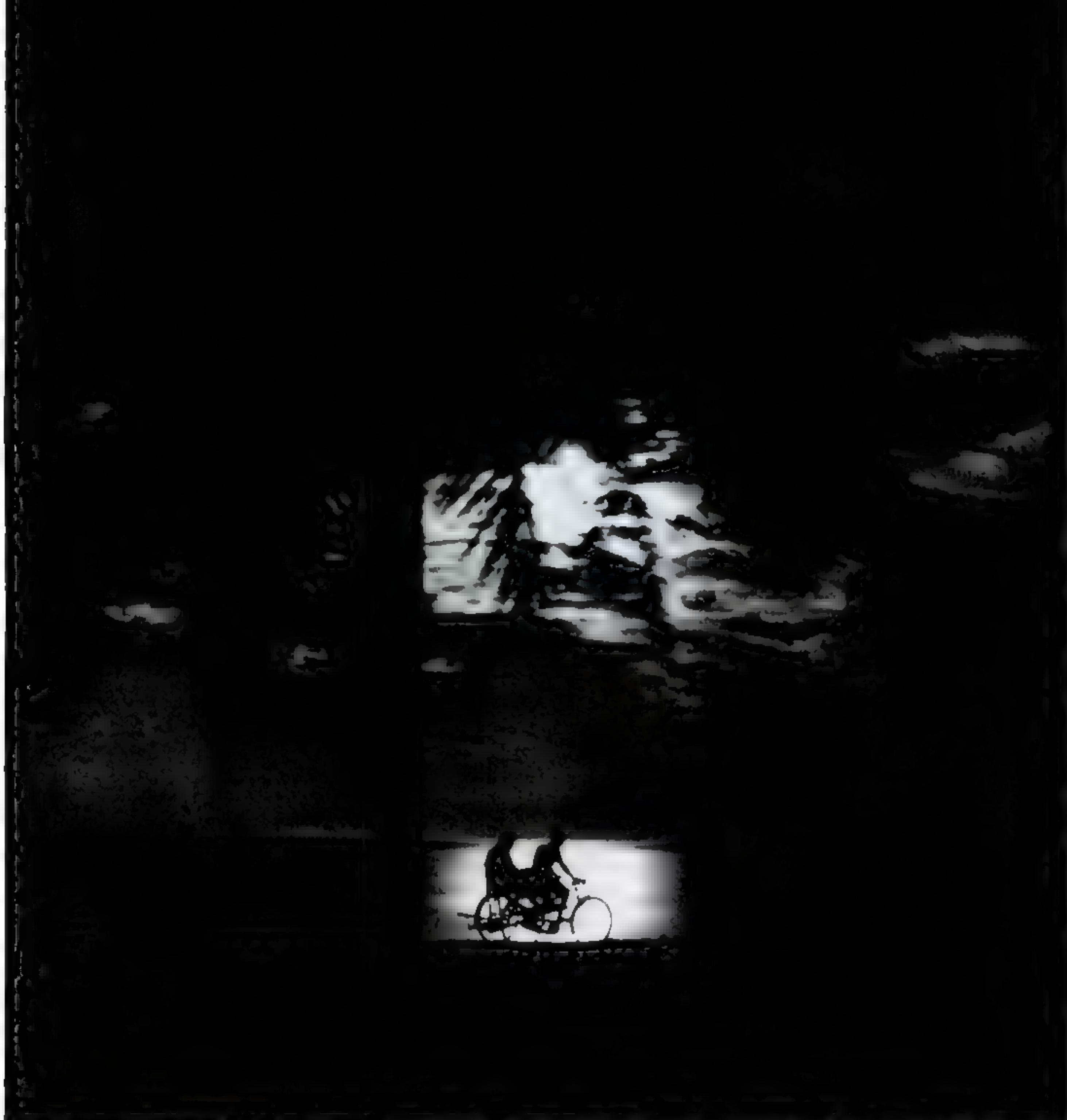
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WHILE A TROPICAL MOON GLEAMS, "TRISHAW" BOYS TAKE THEIR GIRL FRIENDS ON A ROMANTIC RIDE BENEATH THE BEACH PALMS



KETTLE DRUMMING competition called *raba-nz* lasts for hours, filling the air with jarring rhythm.

Life Visits the Beach of Passionate Love

MALAYANS ENJOY ITS PEACE AND GOLDEN SANDS

Tucked into the tropical shore line of northeastern Malaya, where the Gulf of Siam opens into the South China Sea, is a palm-shaded small resort called Pantai Chinta Berahi or, in English, "the Beach of Passionate Love." It was given its enticing name by its owner, a Malayan army home-guard major named Mahmood Mahyideen, who considers the title more poetic than descriptive. But just as enticing as the name is the faultless beauty of the beach, whose golden

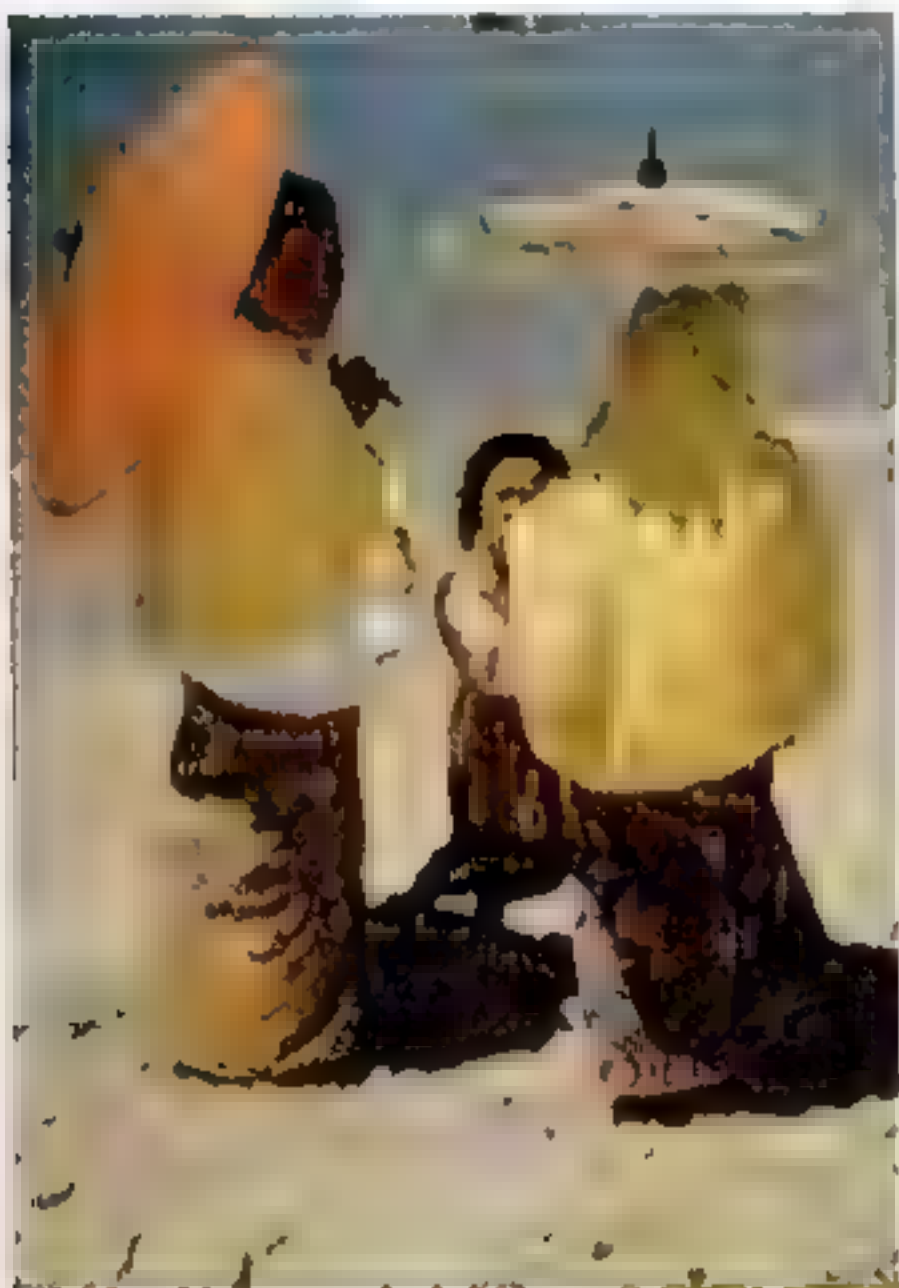
sands attract visitors from as far away as Singapore, some 360 air miles to the south. In Malaya in these times the beach has a special charm, for Pantai Chinta Berahi is part of a small area which remains peaceful and happy in a country widely scarred by guerrilla warfare. The pictures on these and the following two pages record a recent week's varied activities at the beach, and confirm the widely forgotten fact that no people love pleasure more than Asians.



TRAINED MONKEYS, which pick coconuts for bathers, earn up to \$2 a day for Malay masters.



KITE FLAVERS wind with gaily eye-shaped kites, worth as much as \$20 each, or con petition to begin.



MALAY LOOK brightens the beach as these spectators arrive in their native dress to watch the fun.

MODERN LOOK is applied by a pretty Chinese visitor from Singapore. Ivy-la-Ta, once of Shanghai.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



FABULOUS FEAST is spread on grass mats for picnicking Malaysians. Centerpiece is a mound of rice adorned with flowers; large dishes at either end hold roast

goat. Fruits, in clockwise order from lower left, are rambutan, mangosteen, bananas, durian, tangerines and mangoes. Dark food under centerpiece is spiced meat

FEASTS, RACING AND HAPPY BOYS

The season of greatest fun at Pantar Chinta Berau starts in February, when the northeast monsoon ends and the South China Sea quits lashing the sandy Malayan shore. Then, feeling like captives released, the people go from Kota Bharu, the capital of Kelantan state and from neighboring villages down to the sunny beach. The women wear sarongs of bright silk for which the area is famous, the sarongs serving nicely as private dressing rooms under which wearers slip into and out of their swimming suits. But because swimming is imperiled by the stings of jellyfish and rays (which a local witch doctor cures with a compound of lime, match heads, betel nut, chili, soap, gasoline and kerosene) some visitors at the Beach of Passionate Love prefer not to swim. Instead they have picnics (opposite page) and watch the sports. For visitors staying over, thatched bungalows are available at \$1.66 a day per person. There are also a restaurant, bar and dance floor—facilities that give a mildly Western touch to an atmosphere as languorously Oriental as the sarongs and waving palms. The music that floats across the beach is also influenced by the West. The restaurant's record player emits not only soft Malay folk tunes but also *There's A Long, Long Trail*, *Tennessee Waltz* and *Rum Boogie*.



MALAY FISHERMEN LINE UP THEIR LONG, LOW BOATS AND POISE PADDLES FOR RACE

THREE YOUNGSTERS FIND FUN IN LYING NAKED ON THE SAND AND LETTING THE CLEAR SEA WASH OVER THEIR GLISTENING BODIES



INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF?

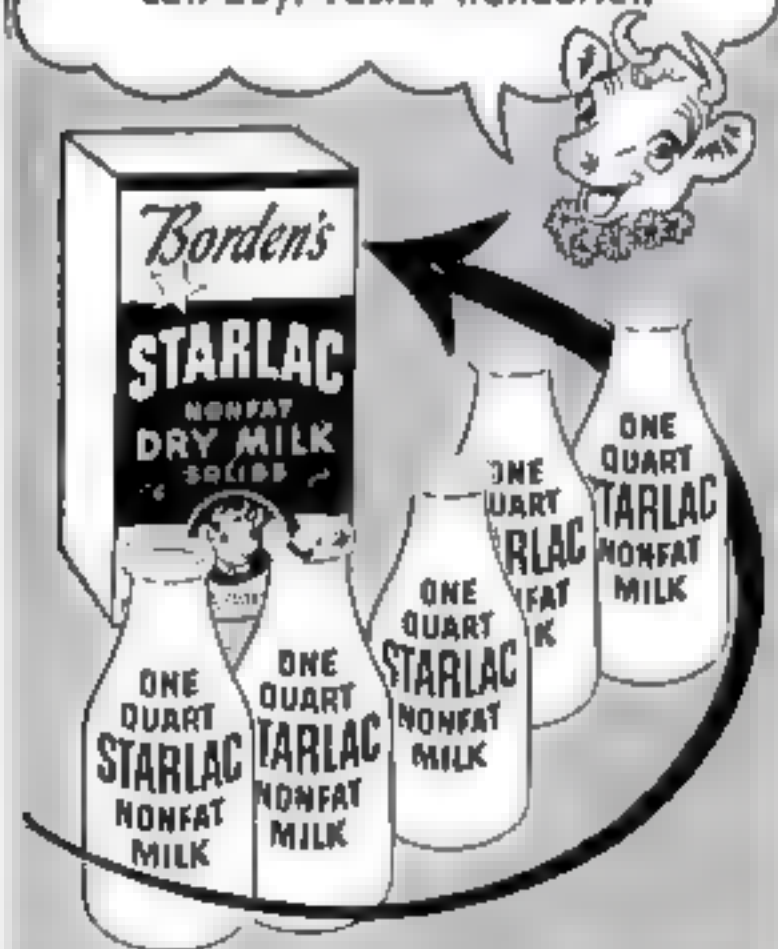
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STRANGE TRACK OVER GLACIER PROVIDES RECORD OF SNOWMAN'S GAIT

ABOMINABLE HIMALAYAN



AWESOME DRAWING is faithful to best description.

Ever since an expedition came down from Mt. Everest in 1921 with tales of a half human mountain monster known as the "Abominable Snowman," succeeding Himalayan expeditions have felt obliged to bring home new facts about the strange mountain creature. The Snowman, according to best data, is a mixture of beast and wild man, with an excessively hairy body, a bald face and an indiscriminate appetite for yaks and humans. Some authorities even claim that he has rear-toed feet, adapted for gripping glaciers.

Early this month the latest explorers back from Mt. Everest, the Shipton group, obligingly brought documentary evidence on the Snowman—photographs of his reputed track (above). Scientific skeptics have tried to debunk the ogre by calling him a roving snow leopard, panda, one-legged bird or a Langur monkey. None of these theories has stood up under scientific scrutiny and the Abominable Snowman—man, beast, or legend—still roams unclassified about the Himalayan summits.



PRESERVED PRINT discovered by Shipton shows outline of three "toes" and a sideways "thumb." Foot is longer and broader than mountaineer's boot.

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from LIFE, July 23, 1951, by Michael Rougier

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Sometimes only to see is to know. What words could convey the tragic poise of this small boy's face . . . this fixity of the eyes, this old-man set of the jaw?

Kang Koo Ri was found orphaned, naked in a Korean hut. For a moment a war had singled him out, whirled devastatingly around him, and then

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